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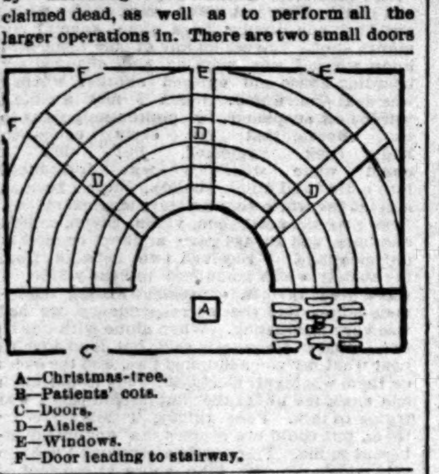
A FIERY FURNACE.

Six Hundred People Gather in the Amphitheatre at the County Hospital.

A Christmas-Tree Catches Fire and a Panic Follows—Many Persons Injured.

Only Three Exits, and but One of These Available—A Terrible Experience.

To an elegant Christmas dinner, not lacking in juicy turkey or any of the essentials making up a big spread, most of the 585 patients at the County Hospital sat down yesterday afternoon and enjoyed all the good things as well as their conditions would permit. That done, the usual Christmas presentations took place in the amphitheatre of the institution. That feature of the entertainment was more than ordinarily elaborate. To make the subsequent events intelligible it is well to give a brief description of the place. The amphitheatre is used by the anatomical demonstrators of the medical colleges to instruct the budding Hippocrateses by dissecting the bodies of the unclaimed dead, as well as to perform all the larger operations in. There are two small doors



A—Christmas-tree.
B—Patients' cots.
C—Doors.
D—Aisles.
E—Windows.
F—Door leading to stairway.

on even ground connecting it with the main building of the hospital, and there is another small door on the top row of seats near the roof. These are all the means of ingress or egress. A small space, circular in shape, is allotted to the lecturer and his assistants, and all around it and over it, rising in a dozen tiers to close under the roof, are the 600 seats for the students. The small space between the doors being the only available one for the purpose was utilized on this occasion by placing in its centre the tall Christmas-tree, rising some twenty-five feet from the floor. It was nicely decorated and its branches were hung full with all manner of presents for the children, such as toys, candy, fruit, etc., while a network of gilt and silvered paper chains intertwined itself all through the dark green. A piano had been placed there and somebody was playing cheerful tunes on it, and gradually the hall began to fill. A number of visitors, a lot of County Commissioners, quite a large percentage of the 174 employés and staff of the hospital, some forty female nurses, and friends of the patients took seats first, and then those patients who were able to walk filed in. Among them was a goodly sprinkling of children of all ages, and lastly some twelve or fifteen cribs and beds, containing little sick children, most of them cripples, were carried in and placed all around the tree, which was now lit up by hundreds of wax candles. It was now 4:30 p. m. and the amphitheatre being tightly packed with all these hundreds of expectant ones, Santa Claus in person arrived, coming down towards the tree from the top row of seats, ready to distribute the Christmas gifts. But while still climbing down, and before he could announce his presence or be announced, the wax candles set fire to the tree. An attempt was made to check the flame, but in ten seconds the whole tree with its trimmings was a roaring mass of flames, and a panic of the wildest sort ensued among the spectators.

IN A TRAP.

There was no ventilator of any kind in this detached building, and but three small doors. To reach the ones near the tree it was necessary for all the human beings—men, women, and children—to pass the burning tree, the heat from which was simply unbearable. To reach the other small door near the roof it became necessary to climb up the various rows of seats. That small door, however, was made the objective point of hundreds of the audience, and a wild, ravenous scramble was made for it by an inextricable throng of frantic, screaming people, many of whom were sick and feeble, others strong and healthy, but all momentarily seized with the fierce desire for self-preservation, unreasoning, savage, and cruel when at its hight. THE TRIBUNE reporter, like hundreds around and above him, saw his chance of escape by the first door cut off by the blazing tree, and made for the upper door high up. He scrambled over one row of seats after another, higher and higher up, until he reached what he considered a coign of vantage, and down he went on all fours, lying low under one of the benches. It was not so hot here as the place he came from, but breathing was hard, and it seemed to him as if he were swallowing fire, so hot was the atmosphere.

While the raving multitude was still in an uncontrollable frenzy of fear, screeching women and wailing children were trampled under foot by the remorseless fugitives. The door on top had been reached and down its narrow stairway the dense mass of struggling humanity tumbled and fell and crawled, the weaker ones going down and the stronger ones being on top. One tall man rescued two children that had been thrown down from underneath the feet of the crowd. A few had had presence of mind enough to lie down under the benches, where the heat was not so intense, but even they did not escape entirely. Some had climbed up to the few windows and a few had jumped through them. In the rush and crush near the upper door and down the stairs quite a number were injured. Of those who escaped by the small front door almost all were more or less scorched, and even those who had sought safety by climbing up the benches to the roof had suffered more or less severely from the heat. Efforts were at once made to put out the fire, and to save the poor children on the stretchers, right near the fiercely-blazing tree, and those efforts proved successful.

The whole blaze lasted but three minutes, and there was no damage worth mention done to the building or other property. The Babcock engine brought from the main building of the hospital soon commenced to play on the fire, and in a moment it was reduced to smoldering ashes. The fire department, too, had been summoned, an alarm of fire being at once turned in, but their chemical engine found no work to do. Yet in those few minutes about fifty people had been more or less burned or bruised.

THE INJURED.

Following is a list of those whose injuries are of any consequence:

Seriously:

Mrs. A. A. Carpenter, ribs fractured, collar-bone broken, and face and hands scorched.
Mr. A. C. Bartlett, burned and bruised.
Miss Olsen, nurse, burned.
Miss Johnson, nurse, burned.
James Linden, employé of the hospital.

Slightly:
Mrs. McPharlan and two children.
Mrs. Byrne.
Miss Julia Shine.
Mrs. A. C. Bartlett and child.
Miss Mary Cullen.
Mary Wood.
Mary O'Hara.
Mrs. J. W. Martins and daughter.
J. M. Horton, wife, and two daughters.
Miss Mann.
Miss Wright.
Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Robinson and two children.
Mrs. W. O. Carpenter.
Miss Nellie Carpenter.
Miss Amy Carpenter.
Newton MacMillan.
THE TRIBUNE reporter.
Mr. Whitney.
J. H. Witherage of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

NURSES.

The following nurses were slightly injured, most of them being burned about the hands and face:

Miss Pettibone,	Mrs. J. Ferguson, housekeeper.
Miss Nevens,	Miss Wilkison,
Miss Phelps,	Miss Glenn,
Miss Neiger,	Miss Block,
Miss Breese,	Miss Hickey,
Miss Stillwell,	Miss Jenkins,
Miss Hewitt,	
Mrs. Johnson,	

PATIENTS.

Dan Moran,	William O'Connell,
Joseph Gilhouse,	William Smith,
Moses Smith,	William Dudley,
Albert Kane,	Julius Kerbis,
James Hine,	John Donahue,
James Dolan,	Robert Kriger,
W. W. Brown,	Peter Peterson,
Julius Ender,	William Emuns,
Mrs. Webber.	

These were all blistered on their faces and hands.

MRS. A. A. CARPENTER AND PARTY.

Mrs. A. A. Carpenter of 83 Cass street and her two daughters, Misses Nellie and Amie, were all more or less injured, as well as Mrs. W. O. Carpenter, who completed their party. Mr. Carpenter was not present. Mrs. A. A. Carpenter was sitting down when the rush came, and was knocked over and trampled upon by the frightened crowd. Her injuries are quite serious. She suffers from a broken collar-bone, several broken ribs, and a number of painful burns. Miss Nellie's hands are very badly burned. She says that she has no recollection as to how it occurred that her hands were burned and not her face. She probably in her excitement took hold of the burning dress of some one near her. Miss Amie had her shoulder badly sprained, and also a few slight burns. Mrs. W. O. Carpenter is severely burned in the face.

Mr. A. C. Bartlett of Hibbard, Spencer & Bartlett was badly burned. It was largely due to his efforts that the casualties were not more terrible. The dense smoke from the resinous pine filled the room, and suffocation seemed almost certain to those who had not escaped. Mr. Bartlett rushed to each window and hurriedly kicked out the sash and panes, so that fresh air could enter. He carried his little child in his arms and held it out of a window, so that it could breath freely, until he was overcome with his burns, which proved exceedingly painful. Mrs. Bartlett was also scorched, but her injuries are not serious.

COMMISSIONER OLIVER'S FAMILY.

Commissioner Richard M. Oliver, who was present with his son and daughter, was slightly burned about the hands and face. Shortly after returning home he left again for the hospital. His daughter Sarah, 14 years old, gave the following account of the fire:

"My father, my brother George, and I were seated near the tree. All of a sudden a candle at the top of the tree set fire to the nearest branch, and as quick as a flash the whole tree was enveloped in a sheet of spluttering flame, scattering sparks in every direction. At first the people seemed to be awe-stricken. For a few seconds nobody uttered a sound; then people began to make for the exits. We were among the first to get out. My father caught me up and carried me out. My brother George fell under the tree and would possibly have been hurt badly if my father hadn't caught him up and thrown him over the balustrade. Some of the patients, who were entirely helpless and who were right close to the tree, must have suffered fearfully. A patient who was seated in a rolling-chair and could not move himself cried, 'Save me!' and my brother rushed over and rolled the poor little fellow out into the hall. A hole was burned in my father's sealskin cap and his coat was somewhat scorched, but, excepting the singeing of his face and hands, he got off very fortunately. Somebody turned a hose on the tree and a good many of the people got a bad ducking. The smoke from the burning tree was awful thick and seemed to blind the people."

WARDEN McGARIGLE.

"As a precaution against accident, although I hadn't the least expectation of such an occurrence, I had men stationed all about the corridors and in the amphitheatre itself, who were instructed to be on their guard for any trouble. Around the tree I had men with long poles on which were placed wet sponges, and it was their duty to watch for any candles that were dangerous and put them out with an application of the sponges. Several of the lights had been put out in this way, when I noticed about four feet from the top of the tree there was a small twig burning. I ordered one of the spongers to put it out, but whether he was too slow or made a bungling job of it I do not know, but while he was applying the wet sponge a train of fire seemed to drop down through the branches, and instantly the whole of one side was a sheet of fire. It seemed as if a train of gunpowder had been laid, so like a flash did the fire start. I saw at once that there was going to be a panic unless something was done to calm the people; so I jumped into the small semicircle at the foot of the amphitheatre and shouted to those nearest me to come down towards the burning tree and thence out of the large doors, but my voice was drowned in the noise of the rush that many made to the top seats, and not more than 150 or 200 of the audience obeyed my order. The tendency of the majority was to get as far as possible from the fire, and so they rushed up instead of down and were scorched by the heated air that rose from the burning tree to the ceiling and then spread over the people's heads. Had the window not been opened I believe not half the number who were scorched would have suffered any harm."

COMMISSIONER VAN PELT.

"I was sitting about half-way up the amphitheatre," said Commissioner Van Pelt, who was found with his face bandaged up and in bed in the Warden's apartments, "and as soon as the tree began to blaze up I rose to my feet and tried to keep the people near me quiet, but there was a rush up the steep steps in the aisles, and seeing that to remain still would do no good, I also made my way as high up as possible, intending to turn the tide of rushing humanity back. Just as I reached within a few steps of the top row of seats, some one opened a window, which created a draft for the hot air from the burning tree, and I received a wave of heat directly in my face. I then followed the instructions of Warden McGarigle and came lower down on the steps where the heat was less intense and eventually got out of the room." Mr. Van Pelt was scorched on the forehead and nose and one side of his face. The injuries are slight, and he will be all right in a few days.

CLOSE CALLS.

The first thing the nurses did when they saw their charges were in danger was to grasp each a tiny cot and drag it rapidly out into the corridor. Willing hands of men who were standing about in the doorway also aided in this work, and the entire forty children were got out of harm's way without so much as a scorch, but all were badly scared. Twelve cots were arranged on the west side of the tree, and the cripples and those who were partly convalescent were ranged about the little beds. One lad on crutches got to a window in the lower corridor and in the firm belief that the hospital was going to burn down, jumped out. He left his crutches behind, but the window-sill was only two feet from the ground and he was picked up unharmed.

In the rush for escape at the top of the amphitheatre, a man kicked out the sash of one of the windows and leaned out to see how far the jump would be. He saw the lightning-rod within reach, and, grasping it, he slipped down to the ground. Miss Kitty Kane, a convalescent patient, jumped from an adjoining window onto the roof of a corridor and from there onto a mattress that was placed in the garden in the rear of the amphitheatre, and the only injury she sustained was a bruised hip. She was the only person who made a leap from the windows, and it was feared for a time that she was badly hurt, as the drop from the window to the roof was 15 feet. Other women in the crowd of scorching people made frantic efforts to jump out after her, but they were pulled back by D. T. Boyle, assistant engineer of the hospital, who happened to be in the rush.

DRESSING THE BURNS.

The regular medical staff of the hospital happened to all be within call, and there were about a dozen other physicians in the building. As fast as the scorched people were brought down to the ward dressing-rooms the doctors examined them and dressed their hands and faces. Carriages were ordered by the warden and all who were not employés or patients at the hospital were sent home. Drs. Webster and Hartman were watching the festivities and were slightly blistered, as was Dr. McDill, but he did not cease his labors, dressing and looking after thirty people before he attended to his own business. Drs. Mary Bates and Mary E. Brown also rendered valuable assistance in the dressing-room. Warden McGarigle was loud in his praises of the nurses, many of whom, although quite badly scorched, kept at work looking after the wants of others. The Warden says that they proved themselves women of nerve and bravery, and to their prompt action, aided by P. J. Feeney, a clerk, and J. T. Doherty, chief clerk, and James Linden, orderly, is due the rescue of the forty child-patients who were in the room when the fire broke out. Linden fell while taking out some of the children, and a late report from the hospital stated that he was seriously injured.

INCIDENTS.

One of the incidents that was somewhat humorous in spite of the situation was the escape of the grown patients who were partly convalescent but not quite able to get about without the aid of crutches or wheel-chairs. It is related by an eye-witness that these patients, many of whom were on the lower tier of seats, made their exit without the help of the crutches or chairs, but in many instances left these ordinarily-indispensable adjuncts to locomotion behind them.

At the foot of the tree there had been arranged in order nearly $200 worth of presents for the children, a large part of which, as in previous years, had been furnished by Miss Kate Buckingham of the North Side and Mrs. A. C. Bartlett, who was injured during the fire. This array of gifts is now a blackened mass of charred remains, and great grief prevailed among the little folks who had looked forward to receiving them. Their spirits were revived before long, however, by a message from Miss Buckingham saying that she would see that they had their Santa Claus and Christmas gifts New-Year's Day. Warden McGarigle said he was willing that they should have their fun, but without a "tree." After the wreck had been cleared away and the amphitheatre searched for any stray sparks that might linger in the ceiling or about the floors, a quantity of ladies' wearing apparel was picked up that the owners can have by calling at the hospital. There were four bonnets, three shawls, and any quantity of gloves and handkerchiefs. A gold watch and chain were also found. It is marked with the initials "E. C.," and can be obtained by the owner upon proving property.

MURDERED FOR HIS MONEY.

A CANTON, O., MERCHANT FOUND DYING IN HIS ROOM—A COLORED MAN WHO TAKES CARE OF HIS ROOM ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 25.—D. J. Begges, a prominent merchant at Canton, O., was found this morning in his room nearly dead from the effects of several murderous cuts in his neck and face. When he closed his store last night Begges gave to his chief clerk the greater portion of the day's receipts, taking about $200, mostly silver, to his own room in a building a short distance from his store. A colored man named George Green, who had charge of Begges' room, went to the place at 10 o'clock this morning to sweep and dust. A few minutes later he announced on the street that his employer had been murdered. He said he had found Begges lying in bed with his throat cut, and that there were numerous gashes in his face and head. As soon as Begges' friends arrived they caused the arrest of Green, who has a bad reputation, on suspicion of having committed the crime. There is strong circumstantial evidence pointing to the guilt of the accused. Entrance had been gained to the room by unlocking the door, and Green was the only person besides Begges who had a key. All the money, together with Begges' watch and revolver, had been stolen. Green had spent considerable silver money during the morning, although he had none yesterday, and when arrested $27 was found on his person. Begges is still unconscious, and it is not thought he will survive his injuries. There is strong feeling against Green, and threats of lynching are freely indulged in.

FIGHTING THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

IOWA PROHIBITIONISTS ARE DETERMINED TO ENFORCE EXISTING LAWS.

DES MOINES, Ia., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—When the injunction suits against the city saloons were withdrawn a few days since the liquor interest was prematurely elated. Petitions have again been filed for injunctions against Lewis Fritz, Merryenuour & Co., George Johnson, George Conradi, Harry Campbell, William J. Harris, Jacob Sersach, their bartenders, and the owners of the buildings in which the saloons are situated. Notices have been served upon the parties named and the finding of the petitions will begin the cases before Judge Given at the next term of the Circuit Court. The recent decision of the Supreme Court to the effect that buildings may be enjoined will greatly strengthen these cases, and those in charge feel more confident of complete success than ever before. The evidence they have obtained is of a much stronger character, and every preliminary has been jealously guarded with the fixed determination to make each movement final so far as it goes.

A BRUTAL DEED.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Hugo Sherman, a mechanic residing on Gold street, quarreled with his wife last night. The woman, in order to escape from her husband, ran into a closet, closing the door and leaning against it to keep it shut. This infuriated Sherman, who picked up a gun loaded with buckshot, firing through the door, which was a very thin one. The entire charge struck Mrs. Sherman in the left side of the head, inflicting, it is thought, a mortal wound. After the shooting Sherman fled, but was subsequently captured by the police. He stated that he did not intend to shoot his wife, but only meant to frighten her.

THE RIEL AGITATION.

MONTREAL, Que., Dec. 25.—Bishop Fabre has, it is understood, issued a mandament which will be read in all the Catholic churches of this diocese Sunday, treating of the Riel agitation, which he denominates a revolutionary movement.

A NEW YORK BEAUTY.

She Numbers Among Her Admirers Many Young Scions of Wealthy Families.

They Pay Heavy Tribute, and Sustain Her in Magnificence and Extravagance.

A Mysterious Event in Her Career of Which Nothing Can Be Learned.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—[Special.]—An impoverished man has paid $1,000 in court for having shot a woman, and it is accepted as a fact that she provided the money. When it is added that she hates and despises him, the motive is worth looking after. The case is a singular one, and the principal figure is a remarkable adventuress. Jim Wood was a gambler, notorious in Philadelphia twenty years ago. He had a daughter, Laura, who grew up beautiful and reckless. Her father desired, as fellows in his class commonly do, to rear his child in refinement and culture, quite away from his own foul environment; and so Laura was well educated; but she preferred to simultaneously get a training in vice, and she did it, in spite of all that her father could do to prevent. She was barely in her teens before she began a career of sentimental rascality with those among her numerous wooers who promised a good yield of money. After awhile she made up her mind that there was more profit in marrying Gould H. Thorp than in continuing indiscriminate operations. Thorp was a New York broker in provisions, a member of a wealthy and proud family, and a luxurious man about town. He brought his bride to this city, but she was not received into his family set, though he gathered about her a very gay circle of rich but indiscriminate people. She has been a queen of frivolity ever since.

One of the foremost beaux in Laura Thorp's circle was Lloyd Phœnix, a brisk and frisky club man, than whom none was better known in New York as a downright pleasure-seeker, regardless of looks or consequences. He paid court to the wife of his friend, seemingly for deviltry alone, while she fell in love with him sincerely. He had as much money as her husband, and besides was handsomer and more brilliant. His amours had been numerous and scandalous. A tip was gone from one ear; it had been shot off by the woman who subsequently became the Countess Pourtales, a noted Paris beauty. She was in love with Phœnix, he was untrue to her, and she tried to kill him. This tragedy was a Fifth avenue incident that was at the time hidden from the public, but it afterwards came out in the course of a divorce suit. He next went to Paris, where he had a scandal with Fanny Lear, who had become infamous as a blackmailer of the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, and who published his love letters in a book. Phœnix's courtship of Fanny cost him dearly, for she almost bankrupted him, and he returned to New York, where he got fresh cash from his relatives, and sought consolation in Mrs. Thorp. Then Thorp brought a suit for divorce and got it in 1882. The woman went to live with Phœnix. The next outbreak was a fisticuff fight between her and Phœnix, during which much breakage of the art articles and furniture in their gorgeous apartments was wrought, the climax being his arrest on her charge of assault. He declared at the time that his association with her had cost him $70,000. He went on a long yachting cruise after parting from her, and is now abroad.

Laura Thorp, as she names herself still, has for years been the most conspicuous beauty in New York. Her popularity with the rich young beaux has been immense. Such chaps as Fred May—of Bennett-May duel fame—flitted around her, and of all she demanded heavy tribute. Her audacity was surprising. She got into a charity ball, right among the fashionables, and occupied a box resplendently; she drove to the Jerome Park races in a dog-cart lent to her by a scion of a well-known family; she was a sight at the opera and the theatre; she wore the costliest and gayest clothes; and it seemed to be her delight to parade her seductive powers over her lovers. Her home was a fine, large house in West Twenty-first street, where she gave receptions that were formal and polite as to manner. It was here that Henry Walsh went one night about eighteen months ago, rang the doorbell, pushed past the servant into the hallway, encountered Mrs. Thorp in her bedrobe, and shot her, inflicting a frightening but not fatal wound.

Impenetrable mystery has surrounded this shooting case. It was not explained at the time of Walsh's arrest why he desired to kill the woman. It could not be learned that there had been any intimacy or even acquaintance between the two. Both declined to explain. She would not appear in court against him, and occult influences apparently stood between the prisoner and the prosecution. The most that he has ever told about his crime is that Mrs. Thorp was making trouble for persons in whom he was deeply concerned, and that, under the excitement of drink, he deemed it his duty to wreak vengeance. At length the District Attorney has arraigned him in court, whereupon he pleaded guilty of felonious assault, and the Judge, instead of imprisoning him, imposed a fine of $1,000. No certainty can be gained as to who are concerned in the suppression of the facts. Several names have been given, but without just warrant. The money to pay Walsh's fine came from the wallet of Mrs. Thorp. Its prior source is a secret.

RELATING TO SPARKS.

HE ATTEMPTS TO MITIGATE THE FEELING AGAINST HIM, BUT WITH SMALL SUCCESS.

WESSINGTON, Dak., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Commissioner Sparks of the General Land Office, whose recent unsavory and senseless decisions have created such consternation among the settlers of the West, writes to a gentleman in this place in reference to the righteous indignation which is bursting forth from every throat in Dakota, that "the demand upon my time in the discharge of my official duties precludes all possibility on my part to reply to such baseless and partisan abuse. My confidence rests in the calm judgment of the honest people of our country to vindicate me in my efforts to preserve what is left of our public domain for actual settlers." This pretext of Sparks that he is subserving the public good in charging directly or by implication every person who has had the nerve and energy to endure the privations and hardships of a frontier life in securing a home on the raw prairies of the West with being a swindler and thief shows him to be either an idiot or a knave. Not one settler in a hundred in this land district has swerved one hair's breadth from the requirements of the Government in proving up his own 160 acres, and every reasonable man in the least conversant with the facts knows it. The vicious and vindictive rulings of this man Sparks have put a ban upon every public or private enterprise in the Territory and have retarded the material development of the country for many years to come. Democrats and Republicans alike unite in calling for Sparks' removal.

A DEADLY PICKAX.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 25.—A special says Green Stevens quarreled with William Caldwell at Hopkinsville, Ky., and the latter killed Stevens, striking him through the neck with a pickax.

THE BURIED MINERS.

A New Shaft Being Sunk—The Bodies Cannot Possibly Be Reached Under a Month.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 25.—After further discussion and consultation by the engineers at Nanticoke today the company finally decided to sink a new shaft from the surface at a point directly above where the bodies of the buried miners are supposed to be. This shaft will be about 175 feet deep, and will take from four to six weeks to complete it, even with the most rapid work. The excavating of the blocked gangway from the foot of the slope is being steadily carried on day and night, but it is a very slow process, and months will elapse before the mine is cleared. Prayers were offered this morning in every church throughout the Wyoming valley for the unfortunate men.

THE MISSING ORPHAN BOY.

NOTHING AS YET KNOWN AS TO HER WHEREABOUTS—A MORE THOROUGH SEARCH TO BE MADE—OTHER MATTERS.

ST. IGNACE, Mich., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The tug Saugatuck starts tonight for a long cruise in search of the schooner Orphan Boy. It seems the tug on her former trip did not make as complete a search as she should have made. The tug has a new crew, and will leave no new clew unexplored.

ESCANABA, Mich., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The tug Owen returned this afternoon from the search for the Orphan Boy, having cruised around the islands at the Door and from Bailey's Harbor to Manistique. Nothing was seen of the lost schooner.

EAST TAWAS, Mich., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—A tug having barge in tow passed ice in the bay, but nothing to hinder boats getting to Tawas City. Saginaw Bay is clear of ice as far as can be seen.

MACKINAW CITY, Mich., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The props Fred Mercur and H. E. Packer of the Lehigh Valley Line passed up through the straits at 8:30 this evening, bound for Chicago. They made the run from Port Huron here in twenty-four hours and they report no ice on the passage up. There is no ice in the straits and the snow is nearly all gone. They will undoubtedly get through to Chicago without trouble. These are the latest boats ever known to pass through the straits. Weather clear; wind south, light. Mercury 13° above zero.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The steamer Oceanica arrived at 3 o'clock this morning with 68,750 bushels of corn from Chicago. She left there the morning of the 7th inst., thus being just eighteen days on the trip. She reached Port Huron the 10th and was ordered to remain there, owing to the heavy ice in Lake St. Clair and at the head of Lake Erie. After a stay of thirteen days at that port she was again ordered to start down, which she did, arriving at Detroit last Tuesday afternoon. The following morning she again left and crossed the Lime Kilns at noon. Capt. Dickson reports that there was some ice along the shore at Bar Point, but none in the channel. However, when she was abreast of Colchester, solid blue ice from six to eight inches thick was met, this extending down the passage to the dummy light, a distance of about sixteen miles. As the Oceanica is not sheathed with iron, it was necessary to work cautiously through this obstruction. After sixteen hours' hard work she managed to get into clear water and for the rest of the trip she had fair sailing. Her bows are badly chafed from contact with the flinty ice. Capt. Dickson wishes to return thanks to the keeper of the Pelee Point light, who thoughtfully lit his lamp Wednesday night when the steamer was struggling near by, and also to the keeper of the breakwater light at that port, who, knowing that the Oceanica was coming, showed his lamp during last night. It is not often that a steamer from Lake Michigan strikes Buffalo on Merry Christmas day.

THEIR ACTION SUSTAINED.

THE LAW CREATING THE MINNESOTA BOARD OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS DECLARED CONSTITUTIONAL AND THEIR POWERS DEFINED BY SUPREME-COURT DECISIONS.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The power and authority of the State Board of Medical Examiners, under the law passed by the last Legislature, has been determined by the Supreme Court in two decisions, Judge Mitchell filing the opinions. The court affirms the constitutionality of the law and decides that the board has the right and power to refuse a license or to revoke a license after it is issued. The cases were those of E. E. Feller and E. D. Chapman. Both were charged by the State Board of Medical Examiners with unprofessional conduct—advertising to perform certain things not recognized as reputable by the medical profession. They were cited to appear before the State Board and show cause why their licenses should not be revoked. Feller and Chapman's attorneys took the case to the Supreme Court and asked that a writ of prohibition be issued denying the right of the State Board of Medical Examiners to interfere with them. Both writs were quashed, which confirms the law and indorses the authority of the board to control the issuing of licenses in Minnesota. They cannot be appealed further. Feller and Chapman will now have to appear before the board and answer to the charges preferred against them. If found guilty the board can revoke their licenses and there will be no redress.

A GOOD SHOWING.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN THE EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES OF ST. PAUL, MINN., AND A LARGELY INCREASED ATTENDANCE.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The last year has been a remarkable one in the history of the public schools of St. Paul, the showing made surpassing that of any previous twelve months. It has been essentially a year of building. Never before has so much money been spent in construction. Five new buildings have been erected at a cost of $93,000, and $50,000 has been put out in additions. The total valuation of the twenty-five school houses and furnishing is $814,000. The enrollment has been 10,287, and the average attendance 8,566, against an enrollment for the same period in 1884 of 8,043, and an average attendance of 6,039. There are 263 teachers and principals employed, against 203 during the preceding year, and their salaries aggregated $136,266. There has been a most noticeable increase in the evening schools. There are now five in operation, an increase of two over last year, and thirty teachers are required to take care of the 1,000 pupils enrolled. The attendance at the high school shows an increase, and it has become necessary to add two new teachers. The total enrollment is now 360, against 288 in 1884.

TWO DESPERADOES KILLED.

THEY TERRORIZE THE PEOPLE OF A KANSAS TOWN AND ARE SHOT BY THE MARSHAL—THREATS OF LYNCHING.

KINGS CITY, Mo., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Christmas was celebrated here by a double killing, which threatens to result in a lynching. Last night two brothers named Hayter arrived in town and became so boisterous the Marshal, F. M. Miller, attempted to arrest them. They resisted and jumping on their horses drew their revolvers and rode up and down the main street firing at whatever object attracted their attention. When their guns were unloaded the Marshal opened fire and killed one of them instantly and dropped the other from his horse by a bullet through the body. The entire populace of the town soon gathered where the men had fallen, and, as the Hayters had many friends, the Marshal was condemned as a coward. This morning relatives of the Hayters arrived from the country in such strong numbers that the Marshal was locked up for safe keeping. They threaten to lynch him as soon as it is dark, and as there are only two Deputy Sheriffs the prospects for the lynching appear good. Miller's course is indorsed by the best people, but they cannot protect him. Great excitement prevails.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 25.—J. Z. Frane, while examining a pistol, was accidentally shot and killed at Rockfield, Ky., today. Tuesday he was kicked by a horse and his leg broken.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Appropriate Services at All of the Leading Churches—Impressive Music.

How the Gifts Were Handled at the Post-Office and by the Express Companies.

The Day at the Charitable Institutions—Mr. Jonas' Distribution—At the Jail.

Christmas passed without any very remarkable features, displaying the happy uneventfulness that distinguishes pleasant holidays as well as fortunate countries. The skies to be sure, were leaden and the ground was wet, but then there were no frost-bitten ears and no shivering wretches to accuse the general mirth. The churches were well attended by pious people as well as those who wished to display their new sacques; and after the morning's devotion came the theatres, perhaps even better filled. All the hospitals, homes, and asylums were appropriately remembered, and even the prisoner in his cell found some cause to remember the sacred season. A little snow fell, but, though it afforded the boys a formidable artillery, it failed to fulfil the promise of a day of sleighing, which has probably been postponed until the New Year.

THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

Union Christmas services were held at the Church of the Messiah, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street, which were participated in by the First and Fourth Unitarian and St. Paul's Universalist Churches. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers and evergreens. Large festoons depended from the arches of the rafters, a chaplet encircled each gas-burner and spanned the distance between the chandeliers and the pulpit to the organ. The pulpit was covered with a handsome figure-piece of flowers, and another stood on the communion-table. The large chandeliers at the side of the pulpit, and those in front of the organ loft were hidden in a mass of flowers, holly, and evergreens. On the wall behind the pulpit was the text: "Glory to God in the highest," with a star and crescent on either side, all in evergreen. The musical exercises consisted of the following:

Bethlehem, Christmas anthem..........Bartlett
Chant—Our Father which art in Heaven....——
Sanctuo Spiritus..........Faure
March Romaine..........Gounod

The discourse of the morning was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Utter. He said that while he wished all a merry Christmas, yet they should all remember they came there for something more than mere merry-making and happiness—they came to rise into communion with God. The throng and burden of everyday duties pressed on all, and probably even in coming to church some things had to be left undone. But when they came they could lay life's burdens down for a short time and think of the life of Him whose coming they celebrated. Life at the time of Christ's birth was the same as now, and was made beautiful by devotion. There was only less ceremony and formality and more work. But the soul must be lifted up by great aspirations, and Christmas helped to foster them.

The Rev. Mr. Jenkins Lloyd Jones said he felt happy to think that thousands and thousands of others were chanting their Christmas carols at the same time. Christianity, in celebrating the day, did not create a new festival-day, but took one of the festival-days of the old Romans—the children's day—and reformed it and gave it a new meaning. Older than that was the day, with its Egyptian character and ancient rites—the sun day of the year. Christmas in its art, merriment, and enjoyment was cosmopolitan in its nature.

The Rev. Mr. Adams said he felt intoxicated with Christmas every time it came around, enjoyed the crowds and jostling, the small inconveniences and accidents incident to shopping in the great throngs. He felt like the little girl who inquired, "Papa, why can't we have a Christmas every day?" He hoped the time would come when the good will and happiness and generosity of that time would be spread over the whole year. He believed it was gradually coming—that the world was growing better.

ASCENSION.

The attendance at Ascension (Episcopal) Church, corner Elm and La Salle avenue, was not very large—less than 200. Holly was entwined around the pillars, the chancel was set off with festoons and wreaths of evergreens, and on the altar were many callas. The Rev. E. A. Larrabee officiated, and wished all "A very Merry Christmas in the best sense of the word." The musical program was the same that was sung at the midnight mass—Mr. Harrison Wild being the organist.

ST. JAMES.

At St. James' (Episcopal) Church, corner of Cass and Huron streets, the Rev. Dr. Vibbert officiated. There were at least 1,500 people present—almost as many as attend the Sunday services. In addition to the heavy festoons of evergreens pendant from the roof, the transept was shut off by lattice-work of the same material, ornamented with wreaths and crosses. The benches of the choristers in the chancel were adorned with evergreen, and on the altar was a large flower cross, and on either side of it vases filled with callas. Appended is the musical program:

Processional, Hymn 19. Tune, Adeste Fideles....
Venite, chant..........Crotch
Psalter, Psalms xix., xlv., lxxxv..........
Te Deum, in G..........Smart
Benedictus, chant..........Travers
Introit, Anthem (Solo, Gustav Voss)..........Gounod
Kyrie, in F, Hymnal 353..........Tours
Gloria Tibi, 357 Hymnal..........Tallis
Hymn 24. Tune, Regent Square..........
Offertory, Isaiah xlix., 13; S. Luke ii., 11; S. Matthew xxi., 9, etc..........
Sanctus in F (Solo by Mr. Miller)..........Gounod
Hymn 17. Tune, Mendelssohn..........
Gloria in Excelsis, in F..........Tours
Nunc Dimittis, 331 Hymnal..........
Recessional, Hymn 22. Tune, Dykes..........

The offerings, which amounted to a considerable sum, were for St. James' Chapel.

CHRIST CHURCH.

"I do not mean to preach what is ordinarily called a sermon this morning," said Bishop Cheney yesterday from the chancel of Christ Church, "but I want to speak to you on the value of childhood to the future of Christianity." He thought there was too little religion on the natal day of Christ; it was too much given up to the fatted calf and the reception of presents. Upon this day the child Christ was swaddled in a manger at the inn in Bethlehem, and when the busy world wrote 1886 at the head of its letters it was in His honor. The speaker gave an interesting voice picture of child life, child home, and the moral responsibilities of parents.

Suspended by ropes of evergreen over the chancel was a great bell in evergreens, and as a background, at the rear of the chancel, was a green emblem of the Star of Bethlehem, upon each side of which were two smaller stars.

This afternoon in the basement of the church will be held a kitchen-garden, at which the girls will be taught housewifery, and tomorrow, the anniversary of the Sunday-school, upon which occasion contributions of money, clothes, and provisions will be received for the poor of the parish.

ST. STEPHEN'S.

Christmas services were conducted by the Rev. A. Lechner in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, on Johnson street, yesterday morning, the full choir and Mrs. M. Wilson, soloist, participating. Special hymns of praise were sung, including the anthem, "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing." The pretty little church was handsomely decorated with evergreens and flowers. In his address to the congregation the rector said that, in wishing the members a Merry Christmas, he did so with a heart full of thankfulness for the many blessings showered upon the church during the last year. It was now clear of debt and the recent improvements made it a house of worship that all could delight in. The service was simple and without special features, but it was plainly one of rejoicing by pastor and people for the blessings of the year.

SS. PETER AND PAUL.

The services at the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, at the corner of Washington boulevard and Peoria street, and which were unusually fine and impressive, were conducted by the Rev. Bishop McLaren, assisted by the Rev. H. S. Perry, rector of St. Paul's Church, South Chicago, and the Rev. George G. Griffith. The congregation present filled almost the entire body of the church. The edifice was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers, a large screen, composed of an immense arch made of evergreens, together with several smaller ones on either side, making the dividing line between the nave and chancel of the church. On the altar, which was artistically decorated with choice flowers, were placed twelve large burning tapers. The windows of the main portion of the church were adorned with evergreens, and festoons of the same material were also tastefully arranged along the walls. The services were begun by the singing of the Processional hymn, "O, Come All Ye Faithful," by thirty-five choristers. This was succeeded by the rendering of the "Gloria," from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," in an exceptionally fine manner. Almost the entire musical portion of the ceremonies were Elvey's services in "E." The "Agnus Dei" was excellently sung by the choristers, the solo parts being given by Master E. Lipsey. The Bishop prefaced his discourse by saying that as the festival was one of song rather than of the pulpit, the anthem, it had been decided, should take precedence of the sermon. The reverend gentleman spoke from no text, saying that it was one thing to shout for joy with a supreme emotion and quite another to talk about it in a conventional way. His remarks were directly applicable to the natal day of Christ. Previous to the close of the services the holy communion was administered to over 300 communicants. The contributions of the morning amounted to $400. The Christmas music will be repeated in the cathedral tomorrow.

ST. CLEMENT'S.

At St. Clement's Church, corner of State and Twentieth streets, the Christmas-Day services commenced with a celebration of the holy communion at 7 a. m., and a second one at 8, at both of which there were a large number of communicants. The decorations of the church were very simple and with the exception of a few branches of green at the windows were confined to the chancel. At 10:45 there was a solemn celebration of the holy communion and a large congregation. The Rev. Canon Knowles, rector of the church, was the celebrant and the music was admirably rendered by a surpliced choir of men and boys. The choir and clergy entered singing as a processional "Angels from the realms of glory," and Gounod's "Nazareth" was sung as a carol. The Kyrie was by Guilmant, and the second psalm was chanted to a Gregorian tone; the Credo Garrett in D. The Rev. Canon Knowles preached from the words, "And his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." The Benedictus and Agnus Dei were compositions of the organist, Mr. Lutkin, and in the former Master Johnson Bellows sang the treble solo very sweetly, and in the latter Mr. James Campbell rendered the solo with good effect. The recessional hymn was "Crown Him with Many Crowns," and as a concluding voluntary the organist played the Hallelujah chorus.

GRACE CHURCH.

The decorations at Grace Church, Episcopal, were of a plain character, but the music at the morning service was very fine and the congregation large. The altar, reading-desk lecturn, and pulpit wore the white hangings appropriate to the day, and on the altar were vases of calla lilies and other flowers. At each side were branches of firs, and similar branches were placed around the walls between the windows. The music was rendered by a quartet choir composed of Miss Etta Butler, soprano; Mrs. Frank Hall, contralto; Mr. Frank K. Root, tenor; and Mr. Eugene C. Cowles, bass, and a surpliced choir of men and boys, Master Ralph McDermott being the leading treble. Mr. François C. Fisher Cramer presided at the organ. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, rector of the church, and the Rev. G. C. Todd, chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital. The surpliced choir and clergy entered singing as a processional hymn, "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," and the morning service was read by Mr. Todd, the Venite being sung to Elvez in B flat, the Glorias after the Psalms to chants by Elvez and Buck. The Te Deum was Tours in F, and the Benedictus Mercadante in A flat. At the holy communion the hymn, "Shout the Glad Tidings," was sung as an Introit, and the Kyrie was a composition of the organist, Mr. Cramer, in F. Gounod's "Nazareth" was excellently rendered by the quartet as an anthem, Mr. Cowles and Mrs. Holland taking the principal solos. The Rev. Dr. Locke preached from the words "The Child Jesus," and before the sermon he wished the large congregation "A Merry Christmas" from the chancel steps. During the offertory the choir sang "O, Holy Night," by Adam. The Sanctus was by Cramer in C, and during the reception of the communion the hymn "Bread of the Word" was sung. The Agnus Dei was from Cramer's "Missa Redemptionis," and the Gloria in Excelsis was sung to a chant. The choir and the clergy left the church singing as a recessional hymn, "Once in David's Royal City."

ST. MARY'S.

The Christmas services at St. Mary's Church, corner Wabash avenue and Eldridge court, were, as usual, of an appropriate festival character. The decorations were confined to the high altar and the altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. The former, with its festal hangings of white, lit up with numerous candles, and tastefully adorned with calla lilies, roses, and smilax, presented a handsome spectacle. Over the reredos arch was the text in gas-gets, "Gloria in Excelsis," and immediately over the crucifix the "Star of Bethlehem," also in gas. The other two altars were bright with lights and flowers, and the figures of the Virgin and St. Joseph stood out in bold relief. The first high mass was celebrated at 5 a. m., the Rev. Father Lonergan being the celebrant, while the music was furnished by the volunteer choir and the children of the parish, the latter singing the "Adeste Fideles" with excellent effect. Mass was said every hour till 10:45, when high mass was again celebrated, and there was a large congregation. At this mass the Rev. Father Gillan was celebrant, the Rev. Father Lonergan deacon, and the Rev. Father Linn sub-deacon. The mass was Haydn's sixteenth, and it was magnificently rendered by a quartet. The Veni Creator, to music by Weigund, was sung as a duet by the soprano and contralto. The Rev. Father Roles preached from the words, "For behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to you and all people; for behold today is born to you a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." The offertoire was the Ave Verum, from Bernard Klein's St. Cecilia.

ST. MARK'S.

At St. Mark's Episcopal Church, corner of Thirty-sixth street and Cottage Grove avenue, a congregation measured only by the capacity of the auditorium assembled. The interior was elaborately trimmed with evergreens, and behind the reader's desk and pulpit shone the subdued light from alabaster, a Christmas donation from the choir. Gas jets fashioned to represent an anchor, a star, and a Maltese cross burned amid the interlacing evergreens, producing an effect both novel and beautiful. The altar was laid with white embossed silk cloths, elaborately embroidered in colors, and caught at the ends with gold draperies; these were the gifts of the ladies of the congregation. The music was rendered by the choir and included a trio, opening chant, Processional hymn 17, the Gloria from the Gregorian, Te Deum, Venite, Offertory, Anthem hymn 17, and Recessional hymn 24. The Rev. B. F. Fleetwood, the rector, delivered a sermon appropriate to the day.

ST. JOHN'S.

St. John's Reformed Episcopal Church presented a handsome sight yesterday morning when thrown open for services appropriate to the day. The interior was dimly lighted, which had the effect of rendering the decorations and ornamentation provided for the Christmas-tide the more attractive. The chancel was almost hidden in evergreens and flowers, and wreaths of both were scattered about the auditorium with a careless but appropriate profusion that was delightful to observe. The music was rendered by the church choir, with Mr. O'Shaughnessy presiding at the organ.

HOLY NAME CATHEDRAL.

There was an interesting succession of services at the Cathedral of the Holy Name yesterday. At 4 o'clock there was solemn high mass, with Vicar-General Conway as celebrant, Father Agnew acting as deacon and Father Perry as sub-deacon. The choir sang impressively Haydn's Second Mass and Father Fitzsimmons delivered the sermon. Mass was also sung hourly until 10:30 o'clock, when Archbishop Feehan celebrated pontifical high mass. Chancellor Murray preached an appropriate sermon. Every seat in the large auditorium was occupied during the pontifical mass, and, indeed, the church was crowded during the entire day. At 3:30 o'clock Vicar-General Conway talked to the children of the congregation. There was an unusual display of cut flowers on

the high altar, which was graced on either side with potted plants and sprays of green.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Over 350 large express wagons left the various depots at 7 o'clock yesterday morning to distribute Christmas packages to Chicagoans whose friends elsewhere remembered them. These were simply the bundles and boxes that came in Thursday afternoon and night. By working like beavers the men "cleaned up" everything by daylight, and thus made it possible for all the packages to be delivered. The drivers, however, were unable to find a good many people for whom they had boxes, as the addresses were lacking or inefficient. All such packages were sent to the down-town offices, where they will remain until called for. So if any one who expected a present by express didn't get it, he will know that it was not the fault of the company but of the sender. All the companies put on an extra force early, and the men were well broken in when the rush came. They handled 80 per cent more business than ever before, and did it in a very creditable manner. Every package for out of town received Thursday was on its way this morning, most of the articles being for near-by points.

The force in the registry department of the Post-Office is still wrestling with Christmas packages. The bulk of those mailed in Chicago Thursday went out that night or yesterday morning, but some left only last night. The "lapping" of the different gangs continues, that which went on at midnight working until noon yesterday, and the day gang until 8 o'clock at night. The rule now is twelve hours instead of eight, and this is likely to continue until Sunday night, as there are so many packages to handle that it will be impossible to sort and dispatch all of them before Monday morning. So lots of presents mailed all over the West Tuesday and Wednesday will not reach their destination until the middle of next week. When the day gang went on duty yesterday morning they commenced on the pouches left over by the night men, and spent the whole day on them. In the meantime seventy-four other pouches arrived, and were not touched. These contained over 3,000 packages. About 1,500 more for the city were piled up in the vault. Most of them will be delivered today. The rush is about over, but, as before stated, the clerks cannot "catch up" for forty-eight hours.

OLD PEOPLE'S HOME.

At the Old People's Home, corner of Indiana avenue and Thirty-ninth street, the inmates spent a quiet and uneventful day, diversified only by a dinner rather better than usual and a short service by Cook in the afternoon. The dinner hour was 2:30, and the religious service was set for an hour later. Many presents were sent in by the friends or acquaintances of the old ladies, of whom there are now about sixty in the house. Mrs. Norton, the matron, received a check for $50 a few days ago for the benefit of the asylum. She could not read the name upon it, but had no doubt the bank would do better than she. At all events she handed it over to the board. Mrs. Norton would have wished a Christmas-tree for the old people, but it was decided by the board not to have one.

PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM.

A casual glance at the boys' playroom in the Orphan Asylum gave the impression that the building was undergoing important repairs. The floor was fairly covered with chips and shavings, which betokened the recent departure of an army of carpenters. This illusion vanished when the matron, Mrs. Bigelow, explained that every boy of reasonable years of discretion had received the Christmas gift of a stout jackknife. Five bushels of shavings had already been conveyed to the woodshed, and there was as yet no sign of a strike in the kindling factory. The jubilee of the orphans began Christmas Eve, when they attended by invitation the children's festival at Christ Church and returned laden with toys and trinkets. Christmas-Day was dedicated to general enjoyment, not a little aided by the excellent dinner. At 1 o'clock the boys and girls gathered at the tables, and were soon thoroughly learned in the science of ornithology. They enjoyed the flavor—this was evident; yet it was too grave a matter to be treated with levity, and as the wishbone was laid bare the little faces seemed to be pondering very seriously upon the delicious taste. The nursery babies were more exuberant, and smiled with undisguised delight through masks of cranberry-sauce and gravy. In the girls' playroom each box revealed some bright reminder of the season, and hidden away in the school-room in sacred secrecy stood three wonderful Christmas-trees. One of the trees came fully decorated and trimmed from Mrs. Fred Eames and Mrs. Charles MacDonald, and another was from the Rosehill Conservatory. The trees will be revealed to view this afternoon at about 2 o'clock, protracting the seasonable festivities through three days. Gifts have been freely bestowed by many friends of the asylum, and certainly the little ones will be led to forget their forlorn condition for a time at least. Much of the kindness shown to the orphans is due to Miss Blake, whose persevering efforts have awakened interest in the fortunes of the asylum among persons who before her visits knew little of its work. The skating-pond, which has usually been one of the Christmas amusements, failed to freeze for the occasion, and will offer its amusement at a later day of the season.

BEHIND THE BARS.

The County Jail presented quite an animated scene yesterday noon. The prisoners had their usual Christmas dinner, consisting of turkey, duck, mashed potatoes, and different kinds of vegetables. The food was well prepared and served in a cleanly manner. The prisoners did not show any reserve and did not reserve much of what was offered them. Anything is welcome to relieve the monotony of life in jail, even a change in the bill of fare, and such a marked change, too. Many prisoners felt almost happy at the thought that they were not entirely forgotten and separated from the world—that something was done to remind them of the day of universal rejoicing. Others of less sensitive disposition considered only the good things that were given them and enjoyed them as much as possible. But the effect of good cheer was general. There was good feeling everywhere. The prisoners during the hour of exercise were more sociable than usual. They stood together in groups and discussed their prospects of getting out with better hope than they had done for some time. A few received letters or cards from their friends bearing their good wishes for the holiday. There were many who called in person, only to discover that visitors' day had been postponed for today. Some prisoners had been anxiously expecting news from home, and wore a look of profound regret that they could not receive callers. Those among the female prisoners who were not unaccustomed to spending such a day in prison were heard singing loud and merrily, but others, whose sensibilities had not been dulled by a criminal's life, shrunk back in their cells and listened with feelings akin to terror to these wild bursts of mirth. Few were found, however, throughout the jail who could resist the influence of the time and preserve either the stolid indifference or brooding melancholy that characterize most of the inmates of a jail at ordinary times. There were some who would not yield, but the majority gave themselves up to the cheering influence of the day and tried to feel happy by thinking of the happy holidays of former years.

EX-ALD. JONAS' SENSIBLE CHARITY.

There is more kindness in human nature than one thinks—especially when there is nothing to be gained by being otherwise than kind—but a sensible charity is rather uncommon. At all events, few of the charities of this city are more utterly sensible than ex-Ald. Jonas' annual Christmas gift of a dinner to the poor. Yesterday morning 10,000 pounds of meat—roasts, steaks, turkey, poultry—were laid out in a large shop on the corner of Kinzie street and Dearborn avenue. The doors were opened at 9, and by 12 o'clock 1,000 people had been served, the little ones each being presented with a bag of candies. Although some presented notes of recommendation, none were required, and every one who came was served. In fact, many were served more than once.

"Here!" cried a policeman at the door, "this woman has been in here before."

"Let her come," returned Mr. Jonas, "if she did not need the things she would not come the second time." As the woman received her parcel she stooped and kissed the Alderman's hand to his infinite embarrassment. In addition to the gifts given out at the shop a wagon-load was sent to the Church of St. Vincent de Paul to be distributed there, another to the Church of the Holy Name, and a third to St. Pius' Church. Many came with letters from different clergymen of the city. Bishop Cheney sent a number and others came recommended by Col. Clarke of the Pacific Mission, Mrs. Everhart, a city missionary, and Ald. Sweeney. The last one to enter the shop was a bit of a girl perhaps 7 years old. She had stood outside for an hour or more, watching the people passing in and out. Everything had been given away, and every one had been sent off satisfied, when she timidly presented the following note.

"Plese giv this litle girll sumthing as I am laing sick in bed hur father."

"Nothing left, my dear," said Mr. Jonas, buttoning up his coat.

The child cast a piteous glance at the bare tables and turned away in tears.

Half an hour later she was kneeling by the bed in a dark basement on North Clark street telling the story of her failure, when a tap came at the door and a hamper containing a turkey, chickens, jellies, a thin-necked bottle, and everything else one well or ill could desire was handed in. "Here's something else," said the messenger, laying down a long parcel. Probably the happiest 7-year-old in Chicago was the tattered little youngster who tore open that package and found a petticoated doll with long golden hair and staring blue eyes, and in spite of sickness and poverty there was a merry Christmas indeed in that basement room yesterday.

THE MISSIONS.

Christmas was observed with great spirit at the Pacific Garden Mission, where Col. Clarke gave his customary Christmas dinner to the poor. For two or three days this place of worship has been pervaded by the odors of a hotel kitchen as well as the odor of sanctity. Four professional cooks have been at work in the basement preparing the viands for the dinner. They cooked up mountains of turkey, ham, vegetables, and pastry, and felt well able yesterday to hold the fort against all comers. The doors of the mission were thrown open at 10 a. m. and by 11 it was well filled with poor people from all directions. There had been provided 625 dinner tickets, of which 125 were marked "12 o'clock," and a like number for every hour afterward until 4 o'clock. These were shuffled and distributed in the congregation. Religious services were held from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m. All the mission workers were present and several prominent citizens were on the platform. The exercises consisted of singing, prayer, and platform addresses, and were of unusual interest. The table was spread in the kindergarten room in the rear of the mission room, and every hour 125 of the congregation passed into the dining-room and received their dinner. Two policemen were present to preserve order and nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of the occasion. The entertainment was provided at a cost of $250, of which $150 was contributed by generous merchants, Col. Clarke shouldering the balance of the expenses.

The day was observed in a similar manner at the Adelphi Mission on Canal street, presided over by the Rev. A. H. Kirkland and supported mainly by Mr. John V. Farwell and J. S. Smithson. Here, also, religious services were held all day, the platform being well filled with prominent mission workers, including Mr. Smithson, Capt. Morton, and the Rev. Frank White of London, Mrs. Jenks, and others.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At St. Luke's Hospital the chief service was held Thursday night, with a choral service and a Christmas tree. Yesterday they had a big dinner, in which all of the inmates participated.

Thursday night 110 little ones in the Home for the Friendless hung up their stockings and yesterday morning found something in them to gladden their youthful hearts. There was a song service in the morning in which the children participated, performing a cantata. At 1 o'clock all who were able sat down to a generous dinner. The great day for the children will be next Monday, when there will be a Christmas-tree and a distribution of presents.

At the Chicago Nursery and Half-Orphan Asylum on Burling street 155 children, ranging from the mere toddler to the child 12 years old, sat down to a bountiful Christmas dinner provided by the friends of the institution, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. During the forenoon exercises appropriate to Christmas were held in the school-room. Each child received some Christmas memento, but the regular Christmas exercises and Christmas-tree will not be given until next Thursday afternoon.

Probably the most interesting ceremonies among the Catholic Churches took place in St. Malachy's parish. At midnight in St. Patrick's Academy, corner of Oakley and Park avenues, and which is in charge of the priests of St. Malachy's, a young priest celebrated his first solemn mass, the chapel being crowded with kneeling, black-robed nuns, young pupils of the academy, and the relatives of the officiating clergyman. The youthful priest is the Rev. N. J. Hitchcock, who was ordained a priest by Archbishop Feehan last Saturday. Besides the mother of the celebrant there were present Congressman and Mr. James Ward, his cousins. He was assisted by Father M. T. Mackin as assistant priest, Father Malony as deacon, and the Rev. D. E. McGrath as sub-deacon. The beautiful sanctuary and altar had been magnificently decorated for the occasion.

The eighty inmates of the Washingtonian Home were made happy by Prof. Wilkins with a turkey dinner, with plum pudding and mince-pie "trimmings." The religious services in the morning were brief, and consisted of prayer and a lecture by Prof. Wilkins, Superintendent of the Home. "It's nothing unusual for the boys to get a good dinner here," said Prof. Wilkins, and when a feast day comes around they fare as well as they would in their own homes, because it is our intention to make this a home for them in every particular while they are with us."

Warden Frey of the Infirmary took good care of his vast household, and filled them with good things for their Christmas dinner, turkeys and chickens furnishing no inconsiderable part of the bill of fare. In the evening the children, to the number of about one hundred, were brought into the chapel, and given presents from a Christmas tree. Following this was a general musical entertainment gotten up by the inmates of the institution, aided by some Chicago musicians. Through the kindness of Warden Frey the unfortunates were made to forget their real condition for one day at least, and in the evening a number of them waited upon him and expressed their gratitude to him for it.

FEASTING AT THE PENITENTIARIES.

JOLIET, Ill., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Every Christmas the convicts at the Joliet Penitentiary are treated to an entertainment. Today has not been an exception. Warden McClaughry introduced the custom five years ago, and today the convicts were feasted and made to feel as merry as their surroundings of bolts and bars would permit. The chapel was handsomely decorated with evergreens, flowers, and the National colors, and the 1,600 convicts were entertained for several hours by the singing and acting of the Schubert Quartet. At noon the convicts were given a hearty dinner of oysters, hot rolls, coffee, apples, etc. It took 200 gallons of solid-meat oysters to go around. In the afternoon each convict was visited at his cell and given a quantity of apples, several cigars, and ink, paper, and envelopes, so that all could have the privilege of writing a Christmas letter to their friends at home.

CHESTER, Ill., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Christmas in Chester has been an eventful day. There was an excellent dinner of roast pork, with dressing and apple sauce, and scalloped oysters, mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, green apples, and graham bread, served to the convicts at the penitentiary, and they were also given two cigars each and an hour's freedom in the cell-house. Work was suspended for the day, but the usual holiday entertainment was dispensed with.

STILLWATER, Minn., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The State's prison here has now 445 convicts. Today from 9 to 3 o'clock visitors were admitted and prisoners were allowed to exchange calls with each other. A turkey dinner, with pies, puddings, and fruits, was served at noon.

ELSEWHERE.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Today was the most quiet Christmas witnessed in this city for many years. The usual festivities were observed at all the churches, but the citizens pretty generally spent the day at their homes.

HIGHLAND, Ill., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Christmas was observed in this city in a merry and becoming manner. Services were held in all the churches, and Christmas-trees were generally indulged in. The weather was mild—more like an April day than December—without.

HOLLAND, Mich., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The 200 employés of the Cappon & Bertsch Hide and Leather Company were each presented with a fine turkey last evening as a Christmas present. The churches held their Christmas celebrations with their Sabbath schools, and all strived to excel one another in decorating and presents to the children.

MATTERS OF POLITICS.

CALL FOR MASS-MEETINGS IN INDIANA BY THE REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE TO ELECT DELEGATES TO DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—A call was issued today by L. F. Michener of this city, Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee for mass-meeting to be held in each county of the State Jan. 30, 1886, for electing delegates and alternates to Congressional district conventions. At these mass-meetings members of County Committees will be chosen, and at the district conventions, which are to be held Feb. 11, State Central Committeemen will be selected. These district conventions will meet at the following places:

1st District, Evansville. 8th District, Terre Haute.
2d District, Washington. 9th District, Frankfort.
3d District, Jeffersonville. 10th District, Logansport.
4th Dist., Lawrenceburg. 11th District, Marion.
5th District, Greencastle. 12th District, Ft. Wayne.
6th District, Newcastle. 13th District, Laporte.
7th District, Indianapolis.

The State Central Committee will meet in Indianapolis at the Denison House, Feb. 25, to organize.

SANTA FE, N. M., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Information is received here stating that the President has suspended action concerning the appointment of Henry Lockhart as Register of the United States Land Office in place of H. Easly. The action of the President was taken at the solicitation of the Missouri Senators, from which State Easley was appointed, and prominent Territorial Democrats. Easley's retention gives much satisfaction to the better class of Democrats, and the people of the Territory generally.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Why There May Be Democratic House Opposition to the Presidential Succession Bill.

Bayard Not a Favorit—Objection to the President Naming His Own Successor.

Consul-General Mueller's Recent Report—Great Success of Prince Bismarck's Grand Colonial Scheme.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Congressman Spriggs of Utica, N. Y., a somewhat close friend of the President, is quoted as saying in regard to the Hoar Presidential-Succession bill, which passed the Senate before the holiday recess and will be called up for early action in the House on its reassembling, that the measure (which puts the Secretary of State next to the Vice-President in the line of Presidential succession) would have a better show of passage if Mr. Bayard were not the Secretary of State. Mr. Spriggs is further alleged to have said there was an aversion on the Democratic side of the House to the general principle of the President appointing his own successor, and some feeling of the kind has already developed on the Republican side—not enough, however, it is believed, to make the eventual passage of the bill a matter of doubt. One of the most surprising statements in connection with the bill is that of Congressman Springer of Illinois that he and most of his associates have always been in favor of it, and but for the obstructive House rules, now repealed, it would have passed the House at the last session.

CONSUL-GENERAL MUELLER'S RECENT REPORT.

The recent report of Consul-General Mueller, which has caused so much comment, was not seen by Secretary Bayard until he read it in the newspapers. He was interested in it as an item of information and news, but officially he did not concern himself about it. "Mr. Mueller is a very competent and efficient official," said Gov. Porter, Assistant Secretary of State. "Since his appointment, in May last, he has answered very ably and very satisfactorily all the calls made upon him. There was nothing unusual in the manner of his report. He took no unwarrantable liberties and violates no principle of diplomacy. It is not only his right but his duty to discuss and report everything that may affect the commerce of this country as far as his observations extend, and he is an observant man, far-seeing and keen-sighted. Beyond question, the Consul's comments will be reproduced in the newspapers of Germany, and when they appear in the newspapers of Frankfort-on-the-Main it is easy to understand that some of the people of that city will not be favorably impressed with them. Men with whom he comes in contract there may thus be led to turn the cold shoulder to him, but beyond a little social coldness the publication cannot operate to his prejudice. It is not understood by governments to be the duty of a consul to eulogize the government of the country in which he may be stationed; neither is it his duty to withhold his free opinions. A German Consul in this country may criticise our protective tariff, or any of the principles of our Government as severely as he chooses, and this Government will not take offense or seek to suppress him. We may not agree with his opinions and may not like them, but we will not deny his right to hold and express them. It is not to be expected that all the Consular reports sent to foreign governments by agents in this country are couched in terms of praise and admiration and unbounded friendship for our interests and our ways. I have no doubt that some German Consuls in this country indulge in criticism as free as that of Mr. Mueller. The relations between this country and Germany were never more friendly than now, and it is idle to talk of a rupture of diplomatic relations because of anything contained in Mr. Mueller's report."

BISMARCK'S POLICY A GREAT SUCCESS.

Mr. Frederick Raine, the American Consul-General at Berlin, in the introduction to his annual report writes briefly of the rise of the German Empire. Cautiously but steadily, he says, a new system of government was carried into execution. The almost uninterrupted flow of new laws was apparently not retarded by a single inconsistency. They formed symmetrical parts of a structure that long before its erection was planned by a far-seeing statesman. Sufficient financial and other means were abundantly on hand. With the establishment of the Empire an immense amount of intellectual and moral forces, for centuries neutralized by petty rivalry between individual States of the Confederation, became available, and Bismarck was prompt in inviting and directing them to higher aims. With their aid he was enabled to forge formidable instruments for the erection of new political and other organizations hardly thought of before. Mr. Raine embodies in his report a series of tables from which he deduces several interesting facts. The population of the area now comprised in the German Empire, which was 24,831,000 in 1816, had increased to 45,234,000 in 1880, and at the present rate of increase it doubles once in forty-seven years. This is in excess of the growth of population in any of the neighboring Powers. Great Britain, Mr. Raine says, doubles her population in fifty-one years; the Netherlands in fifty-two years; Denmark in fifty-four years; Austria in sixty and one-half years; Belgium in sixty-one years, while France requires 200 years to double her population at present rates. The emigration from the Empire shows a steady and marked decrease since 1881, from which fact Mr. Raine argues that either the economical condition of Germany has improved, the attractive force of America has decreased, or Bismarck's colonial policy is proving successful. This policy is meeting with universal approval throughout the Empire. The German Colonial Association, formed two years ago, spread with great rapidity. The first acquisition was made by a Bremen firm of traders, the area being 900 German square miles in South Africa. The traders applied for and received recognition from the home Government, and other traders speedily followed the example, possession being thus acquired in East Africa, Cameroon, Angra Pequena, and other South Sea islands. It is now proposed that all associations and companies which are endeavoring to promote German colonial interests shall be federated, and the question, Mr. Raine says, will be considered at a meeting shortly to be held in Berlin. The Government has recently subsidized two lines of steamships to run between the parent country and the colonies, and a third line has just been established by private enterprise between Hamburg and the Congo.

ANOTHER COLONIAL ENTERPRISE.

Mr. Raine describes another colonial enterprise of a novel character, which is now in successful operation. Three or four years ago, he says, several hundred thousand tramps infested Germany and drew from the people many millions annually bestowed in charity. A clergyman first suggested the plan of colonizing these people, and with the aid of men of wealth secured tracts of waste or partly cultivated land in Westphalia, where he organized "a workmen's colony." Local committees were everywhere formed to counsel the withholding of alms and the bestowal of an equivalent sum to the new colonial enterprise. The plan worked well and tramps were compelled to emigrate to the colony in large numbers. There they were provided with clothing and furnished with employment as farm-laborers, and gradually, in the progress of colonization, they found work at their respective trades and many of them became useful members of society. The rest found their way to the workhouse. The Emperor and many influential men of the Empire took a deep interest in the matter, and at present such colonies are established in all the colonies and States of Germany.

Mr. Raine discusses exhaustively the conditions of German trade and industries, and the influences, including the new protective policy of the Government, which are affecting them. He finds that manufacturers are complaining more of low prices than of want of opportunities to dispose of their goods. The prices obtained do not yield the desired profits, but nearly all branches of manufacture have plenty of work, and new industrial establishments are being created.

GOING TO THE EXPOSITION.

The Congressmen and newspaper men who, with the ladies of their families, were invited some days ago to accept the courtesy of the Baltimore & Ohio lines for a trip to the New Orleans Exposition, left Washington at 10:15 this evening in the elegant sleeping-coaches provided by the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the road, who will accompany the excursionists and have charge of the arrangements for their transportation and comfort. The party will reach Cincinnati Saturday afternoon, remaining there about three hours, and then go direct to New Orleans via Odin and the Illinois Central Railroad, arriving early Monday morning. Returning the train will leave New Orleans Thursday night and arrive in Washington Saturday evening. Monday is Congressional and Tuesday is Journalist Day at the Exposition, and the excursionists will take part in the proceedings both days. They will be met upon their arrival at the Crescent City by the President of the Exposition, the Mayor of the city, and a special committee of the press. A most interesting and varied program has been arranged, and the four days' stay will be replete with receptions, special excursions to the jetties and the lake, with banquets at the Pickwick Club, the Spanish Fort, etc. The following is a list of those who left here tonight:

Congressmen Townshend, of Illinois; Conger and ladies, of Iowa; Ward, of Illinois; Kleiner and wife, of Indiana; Hahn, of Louisiana; Taylor, of Tennessee; La Follette and wife, of Wisconsin; Brady and daughter, of Virginia; Joseph, of New Mexico; Wade, of Missouri; W. Martin, of Louisiana; Perkins, of Kansas; and Cole of Maryland.

Maj. Clarke, New York *Tribune*, and wife; Messrs. Habercom, St. Louis *Westliche Post;* Mudd, Associated Press; Moore, Milwaukee *Wisconsin;* Morgan, Washington *Republican;* Schriver, Baltimore *American;* Martin, Philadelphia *Press;* Flynn, Baltimore *Sun;* Gibson, New York *Tribune;* Clark, Montgomery *Despatch;* Jewell, New Orleans *States;* McCarthy, Hartford *Times;* Burton, Brooklyn *Eagle*.

AS TO SILVER COINAGE SUSPENSION.

The *National Republican* tomorrow will give as the result of an exhaustive inquiry concerning the future decisions in the House of Representatives in regard to the unlimited suspension of silver coinage a table showing that 143 Democrats and fifty-two Republicans are against suspension, and thirty-nine Democrats and ninety-one Republicans in favor of. The noticeable feature in connection with the matter is the division of the members upon sectional lines. The West and South are practically a unit for coinage, while the East and Middle States appear to be almost as solidly in favor of suspension.

PENSION RAIDS ON THE TAXPAYERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24.—If the survivors of the Mexican and Indian Wars from 1811 to 1842 do not receive pensions from this Congress it will not be on account of neglect of their representatives in Congress to submit enough bills for their benefit. Already they have presented in the House of Representatives five bills for pensioning alleged "veterans" [how does a few months' service make a man a veteran?] of the Mexican and Indian Wars, besides others for the benefit of survivors of the Tippecanoe campaign of 1811, the Indian Wars of 1817, 1818, and 1823, two for persons who participated in the Indian Wars between 1835 and 1842, and one for those who took part in the War of 1812. The pension mania among Congressmen has gone so far that, having raked history for every skirmish that at this distance of time can be magnified into an excuse for a pension, it has extended its scope to the late Civil War, and it is virtually proposed to pay a pension to every man who served in the army between the years 1861 and 1865. One Representative wants to open the Arrears-of-Pension act to all comers, and another proposes to repeal the limit of time for filing pension claims under existing statutes. Nearly four hundred separate bills for placing upon the pension-rolls individuals who are excluded by existing law have been introduced by Representatives of half a dozen States. Many of these are cases that have been rejected after careful examination of their merits at the Pension Bureau, while others have been hunted up by enterprising pension-claim agents, who are making fortunes out of the business. Probably many of these projects, nominally for the benefit of the soldiers, will succeed, for comparatively few politicians have the nerve to vote against anything of that kind.

A SELF-CONFESSED SCOUNDREL.

A CLINTON (MO.) REAL-ESTATE AGENT'S WHOLESALE SWINDLING OPERATIONS—HE DEPARTS FOR CANADA.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 25.—Information comes from Clinton, Mo., that Silas E. Cheek, a prominent real-estate and loan agent of that place, is a defaulter for over $100,000. The utmost confidence was placed in his integrity until recently, and banks had given him credit far beyond his means and honored his drafts for large amounts. About two weeks ago F. C. Nichols of Bridgeport, Conn., arrived at Clinton to look after a mortgage on property belonging to Orton B. Jones. He discovered the name on the mortgage was fictitious and the mortgage a forgery. Cheek had forged the name of the Recorder to the bogus mortgage and had defrauded him out of $7,300. To save himself, Cheek gave a deed of trust on his property for the amount and the same day gave another deed of trust to save his friends, who had advanced him money. He then left for Canada and has not been heard from since. His manner of obtaining money was to forge names to bogus deeds of trust and imprint the Recorder's seal upon the documents, which he could easily do, as he had access to the Recorder's office at all times. The deeds thus appearing all right, he had no trouble in obtaining money on them. As these papers are not recorded it is impossible to tell who are defrauded, but the following parties have been heard from: Central Illinois Financial Agency, Jacksonville, Ill.; John Hurd, Joseph A. Joyce, F. C. Nichols, Bridgeport, Conn.; Newton Savings Bank, Newton, Conn.; W. J. O'Keefe & Co., Marshall, Mich. Cheek is 32 years old, married, and his wife is now lying at the point of death, but does not know of her husband's wrong doings. He owned property worth about $34,000, which has been attached by creditors, but no other legal action has been taken. His books show he has loaned $171,000 for Eastern parties. In his desk the following was found:

I am a thief, scoundrel, knave, and liar.
SILAS E. CHEEK.

AN INDIGNANT CLERGYMAN.

HE OBJECTS TO FAVORED INFLUENCE IN BEHALF OF CRIMINALS, AND, IT IS SAID, MILDLY HINTS AT LYNCH LAW AND VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The day after Gov. McEnery issued his order respiting Ford and Murphy an anonymous communication appeared in the *Picayune*, written in the strongest language, intimating a resort to lynch law and a vigilance committee to dispose of the privileged class of culprits who control public affairs in this city. It has since transpired that the communication was written by the Rev. R. A. Holland, D. D., of Trinity Episcopal Church in this city. In an interview today Dr. Holland, after admitting the paternity of the article, says: "I believe that God is unmerciful in the dispensation of justice and there should be no mercy in the execution of the law. Our condition now is about this: One man who is a lawbreaker himself can clog the wheels of justice and mock the law. If that man is allowed to continue in this power the lawlessness will become more vile and injurious to society, and every cutthroat and murderer commit shocking deeds in the protection of that man—society's greatest enemy. I shall write again and treat of that man's character and evil influence." This is understood to refer to a leading Democratic politician who recently went to Baton Rouge and induced Gov. McEnery to respit the condemned.

A MODEST CONGRESSMAN.

MR. O'NEILL SAYS HE SHOULD BE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON LABOR, AND TELLS WHY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 25.—Congressman O'Neill of this city, who is mentioned as the probable Chairman of the Committee on Labor of the House of Representatives, arrived home today and was met by various leaders of the labor interests to proffer their support to him. Mr. O'Neill deprecated any action on their part, not wishing to embarrass the Speaker in his selection of committees, and said: "If having created the Committee on Labor in the last Congress, introduced the bill to create a Bureau of Labor Statistics, and made a speech in the House on the importation of contract labor, which the Democratic National Convention made one of their principal campaign documents, all of which was done under the eye of the Speaker, does not entitle me to the Chairmanship of the committee, then mass-meetings and resolutions will not help me."

FIGHT BETWEEN TRAMPS AND NEGROES.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Dec. 25.—A desperate battle between about a dozen unknown negroes and tramps occurred near here this afternoon. The fight was the result of an attempt to drive the tramps from their encampment. It lasted nearly an hour, and clubs, stones, and revolvers were freely used. The tramps were finally driven off, but not before one of their number had been mortally wounded and another quite seriously injured by being shot through the shoulder. The negroes escaped unharmed.

HE RESISTED AND WAS SHOT.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 25.—A special says that W. T. Walker, a photographer, charged with grand larceny, was shot and fatally injured by Officer M. M. Hamberry at Hopkinsville, Ky., while resisting arrest.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

The Old Trouble in the Detroit Polish Church Renewed Again Yesterday Morning.

Thousands of People Gather Around the Bishop's Residence, but He Escapes Unobserved.

In the Afternoon a Riot Takes Place, During Which One Man Is Shot Dead.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The congregation of St. Albert's Church are again in open revolt. Before daylight this morning the Poles began to assemble about St. Albert's Church. The holiday had released the men and women from their usual occupations, and they came in force. The church stood majestic and silent. The recently-blessed chimes did not sound at the expected hour. The massive doors remained closed. A murmur of surprise and discontent spread through the crowd as time passed by and there were no signs of life in the church. The air was sharp and piercing and even the sturdy Polish women began to shiver in the cold. At 7 o'clock there were between 3,000 and 4,000 Poles on the ground and a movement began to be discernible. The word was passed around, and the dense crowd separated as if by prearrangement and formed into divisions. Each had its marshals and chiefs. The leading men headed the respective divisions, the women came next, and a miscellaneous crowd of Polanders straggled in the rear. There was little or no jabbering or demonstration. The faces wore an expression of extreme earnestness. They appeared to feel keenly the fact that while other church bells were ringing, other congregations were bowing before their altars and offering thanks to God, they stood crowded and shivering in the streets with their church cold and silent, and with the frown of their Bishop upon them. At a signal from their leaders the divisions moved towards the heart of the city, each taking a different direction. As the processions moved through the northeastern parts of the town they gathered strength until they numbered 6,000. The lines of march converged at the pastoral residence of Bishop Borgess, on Washington avenue. One division arrived by way of State street, another came down Washington avenue, and another took a roundabout course and came from a westerly direction along State street. They halted in front of the Bishop's residence and then wheeled into a line several deep. The men were well dressed in the holiday garb of laborers and mechanics. The brilliant red shawls of the women gave a picturesque look to the otherwise sombre appearance of the body. A consultation was held among the committee which had been given in charge of the demonstration. This consisted of Anton Spegiel, Kanut Gofozgurki, Michael Farnowoski, Anton Hern, Joh Konart, and Wolertz Korall. The committee ascended the Bishop's residence steps and the door bell was given a vigorous pull. The crowd waited patiently for a response, but none came. Not a face appeared at the windows, although the inside blinds were thrown back. The residence was as silent as the church had been. The door bell was given another jerk, still there was no response, and the shivering women began to mutter at having to pass their Christmas in the cold streets. Meantime, however, an unusual scene was occurring within the Bishop's house, and as his Eminence was due at St. Joseph's Church to say mass at 10 o'clock he left his residence by the back way, got into a closed carriage, and escaped without encountering the people. After following him to St. Joseph's, where they were locked out, the Poles most sullenly dispersed.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon 4,000 or 5,000 Poles began to throw stones at the church and at the houses in the neighborhood in which obnoxious Poles live. The police prevented a serious riot here, but the mob rushed down Staubin avenue to where Basil Lemke lives, and began to mob his place. The scene that followed baffles intelligent description, the men and women fighting indiscriminately with the police. A large number of persons were seriously hurt, many arrests made, and one man, John Leodowski, living at No. 26 Garfield avenue, was shot dead. After the shooting the mob dispersed, but a fresh outbreak is momentarily expected.

A STREET RIOT.

ONE MAN KILLED, ANOTHER FATALLY INJURED, AND SEVERAL OTHERS BADLY USED.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 25.—During a street fight at Wellsville, O., today John Dennis was shot in the abdomen and William Dennis, his brother, in the arm. The shooting was done by a rough named Roxbury, who had been stabbed in the arm earlier in the day by a friend of the Dennis brothers. A score or more of drunken men were implicated in the fight, and it assumed almost the proportions of a riot. Stones and beer-kegs were hurled through windows, and many spectators were severely injured. Roxbury and one of his sympathizers named Jesse Bailey have been arrested.

William Dennis is seriously injured and may die. Nearly all the men engaged in the fight were drunk, and the trouble was the outgrowth of a saloon quarrel which occurred last night.

THEY DESIRED TO DIE.

SUICIDE OF A BIGAMOUS MINISTER—AN INSURANCE AGENT'S DESPERATION.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 25.—A special reports the suicide by drowning of the Rev. John R. Elmore, a Baptist minister residing near Clayton. Two months ago his congregation learned that Elmore was a bigamist, and he was expelled from the pulpit. He had shown symptoms of insanity for several days, and last night he went to a neighbor's fish-pond, put his hat and coat on a stake, cut a hole in the ice, and drowned himself.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 25.—Last night, just as the church bells were ringing in Christmas, Max Schultz, an insurance agent who had traveled all the countries of the globe and had learned many of their languages, swallowed a dose of poison and forced his little 7-year-old daughter to follow his example. The father and child boarded on Erie street, and their landlady, hearing the commotion, went to their room. The father died, but the child will recover. Schultz has wealthy parents in Germany. His wife, whom he met in India, died several years ago in Australia. The man was a stranger here.

RACING STEAMERS.

GOOD TIME BEING MADE BY OCEAN GREYHOUNDS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The Morgan Line steamer Eldorado, Capt. Hawthorn, from New York, arrived in port at midnight last night, having beaten the record, making the run hither in five days, six hours, and fifty-five minutes. The Cromwell Line steamer Louisiana, Capt. Gager, has heretofore held the fast honors, having made her quickest time in five days, seven hours, and three minutes. Besides, the Louisiana is an elegant passenger steamer, built for speed, while the Eldorado was built as a freight steamer. The Louisiana will leave New York tomorrow afternoon for this port, and her trip will be watched with interest, as it is claimed that Capt. Gager has never let her out to her full capacity.

A FRACTURED SKULL.

James Boyle, a laborer living at Oak Park, was found in Sissiman's saloon, corner of Clark and Van Buren streets, last night with his skull fractured and completely overcome with liquor. He was taken to the County Hospital and is almost sure to die. Letters were found in his pockets identifying him, and late at night he revived enough to make the following statement:

He received his wages yesterday, came to to the city to celebrate, and succeeded in getting well filled with red liquor. When opposit Mueller's Hotel, at No. 488 State street, he was knocked down by two men and robbed of $15. He laid there for several minutes after the robbers left, and, struggling to his feet, tried to walk. He says that he fell down several times, and don't know whether his skull was fractured by falling or by the robbers. He at last reached Sissman's saloon, where he was found. Boyle has a wife and children at Plum Creek, Nebraska.

PAU.

Pau is to be the gayest place on the Continent of Europe for the next few months.

SPORTING AFFAIRS.

VIGNAUX BEATS SLOSSON IN THE SECOND GAME OF THE TOURNAMENT PLAY OFF.

The fifth game in the fourteen-inch balk-line tournament attracted a scant 200 people to Central Music-Hall last evening. Vignaux and Slosson were the contestants and at 7:30 o'clock stepped to the head of the table for the bank, in which Vignaux won the lead and chose the black ball. He opened with a little run of 5 and Slosson followed with another of 26. In twenty-one innings neither of the players registered a run of over 48. Slosson's average at the end of the twenty-first was but 11 2-21, and Vignaux's 13 18-21. Vignaux picked up a bit in the twenty-second and took his seat at the end of the inning 85 points better off. Slosson made no improvement in his gait, and at the end of the twenty-sixth inning the score stood 402 to 293 in favor of the Frenchman. The latter opened the twenty-seventh with a little run of 15, and Slosson started off for a run of 73. Vignaux opened the fortieth with a corral of only two, and Slosson by a very pretty run of 53 in the last half of his inning took the lead by a single point. This he maintained until the forty-fourth, when Vignaux passed him with a capture of 19, and still further increased his lead in the following inning by another run of 26. At the end of the fifty-third inning the score stood: Vignaux, 691; Slosson, 654. Vignaux then started in upon a run of 86, which placed him nearly 100 in the lead of the champion, and in the fifty-ninth placed himself within 3 of the finish, while Slosson still had 110 points to go. He only succeeded, however, in capturing 16 of them, and Vignaux missing his first in the next inning, Slosson was given another chance for game. He could only capture 4, however, and Vignaux then closed the game with a run of 3. Following is the score:

Vignaux—5, 0, 48, 18, 0, 0, 32, 46, 1, 6, 3, 4, 31, 4, 4, 27, 36, 13, 9, 3, 1, 85, 10, 0, 14, 2, 15, 4, 1, 0, 20, 14, 1, 27, 22, 0, 3, 2, 1, 2, 40, 4, 6, 49, 26, 0, 2, 14, 29, 3, 2, 2, 30, 86, 3, 0, 0, 3, 14, 0, 3—800.

Slosson—26, 1, 2, 7, 12, 9, 7, 45, 35, 4, 20, 0, 3, 2, 15, 29, 2, 1, 0, 13, 0, 5, 0, 39, 15, 1, 73, 9, 1, 11, 18, 2, 11, 9, 7, 19, 0, 0, 9, 53, 0, 2, 56, 1, 28, 1, 10, 9, 3, 6, 0, 1, 22, 3, 4, 1, 0, 28, 16, 4—710.

Innings—61.
Vignaux's average—13 7-61; highest run, 86.
Slosson's average—11 50-60; highest run, 73.
Time of game—Five hours.

Tonight's game will be played between Schaefer and Slosson.

RACING AT NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 25.—The track at the exposition grounds was in good condition today and the weather was delightful.

First race, for all ages, one-half mile—Blue Bird won by a length, Lela B. second, Gold Star third, Laura Brown fourth. Time, 0:51.

Second race, penalties and allowances, one mile—Fletch Taylor won by a head, Kiohba second, Biddy Bowling third, beating Fleur-de-lis, Judge Jackson, and Blarney. Time, 1:47¼.

Third race, for beaten horses, seven-eighths of a mile—Amanda Brown won by a nose, King Arthur second, Baton Rouge third. Peacock, Woodcraft, and Hotbox also ran. Time, 1:33¼.

Fourth race, selling allowances, three-quarters of a mile—Diamond won by a length and a half, Malvolio second, Rowdy Boy third, beating Vicinity, Banker, Desiree, Miss Goodrich, and Jim Shelby. Time, 1:20¼.

The racing will be continued Tuesday.

NOTES.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Late last night James Murtrie, manager of the New Yorks, soon after reaching the city from the East, signed Joe Gerhart, the second baseman who came here to tend bar in a saloon rather than to accede to the $2,000 limit. He accepted the figures. He will stay here during the winter.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—At midnight O'Leary had made 805 miles and eight laps and Weston 803 miles.

CHRISTMAS HORRORS.

A WIFE WHO PREFERS A LIFE OF SHAME IS SLAIN BY HER HUSBAND AND BROTHER—AN AGED WOMAN RAVISHED AND BEATEN TO DEATH.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—At 7 o'clock this evening a tragedy occurred at a house of ill-fame on Custom-House street. Ernestine Beron, aged 19, had been married for three years to Martin Heindel, aged 21. A week ago she abandoned him and entered upon an evil course. Her husband and her brother called at the house to urge her to return to the marriage-bed, which she declined to do, alleging that she was having too good a time in the life she was living. Her brother, Jacob Beron, then placed his hand over her mouth and held her while her husband attacked her with a dirk, stabbing her three times in the back and right side, inflicting fatal wounds in the lung. She was removed to the hospital and the husband arrested, while the brother escaped. All the parties are natives of this city.

At 6:30 o'clock Mary Greely, a native of Ireland, 70 years old, was dragged behind a stack of hay bales on Fulton street by a young man named Matthew Benigan, who attempted to ravish her. She resisted and he beat and kicked her in the side and then accomplished his purpose and then beat the woman to death. Benigan was arrested shortly afterwards in a barrel-house on the levee. He denies the charge, but the evidence against him is direct and positive.

At noon a white girl 12 years old, named Mary Gelphardt, was shot in the right thigh by a negro boy named Green Smith with a toy pistol. The boy took the girl to her home, and then ran away. A doctor was called, who declared the wound dangerous but not necessarily fatal. It was undoubtedly an accident.

Several other minor casualties close up the record of the day.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Tonight at 8 o'clock Charles Johnson, a worthless negro, quarreled with his young and good-looking wife in front of their gate at No. 253 Linden square. The presumption is that he had been drinking and was jealous. At all events, he dragged her into the house, and, throwing her back down upon a table, drew a knife across her throat with such force as to almost sever her head from her body. She fell upon the floor and died in two minutes. As soon as the crime was committed the negro rushed up to his own room and drew the knife with which he had just murdered his wife across his own throat. The police found him in a dying condition twenty minutes later and removed him to the city hospital. There were several other cuttings and shootings here today among the negroes. One was shot through the neck, and another was fatally stabbed in the bowels.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—A cutting affray occurred this evening in a saloon, in which William Trankerrm, a former member of the police, was fatally stabbed, it is alleged, by a man named S. A. Brown.

NOT TO BE FOOLED WITH.

A POLICEMAN, SET UPON BY A CROWD, SHOOTS ONE OF THEM WITH FATAL RESULT.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 25.—About 8:30 this evening Albert Davis, aged 30, a widower with three children, an amateur pugilist, was shot by Patrolman A. M. Bowden, who lives at No. 383 Fifth street. Davis and some comrades were in Becker's saloon on Monroe avenue, where they had a quarrel. One of the party struck Davis in the mouth. Davis ran and the rest followed him. At the corner of Farrar street and Gratiot avenue Patrolman Bowden was passing with some women, going to White's Theatre. He told the men to stop, when they jumped upon him and knocked him down. The women ran away. Bowden drew a revolver and fired three times. Davis was shot through the left temple, the bullet lodging in the brain. He was taken to St. Mary's hospital, where he died at 11:15 p. m. Bowden was arrested and lodged in jail.

THEY FINALLY COOLED DOWN.

ROCKVILLE, Md., Dec. 25.—Luther Claggett was arrested last Sunday and lodged in jail at this place for attempting an indecent assault upon a 7-year-old daughter of John Lizer of Mechanicsville, Montgomery County. This morning a number of the residents of Mechanicsville met and resolved to lynch the would-be ravisher. They started for Rockville, but Sheriff Miller, hearing of their movements, put Claggett on a train and took him to Frederick, where he is now in jail. The lynching party was greatly enraged when they found that their victim had escaped, and swore vengeance, but finally quieted down and returned to their homes.

FOUND FROZEN IN THE ICE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—In a pond in Newtown, a place twenty miles south of Bridgeport, the body of Mrs. Mary McCarthy was found frozen in the ice. She had not been at her home for some days and was last seen in company with two strangers. The authorities are of the opinion that she was murdered, and will investigate the case tomorrow. The pond in which she was discovered is within a stone's throw of a similar murder committed five years ago.

CUNNING DECEPTION.

It Is Practiced by a Young Man in the Role of a Deaf Mute.

Obtaining a Position in a Chicago House He Robs Them of Valuable Goods.

He Relates the Amusing Incidents Encountered in This Assumed Character.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Adolph H. Plen, one of the men arrested here yesterday while trying to dispose of half a dozen trunks filled with clothing, supposed to be stolen from A. L. Singer & Co. of Chicago made a confession today. He says that he was in the employ of the firm for several months, and represented himself to be deaf and dumb. He was taken in through the charity of a member of the firm, who endeavored to alleviate the distress of the mute in a Christian manner. Said he: "You see, I tried real hard to find work at the time and failed. Then a brilliant idea struck me. I spruced myself up and learned the deaf and dumb alfabet, and after I got it down pretty well I went around the big stores and asked for a job on the ends of my fingers. If they couldn't understand the alfabet I wrote on paper. Well, I found I made a better impression with this racket than any I ever worked. So, when I struck Singer's store on Market and Adams, one of the head men happened to be standing by. I wrote down on a slip of paper that I was willing to work for anything, and he said: 'Poor fellow; give him a job; he looks neat and nice.' They put me at work at $5 a week, and I tell you I had a hard time keeping my mouth shut. I never let any of my associates know where I was working, and changed my boarding-house and entered another, where I was deaf and dumb. When I met a mute I warded off suspicion by pantomimic signs to the effect that my early education had been neglected, but that I could write well. I was introduced into a deaf and dumb society, where I became a great favorit, owing to my musical ability. I can play the accordeon, violin, piano, zither, and harp, and always gave a short concert at our meetings. I received two benefits from the society which amounted to nearly $100. I was a great favorit, especially among the female mutes, and the correspondence we had was very interesting. When alone with one or two I used to frequently talk out loud just to hear what my voice sounded like, and the effect on them was highly electrical. They would laugh and mock me under the impression that I was trying to talk. Poor things, I felt sorry for them, but could not repress the devilment inherent in me. Frequently after work I used to skip down to the lake shore at the foot of Adams street and ease myself by talking just a little. I used to say: 'Plen, old boy, you are pretty slick; but you will get caught if you don't look out. Some of them mutes are dead onto you now.' Well, I found that the $5 a week was nowhere, so I began to steal. The firm put great confidence in me, for my ears were always wide awake for conversations, and I heard many things which will make the hair on the heads of some of the other employés stand when they know the truth about me. I had many narrow escapes, and found that my temper was the hardest to control. I had my fingers pinched once and swore such an oath that if any one had been standing within ten yards he would have heard me. I made the acquaintance of other parties and worked a scheme I had contemplated some time. Every night I left the store a lot of clothes went with me. I packed goods in boxes and had them carted to certain places in the city, where they were transferred to trunks and shipped to other cities. I didn't want to dispose of the stuff in Chicago, and after I made what I considered a good haul I shipped the swag to this city, and here I am."

And there he was, sure enough, locked up and awaiting the Chicago police. He is a German of good address and pleasant face. He is well dressed and talks English with a German accent. He said he was engaged to be married to a female mute, and when alone used to frequently hail her with: "Ah, shere! Daisy. You don't know me," etc. She never guessed the truth. He takes great pride in the manner he deceived everybody.

SLIGHTLY WARMER,

TOGETHER WITH FAIR WEATHER, IS PROMISED US TODAY.

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec 26—1 a. m.—Indications: For Chicago and vicinity for thirty-two hours from 1 a. m., slightly warmer, fair weather.

For the Upper Lake region, slightly warmer generally fair weather, followed in the northern portion by local snows, winds shifting to southerly, lower barometer.

For the Upper Mississippi Valley, slightly warmer fair weather, winds shifting to southerly, lower barometer.

For the Missouri Valley, warmer, fair weather, winds generally southerly, lower barometer.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25—10 p. m.—The following observations are taken at the same moment of time at the stations named:

Place of observation.	Hight of barometer	Thermometer	Direction of wind	State of weather.	Rainfall during last 8 hrs.
Alpena, Mich	30.70	11	N. W.	Clear	....
New York	30.35	28	N. E.	Clear	....
Bismarck, Dak	29.98	35	S. E.	Fair	....
Buffalo, N. Y.	30.58	20	N. E.	Lt. snow	*
Cairo, Ill	30.52	34	N. E.	Clear	....
Cheyenne, Wyo	30.24	31	W.	Clear	....
Chicago	30.59	32	E.	Clear	....
Cincinnati, O	30.55	28	N. E.	Lt. snow	*
Cleveland, O	30.56	27	N. E.	Cloudy	....
Deadwood, Dak	30.14	54	N. W.	Fair	....
Boston, Mass	30.41	21	N. E.	Cloudy	....
Denver, Colo	30.24	32	S.	Clear	....
Des Moines, Ia	30.50	32	S. E.	Fair	....
Detroit, Mich	30.62	24	N.	Clear	....
Dodge City, Kas	30.35	50	E.	Cloudy	....
Duluth, Minn	30.53	21	....	Clear	....
Little Rock, Ark	30.42	43	N. E.	Clear	....
Escanaba, Mich	30.67	20	S. W.	Fair	....
Fort Assinaboine	....	..	....	....	....
Fort Buford, Mont	....	..	....	....	....
Fort Garry, B. A.	29.99	26	S.	Cloudy	....
Galveston, Tex	30.31	59	S. E.	Clear	....
Grand Haven, Mich	30.62	23	....	Clear	....
Halifax, N. S.	30.40	20	N.	Cloudy	....
Salt Lake	29.08	42	E.	Cloudy	....
Indianapolis, Ind	30.62	28	N. E.	Cloudy	....
La Crosse, Wis	30.56	30	S.	Clear	....
Louisville, Ky	30.53	31	N.	Cloudy	....
Philadelphia, Pa	30.33	28	N. E.	Fair	....
Marquette, Mich	30.67	15	S.	Clear	....
Memphis, Tenn	30.42	39	N.	Clear	....
Milwaukee, Wis	30.58	31	E.	Clear	....
Montreal, Que	30.59	13	N.	Clear	....
Moorhead, Minn	30.19	27	S.	Cloudy	....
Nashville, Tenn	30.46	33	N.	Cloudy	....
North Platte, Neb	30.29	42	S. E.	Fair	....
Omaha, Neb	30.47	35	S. E.	Clear	....
Oswego, N. Y.	30.53	16	N. E.	Clear	....
Pittsburg, Pa	30.45	28	N.	Cloudy	.04
New Orleans	30.30	53	N.	Clear	....
Quebec, Can	30.66	48	N. W.	Cloudy	....
Rochester, N. Y.	....	..	....	....	....
Washington	30.33	30	N.	Clear	....
Shreveport, La	30.37	39	E.	Clear	....
Springfield, Ill	30.56	37	E.	Cloudy	....
St. Louis, Mo	30.58	34	N.	Clear	....
St. Paul, Minn	30.49	23	E.	Fair	....
Toledo, O	29.63	22	N.	Cloudy	*
Toronto, Can	30.66	15	N.	Clear	....
Vicksburg, Miss	30.40	48	N. E.	Clearing	....
Yankton	30.37	34	S.	Clear	....
Minnedosa	29.76	25	S.	Cloudy	....
Helena, Mont	....	..	....	....	....
Stockton	30.20	50	S. W.	Clear	....
Qu Appelle	....	..	....	....	....
Mackinaw	30.65	21	N.	Clear	....
Elliott	30.38	48	S.	Clear	....
Lamar	30.46	38	E.	Clear	....
Las Animas	30.18	38	....	Cloudy	....

*Too small to measure.

LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.

Time.	Bar.	Ther.	Hu.	Dir.	Vel	Rain	Weather
2 a. m.	30.426	32.9	79.0	N. W.	8	......	Cloudy.
6 a. m.	30.483	32.9	79.1	N.	10	......	Cloudy.
10 a. m.	30.562	32.0	88.0	N. W.	8	......	Lt. snw.
2 p. m.	29.562	34.7	81.4	N. E.	8	.02	Cloudy.
6 p. m.	30.617	32.2	92.8	N. E.	9	......	Cloudy.
10 p. m.	30.610	32.2	87.4	E.	10	......	Clear.

Maximum thermometer, 37.4.
Minimum thermometer, 30.0.
Mean daily barometer, 30.552.
Mean daily thermometer, 33.3.
Mean daily humidity, 82.6.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP MOVEMENTS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Arrived, the City of Berlin, from Liverpool. Main, from Bremen.

A SALOONKEEPER KILLED.

MILES CITY, Mont., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Reckless revolver practice resulted in the killing of John Church, a saloonkeeper, at Powderville last night. He was waiting on a party of cowboys, who claim that a stray shot struck him.

EAST LIBERTY CATTLE MARKET.

East Liberty, Pa., Dec. 25.—CATTLE—Receipts, 544 head; shipments, none; nothing for sale; feeling better.

HOGS—Receipts, 2,900 head; shipments, 2,400; market firm; Philadelphias, $3.90@4.00; Yorkers, $3.50@3.90.

SHEEP—Receipts, 800 head; shipments, 300; market firm and unchanged.

ARMY AFFAIRS.

Great Dissatisfaction Expressed by Officers with the Bill Introduced by Senator Frye.

Why They Do Not Like It—Other Bills Relating to the Service.

Senator Logan's Measure—Gen. Sheridan's Report—Adverse Decision on Magazine Guns—Special Orders.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Senator Frye's bill to limit the heads of departments of the army to a four-years' detail is not received with much favor by staff officers here. Naturally the present heads of bureaus do not approve it, as under its provisions the President might retire them at once, but the majority of the younger officers are also opposed to such a plan of rotation. They look upon the office of head of a department as the top round of the ladder which, when reached, should be held until the age of retirement is arrived at. To return an officer to his old position after having had control of the whole department is too much like going backward to suit the ambitious officer who delights to command. Said a well-known officer of the Adjutant-General's Department the other day: "To be at the head of this department has been my ambition ever since I entered it. Under the provisions of this bill I believe I would stand an excellent chance to succeed the present incumbent. Under the present laws I do not believe I can ever be Adjutant-General. But to hold the place for only a few years, and then revert back to my present position and be succeeded by some one perhaps my junior now, who would order me around at his will, would be very humiliating; and if the officer happened to be unfriendly toward me I should probably have a miserable time of it during his term.

GLORY COUNTERBALANCED BY HUMILIATION.

"The glory attending the office would be doubly counterbalanced by the humiliation one would be subjected to after he left it. No, sir, this bill can never pass. It is not what those officers who are constantly crying for promotion want. It does not provide for promotion at all. It simply means rotation in office, and as we have enough of that while we are subordinates we want a rest when we come to control a department. I understand that ex-Secretary Chandler instigated the introduction of that bill. It is intended to float the bill providing for the appointment of civilians to chiefs of bureaus of the navy, which Mr. Frye introduced at the same time. I do not know anything about the prospects of the navy bill becoming a law, but I think I am safe in saying that the army bill will not 'float.'"

About thirty of the bills introduced in the House Monday last relate to the army, the larger portion of which have an individual bearing, being for restoration of dismissed officers and for increased rank of officers now on the retired list. The only new bills of a general nature presented were those introduced by Mr. Mitchell authorizing the appointment of a board to examine all appeals of dismissed army officers for restoration to the service, and by Mr. Wheeler creating a Bureau of Military Statistics and Information. This latter bill carries out the plan proposed by Gen. Drum some time ago for a Bureau of Army Intelligence, for which several clerks are now being trained. The Adjutant-General, however, objects to the bill in its present shape, for the reason that the proposed bureau is placed under the control of the Inspector-General's Department. Being an idea of his own he is naturally anxious that it should be a branch of his own department.

BILLS RELATING TO THE ARMY.

Among the bills introduced were the following:

By Mr. Steel—Providing that each infantry regiment shall consist of twelve companies, one Colonel, one Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, one Adjutant, one Quartermaster, one Sergeant-Major, one Quartermaster-Sergeant, one Chief Musician, who shall be instructor of music, and two principal musicians. The Adjutant and the Quartermaster shall be extra Lieutenants, selected from the First and Second Lieutenants of the regiment; provided, that all appointments to the original vacancies above the grade of Second Lieutenant created by this act shall be filled by seniority in the infantry arm of the service.

By Mr. Funston—That whenever any commissioned officer below the rank of Brigadier-General shall have served for fifteen years continuously or otherwise in one grade, either in the regular or volunteer forces, he shall receive the pay and allowance of the next higher grade.

By Mr. Ryan—That any Lieutenant of the army retired from active service on account of the loss of a leg or an arm from wounds received in line of duty, and who has been in the military service of the United States for fifteen years, shall have upon the retired list the rank of Captain in the arm or department of the service in which such loss of leg or arm was incurred, and shall receive the retired pay of such grade.

By Mr. Springer—To enable officers of the army who were promoted for gallant and distinguished services in the War of the Rebellion to be retired with the rank and full pay of the grade to which they were promoted; also, to facilitate promotions and retirements from active service upon their own application of officers of the army who served during the War of the Rebellion as general officers of volunteers.

Among the private bills were those for the relief of Second-Lieut. J. E. Macklin, Paymaster G. W. Candee, Fitz John Porter, and Capt. H. Humphreys, Fifteenth Infantry.

SENATOR LOGAN'S BILL.

Senator Logan's bill increasing the army to 30,000 men, and containing a variety of other important provisions, has been reintroduced and is to receive attention by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs soon after the holidays. This is regarded as one of the most important army measures before Congress. It contains just such features as have been desired and advocated in the annual reports of the bureaus and commanding officers for several years. It has already been summarized in these columns.

The Lieutenant-General of the Army has submitted his report on his recent tour in Arizona and New Mexico to the Secretary of War, who, in turn, has transmitted it to the President. The report will not be made public.

Assistant Adjutant-General William J. Volkmar has returned here after a two weeks' absence inspecting the recruiting depots and rendezvouses, and is now engaged in preparing an elaborate report upon the condition and management of the places visited. The reports of the trials with the new magazine-guns being against their adoption as the arm of the service, the Lieutenant-General will probably direct, in a few days, that those now in use be turned into the arsenals and new Springfields be issued to the troops in their place.

The following special orders have been issued from the War Department:

First Lieut. Ira MacNutt, Ordnance Department, will proceed from Frankfort Arsenal, Pa., to Wilmington, Del., to inspect powder being made at that city for the Ordnance Department.

Leave of absence granted Capt. Hiram H. Ketchum, Twenty-second Infantry, is extended three months. The extension of leave of absence granted Maj. Henry G. Thomas, Paymaster, is still further extended six months on account of sickness. The leave of absence granted Maj. B. E. Fryer is extended six months.

First Lieut. Louis P. Brant, First Infantry, will be released from duty on recruiting service at Geneva, N. Y., by the Superintendent General Recruiting Service upon the closing of the rendezvous at that place, and will then join his company.

The leave of absence granted Capt. Walter Reed, Assistant Surgeon, is extended one month.

The Superintendent of the Mounted Recruiting Service will cause fifty recruits to be prepared and forwarded to such points in the Division of the Missouri as the commanding General of the division shall designate for assignment to the Third Cavalry.

The extension of leave granted Capt. Peter D. Vroom, Third Cavalry, is further extended one month.

Leave granted Capt. George F. Price, Fifth Cavalry, is extended two months.

Maj. Richard S. Vickery, surgeon, relieved from duty in the Department of the Columbia, will report in person to the Surgeon-General of the Army for duty in connection with the Army and Navy Hospital at Hot Springs, Ark.

HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE, LONDON, CANADA.

We desire to draw the attention of our readers to the announcement of this excellent institution, to be found in other columns of this paper. The college has just completed a remarkably prosperous term, and the closing exercises consisted of a display of musical and artistic achievements, which, we doubt, if many other colleges in North America could have equaled. The authorities are keeping pace with the times, and by drawing their staff from Europe and England, as well as America, succeed in offering educational facilities second to none on the continent. The college is situated in a most picturesque and exceptionally healthy locality, and the whole discipline and life of the institution is of the most elevating and refining character. The new illustrated college circular is a work of art, and will be furnished to all who apply to the Rev. E. N. English, principal. The next term opens Jan. 16, 1886.

THE STRUGGLE FOR HOME RULE.

SECTARIAN ASPECT OF THE IRISH QUESTION—SOME POPULAR BUT ERRONEOUS IMPRESSIONS CORRECTED.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—[Editor of The Tribune.]—The so-called royalists of the northern province of Ireland are making an amount of noise concerning Mr. Gladstone's home-rule proposals out of all proportion to their numbers or importance. A general impression seems to prevail in this country that the Orangemen are a majority of the Ulster people. They are not. The lodges are mostly recruited from the ranks of the Episcopalians. Rarely is a Presbyterian or a Methodist found in the ranks. Now the Episcopalians are but one-fourth of the whole population of Ulster, and in every county in the province they are outnumbered by the Presbyterians or the Catholics. In Belfast, which is sometimes spoken of as an Orange city, the Presbyterians number 77,333 to 62,887 Episcopalians, and there are 62,250 Catholics and 9,658 Methodists. In the strongly Protestant and prosperous counties of Antrim and Down the Presbyterians are in proportion of two to one to the Episcopalians. Even though the Episcopalians have great territorial influence, being the landlords of the province, and, though they also profited by the quarrels between the Presbyterian leaders and the Parnellites at the beginning of the last election campaign, the Orange-loyalist faction is in a minority in the representation of the province, having only sixteen of the thirty-three members. The Presbyterian representation, which should, if proportioned to the population, be at least ten, is reduced to two members—both Parnellites and one of them Mr. Parnell's private secretary. Another impression that seems to prevail in America is that the Presbyterians as a body are opposed to the Parnellites, and prefer an alliance with the Tories to an alliance with the Nationalists. This, too, is a mistake. The southern division of Londonderry is a typical Ulster constituency. Its population consists of 32,914 Roman Catholics, 12,874 Episcopalians, 20,284 Presbyterians, and 3,040 of other Protestant denominations. The Protestants outnumber the Catholics about 4,000. At the election which occurred there the 4th instant the Parnellite candidate was T. M. Healy, a Roman Catholic, and the most advanced of the National party. Col. McCalmont, Lord "Gumboil's" uncle, was the Tory candidate, and Mr. Findlater, Liberal member for Monaghan in the last Parliament, was the Liberal nominee. The result of the poll, which was announced Dec. 7, was:

Healy (Nationalist)	4,723
McCalmont (Tory)	2,342
Findlater (Liberal)	1,816

Healy's majority over Liberal and Tory combined, 565.

In this constituency, as in others throughout the province, hundreds of Roman Catholics, bailiffs, under-agents, and other landlord employés, and the Catholic policemen stationed in the county voted for the Tory candidate. Mr. Healy must therefore have obtained at least 1,700 Presbyterian votes—about two-thirds of their entire strength. In his speech of thanks to the electors he acknowledged his indebtedness, saying he would not wish that their victory should wear the aspect of a party triumph. The report goes on:

A voice—Cheers for the Presbyterians. [Cheers.

Mr. Healy—It was not a party triumph—it was a National triumph, and they were indebted for the support in that contest to the honest Protestant and the honest Presbyterian. [Hear, hear.] In no sense, therefore, could it be regarded as a sectional victory. His friends of the faith in which he had the honor to be born, and in which he hoped to die, would be the first to deprecate the making of the victory one of a sectarian kind.

. . . .

In the past victory after victory had been gained by the Presbyterians through the votes of the Nationalists, and Whig members had received through their aid all the plums of Govermental favor, while the Nationalists had been left out in the cold. [Hear.] However, they did not mean to stay out in the cold any longer [cheers], and they trusted that the leaders of the Presbyterian party would come together and review the situation in this province, and that they would take means in alliance and conjunction with the Nationalists to obtain that representation to which their numbers entitled them. [Cheers.]

Mr. Healy's observations may be taken as representing the views of the National leaders, and therefore indicating a desire for friendly union. If this union is brought about, as seems most likely, the ultra-Tory landlord class in Ulster and its dupes will be swept entirely from the representation of the province. The abolition of landlordism will result in its extinction. It is significant of the insignificance of the ultra-Loyalist faction now that it has its greatest strength in Armagh, where a Parnellite candidate was elected last month without opposition, and that its manifestoes are signed by two Irish Peers who have not the privilege of a seat in the British House of Lords, and whose candidates for the House of Commons in their own county (Fermanagh) have been snowed under by majorities numbering thousands.

HIBERNIAN.

"LICKERING UP."

JUDGE LOCHRANE OF GEORGIA ON SOUTHERN DRINKING HABITS—THE "RED-HANDED-GRAY-WOLF" TYPE OF CHIVALRY.

Judge Lochrane has been known in New York, where he comes frequently on business as attorney of the Pullman Car Company, as one of the lovers of good living and fine wines. He came up from Georgia last week and astonished his acquaintances by the announcement that he had become a full-fledged Prohibitionist. "Atlanta is a Prohibition city," he said to me, "and I helped to make it so. I turned all the good liquor in my cellars out into the streets. It had to run in gutter or down my throat, and I concluded that it had better be in the gutter. You see, our government had come to be a government of whisky, by whisky, and for whisky. The liquor-dealers asserted their ownership of the entire country and their control of the entire population. It is only a question of time under such a condition of things when men will rise up and smite them hip and thigh. It is a thing that must be done in order to preserve the manhood of the country. You see drinking in the South is not like drinking in the North. Here in New York if a man comes into a bar-room who is intoxicated the bartender will refuse to sell him any more. If the man raises a disturbance he is promptly led out and away. But with us a fellow comes along bent on having a 'bender.' He goes into a saloon and takes possession of it. He announces that he is the Red-Handed Gray Wolf, or Blue Ruin Jake, or Kaintuck Mose. He drinks till he is wild. He makes everybody who comes in drink with him. Sooner or later there is a row and some one is killed. If it was only the chap who got up the muss who got killed we could stand it, but nine chances out of ten it is some innocent passer-by. Then when we attempted to regulate the sale of liquor so as to have things decent, as you do in New York, the liquor-men defeated every effort we made. It came to pass then that we got up and licked them out. It is what will eventually be done everywhere unless they see what is coming and take a modest back seat to get out from under."

AN ABSCONDING CONTRACTOR.

HE WRITES A LETTER FROM NEW YORK IN WHICH HE BLAMES HIS BONDSMEN—HIS PRESENT WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN.

VINCENNES, Ind., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Joseph G. Miller, the absconding contractor, who left his bondsmen in this section heavily involved and skipped out for parts unknown, has been heard from. He has turned up in New York and writes a severe letter back home denouncing his enemies. Miller says:

I notice that my bondsmen claim that I made a misrepresentation to them. This is false. If they had let me alone I would have finished my job and they would not have lost a cent. I left $11,000 and $700 extra work, which I could under any laws in the United States have gotten of the Commissioners, if they had put it to the test, though I think they would have paid it without any litigation. The fact is, I was harassed to death. After staying for no other purpose than saving them for seven months, they used every means to take my property from me, leaving me destitute. It was more than I could stand, and therefore I left it to their supervision. There are some of them I feel sorry for, and if I am successful I will compensate every one of them for all of their losses, if they have any, and there are others of them who I hope will never see the end. I have tried to be honest, but was forced to do something I would not have done for five times the amount of the Gibson County Court-House.

Miller left unfinished contracts aggregating $150,000. He was one of the most successful contractors in the State. It was rumored that he ran off with another woman. His wife he left without a word, and she is in the greatest distress concerning his whereabouts, as she has not heard a word from him since he left nearly a month ago. Fugitive or not, Miller is expected to inform his wife and family of his whereabouts. Miller's failure involves much confusion among those with whom he had business dealings. The settlement involves considerable money. Miller lived at Washington, but had large contracts in Washington, Vincennes, and Princeton, beside the Gibson County Court-House.

The First One.

The Chapman Building at Milwaukee is the first dry-goods store in America to have elaborate exterior frescoes in oil.

A TALE OF EARLY CHICAGO.

By Elia W. Peattie.

CHAPTER I.

In 1835 Andrew Jackson was President and Martin Van Buren Vice; James K. Polk was Speaker of the Twenty-fourth Congress, and Van Buren and Jackson had been nominated by the Democrats for the next National ticket; Thomas Duncan of Morgan was Governor of Illinois; Daniel Webster had been indorsed for President by the Whig Legislature of Massachusetts; Elijah Lovejoy edited an abolitionist organ at Alton; the country was on the brink of a financial Niagara. Jackson had ordered the National deposits removed from the Bank of the United States; Cook County had been organized four years; Chicago had 3,000 souls; John Kinzie had been dead seven years; seventeen years had passed since Illinois had been admitted as a State; Michigan was yet a Territory and Wisconsin was a part of it; Chicago was beginning to talk of incorporation; there was not a paved street in the place; in 1835 wagons sunk to the hubs in the mire at the corner of Lake and Wells streets; there was a mudhole in South Water street marked "no bottom"; in 1835 no bridges existed, but people crossed the river in boats; in 1835 what is now Division street was a howling wilderness; in 1835 J. Young Scammon and Buckner Morris were law partners; so were Mark Skinner and G. A. O. Beaumont; in 1835 Henry King's place on Kinzie street was what Marshall Field's is today; Isaac N. Arnold and Mahlon D. Ogden were partners in law at the corner of Clark and Water streets; in 1835 Vandalia was the capital of the State.

Upon the exact spot where now loom up the massive walls of the new Chicago Chamber of Commerce with its ambitious tower and gilded weathervane there stood just fifty years ago a sturdy building, known to the handful of settlers and the inmates of the fort as Bernard's Tavern. It was a story and a half high, with massive double doors and small windows, which gave a heavy and inhospitable appearance to the front. From the road it seemed a structure of ordinary dimensions, but in reality it rambled back for nearly 200 feet. The sides were disfigured with unexpected additions and abutments, and twice the whole was nearly bisected by sudden in-turns. Huddling in its shelter was a group of outhouses and low stables, the favorit lounging-place of the idlers.

Two days before Christmas, there arose a storm the like of which had never been seen in the lake regions before. In the morning the air had been crisp with a few bright, dancing flakes. At noon twelve inches of snow lay on the fence-rails. By the time Joseph Bernard's French cathedral clock had chimed the angelus for the hour of 3 the December sky was hidden from sight, the December sun was a blur in the heavens, and the snow was knee-deep. The few teams which struggled past were provided with an extra yoke of oxen. By sunset houses, landscape, and sky were one indistinguishable mass of whiteness. A wind had arisen during the afternoon and now deepened into a gale. It swept the snow in fantastic swirls and drifts in the road, on the door-step, and on the eaves of the house. It tampered with the architect's designs, and placed turrets, gables, cornices, and buttresses where no one but Jack Frost would have thought of putting them. Above the wind rose the clashing of ice in the lake—a thundering, hungry roar. The storm was at its worst when a man beating against the wind waded through the drifts up to the door of the tavern. He burst open the door with knee and hand, and seemed to the group of loungers about the fire to drift in with a billow of snow.

The public room of Bernard's was an apartment about twenty feet square. The floor, which was of some hardwood, was covered with fine lake sand; the walls were of poplar and cedar from floor to ceiling, without a sign of plaster; to the right as you passed in was a wide fireplace of clay which now roared and crackled with three immense logs. The light thus produced was nearly sufficient to illumine the room, but there were besides a number of candles supported by quaint French brackets set in the wall. The room was thick with tobacco smoke, but the stranger could distinguish gazing at him a number of men. One of these, the owner of the place, sat on a three-legged stool nursing his knee and smoking a clay pipe. He was a man of about 55, and as he turned to look at the newcomer the firelight struck upon strongly-marked features. The other occupants of the room, who sat about in various attitudes, were mostly traders and trappers—the regular patrons of the place. Some were asleep against the wall, while others watched with languid interest a very unscientific game of cards being played by two of their number at a table on the opposite side of the room. Between Bernard and the fireplace lay outstretched upon a bear-skin the wiry form of an Indian. His head was buried in his arms, and he was apparently fast asleep. Bernard arose and kicked back a dog which had begun to yelp at the stranger.

"*Bon soir!*" he said, striving to scan the guest's features in the uncertain light.

"Is this what you call a good night?" added the new man contemptuously, as he unloosed a huge fur coat and shook a cloud of snow from it.

"Is it you, Du Quesne?" asked the landlord in surprise.

"To be sure it is," said the other as he pushed his way to the blaze and seated himself on the host's cozy stool. "Don't you know your friends?"

"*Mais*, but I have never seen you with that beard. Where have you been?" The stranger glanced hastily about the room, and said in a lower tone:

"I'll tell you afterwards. Get me something hot." Bernard hurried off to an inner room. The man he had called Du Quesne stooped and unbuckled the long leather leggings which covered his boots and came high up on his thighs. He brushed the snow off them with a sort of fierce impatience, and flung them into a corner; then he turned to warm his hands at the fire. He was a man who stood an inch or two over six feet when his lithe form was drawn to its full hight. The sinuous strength of his legs showed through his corduroy trousers, and his fine throat, despite the severity of the weather, was bared above a loosely-crossed cotton kerchief. A scarlet worsted belt bound his waist, and the hat which he removed from his luxuriant hair was heavy with bullion tassels and rosets. He viewed with deliberate glance the other occupants of the room, and his look fell on the Indian. He gave the outstretched body a light, contemptuous kick.

"Don't sleep here, you cur," he snarled. "The fire is for white men." Quick as a flash the Indian rolled to his feet and sprang at Du Quesne's throat. The Frenchman dealt to the savage a blow which sent the latter staggering into the fireplace. The company stirred themselves to a protest. Du Quesne was drawing a long, clumsy pistol from his waist when Bernard reëntered with a steaming glass of liquor. The Indian bounded from the fireplace with his leathern leggings smoking and his knife in hand.

"*Bapteme!*" exclaimed Bernard, setting the liquor upon a table and rushing upon Du Quesne. "What are you fellows doing? Put up that knife, Trailing-Feather! Du Quesne, remember where you are! Don't kill the Indian!" Then in a lower tone he said to his friend "*Y est ben fou.* Put away your pistol"—and he almost forced Du Quesne's weapon back to its place in his belt. The Indian had stopped at the first word from Bernard, but he did not put away his knife until his opponent's pistol was out of sight, and even then it was with reluctance that he returned his knife to its sheath. His frame twitched with suppressed anger, his copper-colored skin glowed with a deeper shade, and the deep-set eyes blazed with rage. At a motion from Bernard he resumed his position in front of the fire, and after muttering a little was soon snoring as before. Bernard led the other man to an unoccupied table, and the two conversed in a low tone over their liquor. An hour later they were the only ones in the room, except the Indian, who still snored upon the hearth. Then the two men spoke aloud.

"*Sacre!*" exclaimed Du Quesne. "How you talk! I tell you I have positive information that it reaches here Christmas morning."

"And I know," said Bernard, "that during all the time I have been here it has never come before the 1st of the month, summer or winter."

"I tell you it will be here the 25th this year, or I will never tie pack again. I make no mistake. I cannot afford it. I've been over every inch of the ground. One spot, about three miles this side of the Calumet, is as black as midnight. I left my horse there in a drift. By this time he will have forgotten what it is to be hungry."

"He was a good horse," said Bernard.

"*Mais*, but I had worn him out with hard riding and his leg was broken. He was ready to die." The outer door was here pushed open with a decision that brought both men to their feet in alarm. A tall young man with a military carriage entered. A long cloak nearly enveloped his form, but did not conceal the uniform of a soldier. He looked at the two men with his brilliant eyes and saluted them.

"Ah, Lieutenant," exclaimed Bernard. "You make us a late call! Come in and let me give you something to take the frost out."

"No, I thank you. I can't stay. I was passing and stopped to tell you that one of my men had picked up a steer of yours. It is in safe-keeping at the fort. I will send it home in the morning."

"Thank you. Join us in a drink for your trouble." Du Quesne stood partially turned from the light as if he wished to avoid recognition, and seemed annoyed at Bernard's urgency. The young man had not moved his eyes from the silent figure.

"Voyageur Du Quesne!" he exclaimed, "do you not recognize old acquaintances?" Du Quesne forced to speak turned about and bowed.

"I didn't expect to see you out so late, Lieutenant," he replied without raising his eyes.

"I had some business that kept me out tonight. Where were you this trip?"

"Ah! Ouisconsin, sir, far to the West." He gave the reply with an air of bravado.

"Indeed!" said the officer in surprise. "I could have sworn I saw you on the old stage-road this morning this side of Michigan City."

The Frenchman suppressed an oath.

"I came straight across the country," he said. The soldier gave him one more keen look, bowed to the host, and took a silent departure. The two friends gazed at each other with ill-concealed consternation.

"Where was he?" asked Bernard.

"The Devil knows!"

"He's got the scent of a bloodhound," Bernard said.

"He must not get in my way. You say Alphonse and Pierre can be relied on?"

"My sons do what I say."

"I wish your daughter did the same. Delphine should have been taught to be obedient too."

"She is a good daughter, Hippolyte—too good for me to force her to marry a man she don't want."

"*Sacre!* Why *doesn't* she want me? I've not counted my 26th year yet. I can outrun or outshoot any man about the lakes. My face wouldn't frighten her, and there are poorer men. She's a fool!"

"It's no use, Du Quesne. I'm sorry. I wish she would——"

"Bah! Is that the talk for a father? Why don't you tell her——"

"I'll tell her nothing about this, Hippolyte. She has no mother to look after her."

"You've let some cursed Yankee——"

"No, I haven't. If there is any one it is that stage-driver." The young Frenchman bounded from his chair with a snarl.

"Mark Arnott? Then there is just so much reason for putting a hole in his skin tomorrow night."

"Do you mean to kill him? If you get the money it is enough."

"Not enough for me, man! I'll have his little soul, too."

"O, well, it's of no consequence. He is a poor animal! He isn't so easy to manage as he might be."

"Well, tomorrow night by this time he'll be beyond love-making, and *ma belle* Delphine will have a braver lover. The soldiers were not paid last month, and both months' pay is coming in the stage. Ha! ha! ha! I wonder who will eat M. Arnott's Christmas dinner for him!"

"What time will you start?"

"Tell the boys to be at the side door with their horses by half after 2. You'll have everybody in the town here dancing and drinking. If Delphine is around the young fellows won't miss the boys. By steady riding I can lead them to the spot I've picked out in two hours and a half. An hour later the stage is due at the bridge."

"That is the hour of 6."

"Six. After we have transacted our business with Monsieur Arnott we will ride back as quickly as possible, and destroy our footprints as we come." Bernard seemed a little depressed.

"It will make the boys rich," he said, at last. The younger man arose with a laugh.

"I hope you are not trying to make out that it's a clean job, Bernard. It's a hellish thing. But I'm not afraid of hell—yet. Show me where I am to sleep."

Bernard took a candle from the shelf over the fireplace and led the way out of the room. In a few moments he returned to awaken the Indian, whose slumbers had been apparently undisturbed by the conversation. Some of the candles were burning low in their sockets, and the fire was a bed of dull red embers, but there was still light enough to show that the Indian was gone.

CHAPTER II.

Delphine Bernard, secure in the warm depths of her curtained bed, lay in the "first sweet sleep of night." She had sat till almost midnight before her ruddy hickory fire working on a muffler of rainbow hues intended as a Christmas gift, evidently for some one whose daily task it was to face all sorts of weather. It was surely a precious wight who needed such blanketing. On the corner she had crocheted the initials "M. A." in uncertain, straggly characters. The glow from the dying fire lit up her face—the firm chin, relaxed with pleasant dreams, the straight eye-brows above large lids, the closed lips with their clear unbroken curves, the half-braided coils of straight black hair. It was the face of no simperer. She was descended from women who had faced Indian tomahawks, and seen famine, and forced back death in the heart of the wilderness. Now, however, some gentle dream of maidenhood fluttered her lids and moved her lips in smiles. Mingling with the girl's sleeping thoughts there came to her inner sense a dull, thumping noise. It continued at irregular intervals and gradually took form in her mind. The continued thuds shocked the slumberer and she suddenly awoke. As she did so she heard it twice again—something weighty and yet yielding striking against her window-pane. She sat up and brushed the languor from her eyes, then listened to find out what had disturbed her. Again the sound came. She ran to the window and looked out. The snow was still falling noiselessly, but the windows were clear, as the wind was from the other side—but—ah! on the lower panes great splashes of snow, as if soft balls had broken on them. The casement opened out like a blind. She pushed it outward and listened. Something dark came leaping through the air to the outer sill and stood there. Delphine looked up giddily. It was the Indian, Trailing-Feather. With a woman's quick intuition she knew that he had brought news of her lover. She spread out her hands in mute inquiry. He did not keep her waiting. In a low tone, with a peculiar mingling of broken French and English he accurately related the plans to the last particular which her father and Du Quesne had discussed while he lay pretending to sleep. There was an unfeigned horror in the girl's face, but no incredulity. It may be that knowing her father and brothers as she did she was not altogether unprepared for the story.

"But father will not go?" she said, doubtfully. The Indian shook his head. "Mon Dieu," she said, half to herself, "some of them will surely be killed." The red man came as near smiling as he ever did—times had been very peaceful of late. "Mark must be told of this," she said, suddenly gathering her loose night-robe more closely about her. The man grunted assentingly.

"Trailing-Feather go," he said.

"He must be saved at all odds. The soldiers must be told of it. Will you help me?" Again a grunt. Trembling with cold and haste, she drew some paper from a drawer and wrote upon it with a stubby pencil and many feminine ejaculations of impatience the following:

Monsieur Lieut.: I beg you to come to see me as soon as you will. I have that to tell you of great important. DELPHINE BERNARD.

The note done, she eyed it doubtfully, for Delphine's education was not of the best, and her English was apt to be a little uncertain. She folded it and handed it to the Indian on the outside of the window. Trailing-Feather secreted the note in his breast, and leaping the high drift of snow disappeared in the darkness, leaving no track behind him that the falling snow would not hide by morning. As she shut out the cold and raised the curtain to drop it over the window her blood was frozen by a groan, a half-stifled cry, and then an appalling silence. She rushed to the door with a vague intention of arousing the household. It was bolted on the outer side. She was too dazed to have any realization of the significance of the barred doors. She could not see or hear anything from the outside. She sat the whole night crouching over the fire. When the late morning came she dressed and waited in expectation of a visit from her father. By this time she had begun to believe that he had overheard the conversation between the Indian and herself. He would surely come soon to release her or to tell her why she was a prisoner. But the long hours of the dull winter day brought no one but Celeste, the wrinkled handmaiden, who passed in her meals and stood with her muscular hand on the latch as she did so.

"Celeste," said the girl, "do you mean to lock that door when you go?"

"Ma cher, I do as I am bid."

"Who bids you?"

"Monsieur, your father."

"Why?"

"God knows!"

"Do not lock it, Celeste! I have done nothing." The old servant said not a word. The tears stood in her eyes. But as she closed the door Delphine heard the bolt slide into its place. From the window the world looked as peaceful as Heaven. Now and then the sinking wind added a swirl to the snow-drift that barricaded the window. Beyond this was a level spot which she concluded must have been the place where the Indian landed after his leap. A puff of wind raised a spiral wonder of the fine sparkling powder as she looked, and revealed on the ground a bullion tassel such as voyageurs wear on their hats.

Once an exhilarating sound broke her solitude—the jangle of bells! She sprang to the window. The sound approached nearer and nearer. She breathed upon the frosty pane and gazed through the blurred glass. She saw the approaching sleigh and heard the beats of the horses' hoofs, muffled by the snow. She wrenched at the heavy sash with both hands, but she could not move it—it had frozen during the night. Then the jangle of the bells came close at hand. It was Mark Arnott and the mail-coach on the way to the Calumet—on his way to death! She could scarcely distinguish his features, but there was no mistake. She heard his voice encourage his horses; she saw his head turned towards her window; he sang a snatch of a song they sang together; she screamed at the top of her voice, "Mark, Mark, they will kill you!" and beating her hands in impotent agony against the panes she sank stupefied upon the floor. But this momentary oblivion was kindlier than the acute consciousness of the hours that followed. She brought herself to face the situation. She rapidly accustomed herself to believe in her brothers' willing participation in what she knew would seem to them to be but a wild adventure. To rob the Government was not according to their status an outrageous crime. The idea of murder she rightly conjectured sprang from the revengeful brain of Hippolyte du Quesne. But that her father, whom she had always admired and loved, should connive in this hateful affair, and that he should subject her to the present indignity, grieved her passionate heart past endurance. Horrible visions of her lover stretched upon the snow dead, or her brothers pierced with the soldiers' bullets and brought home to her remorseful father, haunted her and made the hours dreadful. Evening came at last, and with it her father. Something in his face checked her impulse to throw herself upon his neck and beg him to explain all to her—as she half fondly hoped he might. He spoke with stern dignity. He told her to dress for the dance which was to celebrate the eve of Christmas, and directed her to treat the voyageur Du Quesne with more consideration than she was used to employ to him.

"Du Quesne!" she cried, advancing upon her father, "*un serpent sonnette!* Why do you listen to him? Have you no love for me, father? What have they done to you?" In the twilight she saw her father's face pale, but he made no response to her entreaty and left her, leaving the door open behind him. She dressed herself in the costume she had prepared for the party and stepped into the narrow corridor. As she did so she saw a tall shadow vanish into one of the rooms, and knew that her door had been watched. With an effort she controlled her agitation and entered the public room. The latter had been enlarged by the addition of a long dining-room, communication being furnished by opening a double-door. She staggered a little as the light and the noise of conversation jarred in upon her hurt sense, but she conquered herself and entered. Her father stood by the fire with his eyes upon her. Quite a number of the old people had already arrived. Her brothers were chatting nervously with some bedecked traders. Hippolyte du Quesne, as she expected, was not in the room. The walls were gayly decorated with pine boughs and flags borrowed from the fort. Over the fireplace were the national colors of France. On the mantel shelf the many-branched candlestick presented a pyramid of light. The hickory fire dispensed a permeating warmth and crackled in harmony with a jaunty tune which a fiddler at the further end of the room was extracting from his instrument. About the player stood two fifers and a drummer from the fort, and a mild-looking citizen who had volunteered his services on a bassoon. Among the dancers there was the best of feeling. Caste was not yet felt in this semi-civilization. At the head of the room an elegant officer from the garrison led through a cotillion a dark-browed girl whose subtle glance and sinuous grace betrayed her Indian origin. Opposit, a farmer youth in his "store clothes" and a terror of embarrassment guided the high-bred steps of a Vermont merchant's daughter, whose dainty attire floated about him in diaphanous glamour as they danced. Scrawny, wrinkled, worn with hardship, a pioneer woman, attired in a dress which had seen its best days before Hull surrendered Detroit to the British, smiled on a trim young schoolmaster; and a rheumatic old trapper modulated his gruff tones to suit the coy ear of the tidiest of little dressmakers. At a reproving gesture from her father she passed out into the light. In a moment she was the centre of a laughing group.

"A pretty hostess you make, Mam'selle Delphine. No one to greet us but your brothers there and your father."

"If you were going to be married you couldn't look more solemn," cried out a saucy maiden.

"I'm sorry Mark isn't here, Del," whispered one sympathetic friend. She flushed, then paled and searched the room for Lieut. Cross. He was certainly not present. With a bevy of chattering girls about her she searched the other rooms. She found him nowhere. Puzzled and alarmed, she determined to brave criticism and ask for him. George Davis, the merriest spirit of the village, the singer of songs, stood by the fireplace humming "The Blue-Bottle Fly."

"Is not monsieur the Lieutenant to honor us with his company tonight?" she asked him. His eyes twinkled with interest and mischief.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Delphine. He has another appointment."

"Another appointment?" she gasped.

"Yes, he started for here, but he ran across some one he thought himself under greater obligations to." In the midst of his raillery he saw her sicken and stagger. He placed her in a chair with contrition. "We started together," he explained, "and we were passing the hut where Trailing-Feather lives when we saw the door open and the snow drifting in. Entering we found the old Indian lying unconscious on the floor with a bad cut on his head and a knife thrust in his right leg. Cross went back to the fort for the surgeon and I came on." Delphine shuddered when she heard of her faithful friend's hurt.

"But he will come later?" she asked. "Or, if we sent for him, he could be found there?" She blushed under her companion's surprised scrutiny.

"I don't think we could find him there. He said he was going to see the Indian made comfortable and find out who hurt him before he slept." Delphine forced a prolonged laugh.

"Let us go into the parlor," she said. "I hear Mme. Brooks playing upon my piano." About this instrument, the first ever brought to the place, the wondering people crowded to watch the flying fingers of the player.

"Wonderful, ain't it? *Regardez donc! Quelles inventions!* Beats a dulcimer all hollow! *Quelles merveilles!* Just look!" cried the onlookers. It was only by a triumph of will that Delphine forced herself to stand quietly amidst this jesting, light-hearted company. To her great relief she saw Hippolyte du Quesne enter and throw himself on a low couch with cat-like grace. She was not sorry when they pressed her to sing. She felt that by the power of her voice she might keep the voyageur in sight for a time at least. With this thought in mind she chose a melody the Canadian boatmen sing to the rhythm of their oars as they traverse the wild rivers of the North. Her full contralto voice filled the house with "*Leve ton pied ma jolie Bergere*," and brought all the traders and voyageurs to listen to the familiar song. Her father looked pleased when her voice rang out. "She is an obedient girl," he said, and smiled. Her eyes flashed and her cheeks burned with excitement. The tumult in her heart found a violent outlet in the song, and the company stood bound by her magnetic abandon. The lights shone on the corn-colored folds of her silk dress and twinkled on the quaint gold beads that bound her throat and hair, making her look like some radiant creature wrapped in sunshine and glitter. Once she flashed a saucy look at Du Quesne that brought him to her side to join in the boisterous chorus of the never-exhausted song of the voyageurs:

Michaud est monte dans un prunier,
Pour treiller des prunes.
La branche a cassé—
Michaud a tombe?
Ou est—ce qu—il est?
Il est en bas.
O, reveille, reveille, reveille!
O, reveille, Michaud est en haut!

Having once secured the attention of Du Quesne she never relaxed her efforts to hold him. She smiled at him, frowned at him, danced with him, bent to listen to his admiring whispers with feigned pleasure, let him revel in the light of her eyes, charmed him snake-like, till he trembled at the casual touch of her hand, and his blazing eyes refused to leave her face. Her hope was to keep him with her till the party broke up. So she thought and hoped. She knew her brothers would not go without Du Quesne. The hours went on. Midnight passed and Christmas was welcomed in. A tree was produced upon which Papa Bernard had placed with rare good humor a gift for each guest. Most of these were of a comical nature, having appropriate reference to some peculiarity of the recipient. This caused continual outbursts of laughter, but no one was offended at the rough fun, for they took the gift in the spirit in which it was given. The time slipped by—1, 2 o'clock sounded, still the fun went on. Delphine happened to glance in the direction of the voyageur's seat. Her heart nearly ceased to beat. He was gone. She looked hastily about. Her brothers were nowhere to be seen. Had she then overleaped the mark? Had she fired his blood only to increase his rage against her lover? Most of the men were growing loud-voiced and incoherent. Papa Bernard's wine and brandy were beginning to work. At last there came a lull in the jollity. A few of the older people had muffled themselves in their fur cloaks, gathered their olive-branches about them, and taken their leave.

Delphine, with a bevy of those who meant still to wear out the hours with something gayer than sleep, accompanied some departing guests to the door to see them tucked into the capacious "bob" sledges and to wave a good-by and a merry Christmas to them. As she glanced down the road she fancied she perceived on the far horizon some indistinct figures rapidly disappearing. She thought, too, that she heard the dull beat of horses' hoofs upon the road, but there was so much laughing and talking that she could not be certain. She stepped further out into the road, holding her dainty skirts with both hands, and listened. The sledges, with a tinkle of bells and bursts of laughter and song, passed from hearing. The merry group behind her pelted her with snow. She ran through into the house and searched the public room's convivial inmates with a glance. From an inner apartment a hilarious party of young men were dragging out Mark Beaubien, a jovial Frenchman, with the spirit of mad frolic expressed in his face.

"A tune, Mark, a tune!" they shouted. "Bring out your cat-gut and give us a dance to wind up with." Mark made a smiling protest, but some one thrust a violin into his hand, and there was no backing out. He tuned the instrument a little, smiled, cracked a joke, laid the violin lovingly upon his shoulder, and played a few introductory bars. Delphine forced her way into the inner room. The voyageur and her brothers were nowhere to be seen. The sound of the fiddle fell upon her ear with intolerable irritation. She heard them forming for a last dance and calling for more couples. Some one seized her by the arm and merrily dragged her into the set. She was dizzily conscious that she and her partner led the way from the top to the bottom of two long lines of laughing, jesting dancers. There was a noisy balancing of feet, then as the music broke its introductory bonds and bubbled into a familiar tune heels clicked together in rhythmical accompaniment. On went the quaint figures of the reel. Lights, dancers, sleepers against the wall, the handsome fiddler, and all faded before her eyes. She remembered afterward that she led the reel like a Bacchante in her excitement. All she saw or thought of was a thread-like road picked out of an oaken wood through which the lake roar reverberated; a lumbering coach on runners, with a fearless driver, bearing straight on to where three stealthy forms crouched in the darkness with death-dealing weapons in their hands. She became suddenly aware that she was standing alone in the room. The dancers had broken line and were crowding to one of the windows, gesticulating and laughing.

"Therese and Joilbois!" "A kiss!" "Joilbois has kissed Therese!" "We caught them!" "Encore! encore!" "Cupid in the snow!" they cried as they danced about and pounded the window, startling the unfortunate lovers who were caught kissing in the moonlight. An instant later the whole company, forgetful of the dance and the music, rushed out of the door and surrounded the pair upon the snow. The musician, rather glad to get back to his brandy and water, escaped. Delphine found herself alone in the room. Scarcely knowing what she did she snatched a voyageur's cloak from a corner and started for the door. She saw upon the floor where she had found the cloak a long, gleaming object. It was a pistol, doubtless dropped by the owner of the cloak. She concealed it under the cloak and went out at the door. The young people, absorbed in the persecution of the unfortunate lovers, did not notice the figure running lightly across the snow towards the stables. She found the door open, and, entering, groped her way about in the semi-darkness, touching the flanks of the horses. Her brothers' grays and another horse were gone. She flung doubt and fear from her.

"Cigale! Cigale!" she called sharply. A neigh came in answer and a pretty dappled mare thrust her nose over the stall-boarding. With trembling hands she untied the halter and adjusted the saddle to Cigale's back. Then she led her out into the shadow of the building and with the aid of a huge block swung herself into place. She buttoned the cloak about her shoulders, and holding the pistol tightly in her left hand she gave the animal a sharp slap on the flank that sent her bounding down the road. The laughing party on the snow thought little of seeing a figure in a trader's cloak speed by them on horseback, and it was some little time before Delphine was missed. It was supposed that she had retired, and, somewhat chagrined at the supposed rudeness of the capricious belle, the lingerers slowly departed. Joseph Bernard, bowing, complimenting, and smiling, saw the last guest away, and then, to prevent any unnecessary confusion in the morning, went to bar his daughter's door. He opened it and looked in. The room was empty.

CHAPTER III.

Straight down the village street to where the old coach-road intersected it, on down that, far past the last glimmering light of the settlement, through the little grove of scrub oaks on to the open prairie, where her horse floundered now and again in the drifts, across the level stretch of land where now are the pleasant streets of Hyde Park, still on, bearing a little more to the east, now again in sound of the lake that tossed tons of jangling ice against the bergs on the beach, till at last Delphine reined up her horse at a sound which thrilled her heart. It was the distant sound of hoof-beats in the snow and the creaking of a sleigh. They were coming her way. Occasionally a voice was heard singing in a pleasant tone. There was no doubt the coach was near by. Who but Mark could sing like that in the cold and darkness? For the moon was sinking, and the dead gloom that precedes the dawn wrapped the woods. She realized the disadvantage of her position. If the men were in ambush they could see, or at least hear her, while she had no clew as to their whereabouts. She dismounted with difficulty, for she was almost benumbed. One of her little slippers sunk in the snow and she could not find it. She tied Cigale to a sapling and crept along on a bare patch of ground behind a drift, trembling with apprehension as the creaking of the coach drew nearer. At last the keen vibratory air brought her a sound like a whisper. She listened intently.

"Down!" it said, "down!" She obeyed and crept along a little on her knees in the snow. It did not occur to her to suspect any treachery; she felt sure that it was the voice of a friend who spoke. Another moment and her face almost touched that of a savage figure that crouched behind a huge clump of juniper bushes. It was an Indian with war-paint on his face and a jagged crown of feathers about his head. He put his hands on her shoulders and spoke to keep her from any audible expression of alarm.

"Trailing-Feather," he said, "me Trailing-Feather." The girl looked closer. There was no mistake. This man, half-civilized for years, had suddenly relapsed into savagery.

"You were hurt." She could not understand how he came there. He pointed to his bandaged leg and head and put her hand on something warm and firm behind him. It was the leg of his mustang pony.

"Trailing-Feather said he come" was all he said. Suddenly he threw himself forward. Delphine could detect no sound, but the Indian, with an excited gesture, threw his arm around her and crept like a shadow through the trees. She clung to his shoulder and shuddered as the song and the pressure of the sleigh-runners on the snow grew louder and closer, and then the song ceased, and in place of the creaking sound of the sleigh there was a snorting and plunging of horses. The Indian gave a leap, placed her on the ground, and vanished. She strained her fearful eyes. She was on the side of the road and not a dozen steps from the coach. The lanterns of the latter threw out a dim light and she could see a few objects. The horses were trying to break away from two men who were holding them and whom she rightly took to be her brothers, for the lithe figure that was climbing up the coach like a panther was that of the voyageur. It all flashed before her in a moment. She saw Du Quesne grasp Mark by the throat and raise aloft a hand clinching a gleaming knife. Then she raised her right hand with the pistol in it and pulled the trigger. The voyageur's arm dropped, and he fell from the coach like a wounded tiger clawing and snarling. The moment the shot was fired something unbelievable happened. The roll of furs on the top of the coach just back of Mark's seat showed a head and the gleam of a musket. The robe at his feet grew into two heads and two gleaming muskets. Every little window of the coach was transformed into a port-hole and showed *its* musket, back of which there were undoubtedly heads. The clumsy craft seemed to have become a veritable hydra. Out of the door stepped the reassuring figure of Lieut. Cross, holding a lantern that illuminated a wide triangle of snow. This, you must understand, took place simultaneously with Delphine's pistol-shot. The gleam of a soldier's lantern lit up the figure of the girl with her arm still raised, and it showed her brother motionless under cover of the soldiers' muskets. Arnott had the horses well in hand by this time. The Lieutenant with two men at his back stepped up to Alphonse and Pierre.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I see you arrived with your sister just in time to help us prevent a very serious catastrope. Pray enter the coach with us." The young men said not a word, but moved to the door of the vehicle in front of the soldiers. "Two of my men will take back your horses. It is warmer for you in here." Arnott was bearing a motionless figure that made no response as he spoke. Tenderly he lifted it into the capacious coach. The men unbuttoned the capote which enveloped Delphine's form. In one hand still tightly grasped was the pistol. Below the dainty petticoats her snow-covered feet protruded, one in its high-heeled French slipper, the other stiff and immovable with the silken stocking frozen tight to the flesh. A prolonged, horrible sound rang through the woods. It was a single voice giving the warwhoop of the Pottawattamies. It penetrated through Delphine's recovering senses.

"Trailing-Feather," she whispered. "I saw him——" She shuddered and could not proceed. A moment later she pointed to the snow. "The voyageur."

The men who had been keeping guard over the fallen man were conversing in low tones. The Lieutenant held his lantern over the prostrate form. The blood was gushing from a knife-thrust in the heart, and where had waved the luxuriant curls of Hippolyte Du Quesne, was a bleeding and severed scalp. They tied his body to the top of the coach and covered it with furs.

"Arnott," said the gracious Lieutenant, "I think I can manage the horses now. You go inside."

They pursued their silent way. The sleepy soldiers yawned or dreamed; the brothers Bernard sat brooding; on the rear seat Delphine lay enveloped in furs, and beside her on the floor, holding her hand and happiest to be silent, sat her lover, Mark Arnott. The cold dawn broke upon them and outshone the light of the lanterns with its power. The smoke of early fires curled from the chimneys of occasional farm houses. Here and there the sharp concussion of an ax split the air, and twice a hearty voice sent a halloo after the always-welcome coach—the one link these pioneers had to Eastern civilization. Presently they neared the town, entered it, and swung into a broad, slushy street at a slow trot. Old Joseph Bernard was standing at the tavern door, ghastly in his party splendor. His twitching hands played with the huge silver chain that adorned his brocaded waistcoat or clutched the straggling ends of his tie. He spoke never a word, but gazed like a soul in torment. The Lieutenant drew up his horses.

"Well, Bernard," he shouted, "we brought back your daughter and your sons as safe as they left you, and a mighty good turn they did us tonight, too. We poor fighting fellows might have gone on pretty short allowance if it hadn't been for them. The sneaking voyageur is dead. All is well. Arnott is with us, safe. But, my old friend, another time keep those pretty lads of yours at home. They are too young for such exploits." By this time he had dismounted, and his six men stood behind him. He saluted Bernard and marched off, followed by the soldiers, to the fort. Joseph Bernard's sons stepped past their father into the room. The old man looked at them sadly. His little sons! How they had grown! Men they were now. What was the horrible thing they were to do? Was there blood on their hands? He looked to see if it was actually there. By a caprice of memory he went suddenly back to the time when he had taught them to shoot marbles with their dirty little fingers. He was a Frenchman, and he threw one arm around each son's neck and wept.

Mark had placed Delphine in a chair by the smoldering fire. After a while Bernard went over by her. He looked at Mark piteously. He knew that he was completely in the mail-carrier's power. Arnott held out his hand and smiled frankly.

"I have come to tell you, Mr. Bernard, that I am to marry your daughter one week from today. We will begin the new year with a fresh life."

The old man accepted this mild sentence with tears of gratitude.

"We *will*—new year—fresh life," Bernard said chokingly. New Year's-Day came in a glory of hoar-frost and icicles that jingled with the wedding-bells. One faithful friend did not hear them.

Trailing-Feather never returned.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

POSTMASTER SELBY BRANDS AS UTTERLY FALSE THE STATEMENT THAT HE HAD SENT IN HIS RESIGNATION—HARRISON, THE "BOY PREACHER."

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—A Chicago paper today contained a dispatch to the effect that Postmaster Paul Selby had yesterday forwarded to Washington his resignation as Postmaster at Springfield, and that upon receipt of the same at the department at Washington Editor W. H. Clendenin would no doubt be immediately appointed. Mr. Selby, speaking of the matter this evening, said that the entire dispatch was a mere fabrication and void of truth, and that he has not sent on his resignation. Congressman Springer and his friends are very anxious to have Selby resign and get out of Clendenin's way, since they have no hope of Clendenin's confirmation by the Senate should Mr. Selby be removed for offensive partisanship. While Springer and Clendenin have been given to understand that by allowing Selby to remain in office until Jan. 1 he would tender his resignation, it is the general impression that he will not do so, but will simply allow the President to remove him as an offensive partisan if he desires to do so. It is thought that in case Selby does not resign Springer will endeavor to prevail on the President not to remove him until the adjournment of Congress. Mr. Selby simply remarked that he had not resigned, but that when the proper time comes, if it ever does, he will attend to it without the intervention of other parties. He also stated that he had had no correspondence with Senator Cullom on the subject since his departure for Washington.

Harrison, the "boy preacher," will commence a series of revival services at the new Methodist Church next Thursday evening.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

STORM SIGNALS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—[Editor of The Tribune.]—Will you please give me a little information in regard to the signals used by the Weather Bureau? I wish to know the significance of the red flag with dark centre, also the white flag with dark centre. MRS. H.

[The red flag is a cautionary signal announcing the approach of a severe storm or violent winds. The white flag signifies that the Weather Bureau is expecting a cold wave.]

HYDROPHOBIA—CORRESPONDENT'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT—THE SYMPTOMS ALMOST IDENTICAL WITH TETANUS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—[Editor of The Tribune.]—Being deeply interested in the above subject, and especially with the views of prominent physicians as given in yesterday's TRIBUNE, I would respectfully refer you to a lecture on "Tetanus and Hydrophobia" recently delivered at the College of Physicians and Surgeons by N. Senn, M. D., of Milwaukee, Wis., a verbatim report of which was taken by William Whitford, No. 765 West Monroe street. As the symptoms of tetanus and hydrophobia are almost identical—and it is difficult to make the distinction in the majority of cases—each subject is considered from a practical, scientific, and philosophical standpoint. Several cases of hydrophobia have come under Dr. Senn's observation, and he gives treatment for the same. I am confident the stenographer will furnish a report of the lecture if so desired. It would throw considerable light on the subject. M. D.

OBJECTIONS TO HOAR'S SUCCESSION BILL.

TREMONT, Tazewell County, Ill., Dec. 23.—[Editor of The Tribune.]—Since the publication in Monday's edition of my plan for the regulation of the Presidential succession, the following additional objections to the Hoar bill have presented themselves to my mind, which, if you will bear with me, I should like to give to the public:

1. If the Secretary of State is able to discharge the powers and duties of the Presidency and those of his own office besides, thoroughly and satisfactorily, at one and the same time, and for so long a time, it follows that the President is also able to do the same, and that the office of Secretary of State can and should be dispensed with.

2. As it is the understanding that the Secretary of State should be head and shoulders above the last member of the Cabinet in rank, it is unstatesmanlike to make a law whereby it would be possible for the latter to become the head of the Nation for any great length of time. It is a degradation of the Presidency.

3. It is poor policy to set up many possible Presidents to evoke invidious comparisons.

4. Even were all Cabinet officers worthy of the succession, these possible Presidents should be made out of those whose relations never or very seldom bring them together, rather than out of those who come together for consultation day after day in one place and in one room. If there must needs be a law that seven men be in reserve for Presidential emergencies, let them, in the name of safety and consistency, be kept away from each other as much as possible; let them not be exposed to a common peril. What an easy matter it would be for some crank, in order to anticipate the effect of the Hoar bill, to blow up, by the application of a little dynamite to the White-House, the President and all his official family. What, then, would become of the succession? WILLIAM BALDWIN.

The Tribune.

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AMUSEMENTS TODAY.

McVICKER'S—Florence in "No Thoroughfare." Mat.
CHICAGO OP.-H.—Harrison and Gourlay. Matinee.
GRAND OPERA-H.—Mr. Hoyt's "Rag Baby." Matinee
COLUMBIA—Alfa Norman English Opera Co. Matinee
ACADEMY—Oliver Byron, "The Inside Track." Mat.
HOOLEY'S—Aimee. Matinee.
STANDARD—The Dalys in "Vacation." Matinee.
CRITERION—Cora Tanner, "Alone in London." Mat.
OLYMPIC—"Muldoon's Picnic." Matinee.
PEOPLE'S—Ada Gray in "East Lynne." Matinee.
HAVERLY'S—Home Minstrels. Matinee.
WEST SIDE DIME MUSEUM—10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
NEW DIME MUSEUM—10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
PANORAMA—Battle of Gettysburg; 9 a. m. to 11 p. m.
PANORAMA—Battle of Shiloh; 8 a. m. to 11 p. m.
SOUTH SIDE DIME MUSEUM—10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

MEDINAH TEMPLE, ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER OF NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE—Let all the Tribes assemble at Masjeed al Zoorah this evening at the twentieth hour. A new divan of officers will be selected and yearly reports of present divan presented. JAS. H. THOMPSON, Scherif Sultani. WM. A. STILES, Scherif al Katif.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1885.

THE trouble resulting from the removal of a Polish Catholic priest in Detroit by the Bishop resulted yesterday in a tragedy. The church was closed against the congregation, who, augmented in number by other Poles, made threatening demonstrations against houses of the Bishop's friends. Some shooting occurred, one man was instantly killed and others were injured.

DURING the festivities at the County Hospital last night the gigantic Christmas tree, which had been placed in the amphitheatre, where some 600 people had gathered, took fire, and during a three-minute panic which ensued over fifty persons, among them patients, County Commissioners, and hospital attendants, were badly scorched and bruised. There are but two small exits to the place, and one of these was so close to the tree as to be practically barred. No lives were lost, though there are many who are seriously injured.

THE TRIBUNE directs the attention of its readers this morning to the Christmas story from the pen of Elia W. Peattie, which will be found in another column. This is one of the most remarkable Christmas stories of the season. Emanating from the pen of a young and comparatively unknown writer, it should not on that account escape the attention it merits. It is a story of Chicago in the early days, carefully wrought out in all its details with a delicacy of touch and a vigor of imagination which make it worthy to rank with the tales of the best-known authors of the day.

SENATOR BECK'S ATTACK ON THE ADMINISTRATION.

Senator Beck's slashing assault on the financial policy of the Administration shows that the Cleveland-Manning gold-bug policies will be bitterly contested inside the Democratic party. Beck represents the sentiment of Kentucky and much of the West and Southwest, irrespective of party; but the chief significance of his bold attack on Cleveland and Manning is in showing that the Democracy west of the Alleghanies will not support Wall street doctrines simply because they are being enforced by a Democratic Administration. Beck's speech is by far the ablest he has yet made in the Senate, and it will be interesting to see what reply the gold-bug Senators can make to the indictment of the Administration by the Democratic Senator from Kentucky.

Senator Beck did not mince his words, but dealt plainly and emphatically with the attempt of the Administration to contract the currency by hoarding the surplus and refusing to make bond calls as the law requires. He introduced a resolution calling for an inquiry to ascertain why the law was being violated instead of enforced. The severity of his language may be judged from the lament of Senator Morrill, who in open session expressed his regret "that the Senator from Kentucky should represent the Secretary of the Treasury as being little better than a common thief and allege that the Secretary and the President of the United States together have been bought up by the bondholders." That was, in fact, the substance of the charges which Beck presented and supported by powerful proofs.

Senator Beck reviewed the refunding act of 1870 and showed how the original contract for paying the bonds in greenbacks had been changed at that time, and the Government pledged to redeem them in coin only. He followed this up by showing the furtive and surreptitious demonetization of silver in 1873 so as to outlaw silver as "lawful money" and make the bonds refunded after that time payable in gold only. All this, however, was simply preliminary to his assault on the Cleveland Administration for its present efforts to contract the currency by hoarding the surplus and retiring small notes, as well as its future plans to destroy the gold and silver certificates and retire the greenbacks so as to produce a great scarcity of debt-paying money and screw up the burden of bonds, mortgages, and fixed charges in the interest of the money-lending classes of the East, whose representatives now have complete control of the National Treasury. Senator Beck gave notice that the schemes of the New York Administration should not be carried out until he had entered an emphatic protest on behalf of the Democracy of the South and West. Other representatives from the South and West will do well to profit by the manly and courageous example set by Senator Beck. The woods are full of Western Democrats who are ready to repudiate the financial policies of the New York Administration. Senator Beck's speech will be found in full in this issue of THE TRIBUNE, and we invite the reader's attention thereto, as it will richly repay a careful perusal.

AN OFFENSIVE PARTISAN POSTMASTER IN WISCONSIN.

If a recent report from Ripon, Wis., is worthy of credence it would appear that the Postmaster of that place is an "offensive partisan" in the strictest sense. He was suspended a short time ago without cause, but, according to the report, refused to surrender the mail-pouches, letter-boxes, die-stamps, and other insignia of office to his successor, but summarily ejected the latter through the front door into the street. The de facto Postmaster still holds possession, although the United States Marshal has been telegraphed for and an assault and battery warrant has been issued. It will be observed that the Postmaster was not content to act merely on the defensive, but after a short parley boldly assumed the offensive and assailed his successor *vi et armis*. His case stands out, therefore, in bold contrast to the thousands of other Postmasters who retired peaceably and in good order; and notwithstanding the Ripon Postmaster's merits as an official and his general good character it is impossible to deny that he has proved himself in the strictest sense an "offensive partisan."

Notwithstanding the display of violence in the official affray at Ripon, it is clear that the de facto Postmaster had more than nine points of the law on his side. According to the uniform practice of the Government a suspension from office takes effect when the appointee qualifies and presents his commission to the incumbent, whose official authority ends at once. Thus it will be remembered that in this city Mr. Palmer continued to act for several days after Mr. Judd had been commissioned as his successor, and that the actual change did not take place until the latter gentleman presented his credentials and signified his desire to take immediate possession. Then, instead of any outburst of physical violence, the distinguished member of the Iroquois Club took peaceable possession, while Mr. Palmer quietly and courteously evacuated. All this, however, occurred during the recess of the Senate, when the President had the unquestioned power to suspend without asking the advice and consent of the Senate; and in this particular the case fails to present a close analogy to that of the Postmaster at Ripon. The latter officer, as an experienced official, knew his rights, and, being a man of considerable muscular power, dared maintain them. He knew that after the meeting of Congress the President could not suspend him without the advice and consent of the Senate (his office being, as he claims, a Presidential one), and he therefore refused to surrender to a man who presented illegal credentials, and in maintaining his official authority "kicked the new Postmaster into the middle of the street." What else could he do? He was bound by his oath and his official bond not to permit unauthorized characters to enter the office, and he would have been liable to criminal prosecution if he had surrendered the mails to the bogus Democratic appointee who was unable to present the proper credentials. As the latter persisted in his unlawful attempts to gain possession of the post-office the Postmaster had to eject the intruder by force.

If the Ripon Postmaster proved himself "offensive" in a strict sense it is nevertheless true that the Administration, in issuing illegal credentials to his successor, compelled him to act as he did. As an "offensive partisan" he outranks any discovered up to date, but, still, his obligations to the United States were such that he was required to eject all lawless Democratic intruders from his office. Mild measures being ineffective, he simply took those which the situation demanded.

FOUNDING A NEW NATION.

In the federation of Australia a new nation has been founded and another epoch has been marked in the world's history. Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, West Australia, and Tasmania are now confederated into a single nation, and New South Wales and New Zealand, which have not yet gone in owing to the existence of a tariff difficulty and other local diverging interests, are free to enter the new community whenever they please. Unquestionably it will not be long before they do so. The advantages which will accrue to the confederated provinces will be an inducement, and, if there were no other influence, the pressure of the greater upon the smaller would be sufficient to accomplish it.

The new nation has an area of 2,743,423 square miles. If the other two provinces were included it would reach 3,164,995 square miles, or three times the area of this country when our Constitution was adopted in 1787, and as much as our space now. With the other two provinces it would have a population of nearly 3,500,000. Its population is fully as large as was ours when we became a Nation. It is not a very fertile country, but its resources are sufficient to support a large future population. A hundred years from now it will undoubtedly reach 25,000,000, which will make as strong a pressure upon Australia as 100,000,000 would upon us. The five federated provinces have rapidly increased their trade and developed their resources. The annual exports from Queensland are now about $18,000,000, mostly wool, preserved meats, and tallow; South Australia, $27,000,000, mostly wool, wheat, flour, and copper; Tasmania, $8,000,000, mostly wool, grain, and fruits; Victoria, $80,000,000, mostly wool, gold, grain, and flour; West Australia, $3,000,000, almost entirely wool and lead-ore. In the five provinces there are now 4,312 miles of railroads and 17,743 miles of telegraph lines. Instead of the short lines along the coast, the railroads now cover long distances, as the great areas are being opened up. Western Australia alone is 1,280 miles long and 800 miles wide, but the inhabited part of the province is only 600 by 150 miles in length and breadth. All over these provinces English enterprise is developing the country by systems of irrigation and artesian wells. In the province we have just named a tract of well-watered country, over 20,000,000 acres in extent, was discovered a few years ago, which is now being utilized for the production of sugar, coffee, and rice.

With a mutual system of tariffs, trade, railroads, canals, courts, and finances, and a Federal Council to settle all matters of intercolonial interest, this new nation will enter upon a career which is all the more promising as it has the hearty good-will and friendship of the mother country, though by the act of federation the tie which binds them will become one of mere sentiment, like that between Canada and England. The London *Times* says in the most friendly manner: "Modest as will be the early jurisdiction of the Federal Council, and almost unnoticed as has been its birth, the day may not be far distant when the separate British communities will recognize that it is precisely the voice they require, and marvel how they can have ever existed without it." The union of our own States, with diverse conditions and interests, and in some instances with people almost as diverse in some directions as if they were of separate nationalities, has shown the possibility of compact nationality even under the most tremendous strain to which a nation was ever put. As the same paper says: "Confederation in some shape or other is indispensable for the colonies, both that they may show a common front to common enemies, and that they may be saved from wasting their own strength on household bickerings." The new nation will start the new year with congratulations and good wishes all round for future success and prosperity.

THE ELECTION OF A SERF TO PARLIAMENT.

No incident connected with the late English election is more significant of the great change that has taken place in the electoral constituencies than the election of Joseph Arch—a former agricultural serf—to Parliament; and that, too, over a great Tory magnate—Lord Henry Bentinck. Some fifteen years ago Mr. Arch was a common farm-laborer, trying to subsist himself, wife, and several small children on three or four dollars a week, which was all the wages he received for hard farm work. Out of his miserable stipend he was obliged to pay rent for the straw-roofed hut, called a "cottage," in which he was allowed to shelter his family, and also to buy all their food, clothing, and medicines. How he managed to keep their souls and bodies together on such wages only English farm-laborers can tell.

His wife could read and write when he married her. He could do neither; but he was no worse off at the time than a million more of his fellow hereditary white slaves who had toiled for the lords of the manor generation after generation since the Norman conquest for the barest subsistence.

Arch's wife had learned to read and write while a servant-girl in some Squire's house; and she imparted her art to her husband, who proved to be an apt scholar. After he had learned to read he began perusing at night, after his day's toil, such newspapers and books as he could beg or borrow. One of the first things that impressed him was the utter illiteracy and helplesness of the farm-laborers. He began talking to them in the village saloons on the importance of organizing agricultural laborers' trades-unions after the model of the artisans' unions in the cities. He was a ready, eloquent, persuasive talker, and had the courage of his convictions. In a short time he had organized several laborers' unions round about where he lived. One object was to teach the younger members to read, and evening schools were established—held wherever a room could be had and a person found, who could himself read, to teach them. Arch before long became disliked by the big tenant-farmers and their landlords. He was discharged, and found it difficult to get work on any farm at any wages. But the members of his "union" "chipped in" a penny a week each for his support and sent him forth as the apostle of the new dispensation to found and organize unions among their fellow-serfs all over England. He had wonderful success, and organized hundreds of them in all parts of the island. Strikes for higher wages or against lower speedily followed; and, as one of the results of a dozen years' strife with the "masters," the serfs forced up wages several shillings a week in most parts of England. Gladstone's Compulsory-Education bill of 1871 came at the nick of time to help Arch spread light and knowledge among the white slaves of the farms. At present all the rising generation have acquired the "three R's," and thousands of them much more education. They are all reading Radical newspapers and books of the circulating libraries. The children read to their parents who cannot; and thus three-quarters of a million of serf families have been taught to think.

Last summer Gladstone, believing the time had arrived to enfranchise these farm-laborers, introduced his bill extending the right of voting to all householders. The Tories resisted for a time, but finally made a virtue of necessity and submitted to the inevitable, and let the bill pass. It placed the ballot in the hands of 800,000 hired farm-laborers and as many more villagers. The election for members of Parliament took place during the first part of this month, and Joseph Arch, the ex-serf, who worked fourteen hours a day for four dollars a week, offered himself as a candidate for a seat in the British Parliament for the Northwestern Division of the County of Norfolk. He was opposed by an influential and wealthy Tory—Lord H. Bentinck—and defeated him, in what was formerly a strong Tory district, by 640 majority. Of course it was the newly-enfranchised farm-laborers who elected their compatriot. The vote cast was as follows:

Mr. Joseph Arch	4,461
Lord Henry Bentinck	3,821
Arch's majority	640

Verily, the republican era has come in England when the enfranchised serf can defeat his lord of the manor for a seat in the Imperial Parliament. Speaking of this event the London *Spectator* remarks:

The election of Mr. Arch—the great leader of the agricultural laborers—for the Northwestern Division of Norfolk, by a majority of 640 against Lord H. Bentinck, is a critical event in the history of our Constitution. We believe that there will be eleven members who may be said to represent directly the interests of labor in the new Parliament, and that every one of them is a man of high character. This will be a guarantee that the interests of labor will be advocated in the new House of Commons, not merely by a very powerful party, but by a party with spokesmen who have themselves experienced the hardships of the lot they wish to alleviate. And, of these, Mr. Arch will be, doubtless, the most distinguished and the most generally respected. No one can deny that his career has been from the first an honorable, a conscientious, and a disinterested one.

WHY PROHIBITION IS A FAILURE IN DUBUQUE.

The editor of the Dubuque *Times* announces the sage conclusion that the Prohibitory law "could be enforced in Dubuque if the Mayor and the City Council desired its enforcement and would put the machinery of the law at work to accomplish that end." What is the machinery in question and where is it to be found? When the question of prohibition was submitted to the voters of Dubuque the vote against it was practically unanimous. The "machinery" needed, therefore, is something that will force the people of Dubuque to submit to a sumptuary law which they oppose both in theory and practice. They must be coerced, punished, and reduced to submission by some exterior superior power, and this is said to be furnished by "the machinery of the law." But the force to operate the machinery of the Prohibitory law and keep it in motion is not found in Dubuque, and if brought to bear must be imported from the outside.

The only means yet discovered for enforcing a repugnant law in a community opposed to it is military power. In times of riot and insurrection, when turbulent communities stop the "machinery of the law," the State brings its military power to coerce the law-defying locality into submission. Obviously this is the only way to enforce teetotalism in Dubuque. The people there generally belong to the "wets" and are opposed to the "drys," and if they are compelled to go "dry" it must be by an outside military force. A few regiments of militia from the interior, well armed and drilled, might be stationed in Dubuque, and if the commander had full power to shoot, imprison, and try saloonists by drum-head court-martial, liquor drinking might be stopped in that city and the people compelled to come over into Illinois to wet their whistles.

The idea that the Mayor and the City Council can coerce a hostile community is absurd. These officials are the mere creatures of the public that elected them for a particular purpose, and they are required by the voters of Dubuque to exercise their limited functions in accordance with the popular will. If they fail to do so they are soon replaced with others who will obey the wishes of the voters. If the Mayor of Dubuque desires to enforce the Prohibitory law in defiance of public sentiment he must appeal to the Governor for military assistance and get it. He must have a brigade of State troops instead of a handful of local police. Dubuque is not a Puritan community, and liquor drinking can be stopped there only by a great moral reformation of the drinkers, or the enforcement of prohibition at the point of the bayonet. In such a community the only means of enforcing prohibition is by resorting to military rule. Otherwise there will be prohibition in theory and untaxed, free whisky in practice. The common-sense solution would be to adopt feasible restrictive measures and secure as much prohibition by high taxation as possible without denying the right of local self-government.

THE PRESIDENT AND BOSS GORMAN.

The Philadelphia *Press* turns its calcium light full upon Mr. Morris A. Thomas, whose nomination, in spite of his record, for an Indian Inspectorship is one of the Christmas gifts which the President has sent to the Senate. Mr. Morris A. Thomas is one of Boss Gorman's pets and henchmen. He belongs to that numerous class of fine-workers in the Democratic party one of whom was sent to the penitentiary recently from Chicago. Mr. Morris A. Thomas, however, like Higgins, another of Gorman's followers, is more fortunate. He has not been sent to the penitentiary, but his name has been sent to the Senate as one of the faithful deserving of honor and reward.

The appointment of Thomas is the President's personal act upon the intercession of Gorman. He was selected for one of the Indian Inspectorships five months ago. Since that time certificates of his character have been laid before Mr. Cleveland. The Civil-Service Reform Association of Baltimore has furnished him with proofs of personal dishonesty in business and of numerous instances of complicity in ballot-box stuffing. The President and Secretary of the Baltimore German Fire-Insurance Company object to his appointment because he has made way with $23,000 of bonds left with him for sale, accounting for them with a worthless check. One Mrs. Susan Wilson objects to him because she gave him $4,000 with which to purchase stock, and he has never purchased it or returned her money. The judges and clerks of the Twelfth Ward in Baltimore object to him because he put "pudding" tickets into the ballot-box. Business-men object to him because he is dishonest. His application in bankruptcy was denied him because it was not honest, and for the same reason he was refused admission to the Baltimore Stock Exchange.

With all these charges before him and the evidence accompanying them, and with no answer made to the charges by Thomas, the President has sent his name to the Senate and asks for his confirmation to a position which upon every consideration of civil-service reform and upon every consideration based upon personal uprightness the Senate should refuse to give him. As the papers have all been placed in the hands of Senator Dawes, Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, it is likely he will give them that attention which the President failed to give, and that the Republican Senators will dispose of his case on its merits, as they owe nothing to Senator Gorman and it is not their business to square the Presidential appointments with the Presidential principles.

In view of these circumstances, there are two things which a wondering public would like to know. First, it would be gratified with a personal statement from the President showing how the appointment of Thomas comports with his declaration to Congress: "Civil-service reform enforced by law came none too soon to check the progress of demoralization," and with the following declaration in his message:

I venture to hope that we shall never again be remitted to the system which distributes public positions purely as rewards for partisan service. Doubts may well be entertained whether our Government could survive the strain of a continuance of this system, which upon every change of administration inspires an immense army of claimants for office to lay siege to the patronage of the Government, engrossing the time of public officers with their importunities, spreading abroad the contagion of their disappointment, and filling the air with the tumult of their discontent.

The second mystery which the public would like to have solved is the nature of the obligations to Gorman which the President feels bound to satisfy. Every one of Gorman's tools—from Higgins down—whom the President has appointed to office has been proved objectionable, both in a personal and political sense. Is the tie which binds Cleveland and Gorman based merely upon the latter's general services with boodle as the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, or upon gratitude for the able manner in which he engineered the Burchard affair?

Railroad Dividends.

The New York *Financial Chronicle* has an instructive article showing the shrinkage in the dividends paid by the railroads in the last decade. Not the least interesting feature of the statistics is the contrast between the different parts of the country as to the earnings on stocks. In New England there is an actual increase in the aggregate of dividends paid by the leading lines in the years 1876 to 1885, inclusive. The Boston & Albany paid 9 per cent in 1876 and has paid 8 every year since. The Boston & Lowell has risen from nothing to 6 per cent; Boston & Maine, 6 to 8; Maine Central, 1 to 6; Old Colony, 6 to 7; and Rutland from nothing to 1 per cent on the preferred. The Boston & Providence now pays 8 per cent, or the same as in 1876, but for two years it paid only 6 and one year 6½. The Fitchburg has dropped from 8 to 5. The New York, New Haven & Hartford has paid 10 per cent every year. In addition to its cash dividends the Boston & Albany paid 10 per cent in stock in 1883.

Some of these lines are important connections with the trunk roads, but the returns of the latter to their stockholders are in marked contrast with those of the New England corporations. The New York Central has dropped from 8 to 3½; the Pennsylvania from 8 to 5; the Lake Shore from 3½ to nothing (after going as high as 8 per cent in 1882 and 1883); and the Michigan Central and Canada Southern, which have from time to time during the period paid something, pay nothing now. The Baltimore & Ohio pays 10 now as in 1876, though for three years it paid only 8 and in 1880 9. The bad showing of the trunk lines is of course due to competition, mainly on through business. By far the best of the income of the New England roads is from local traffic, which is very large owing to the density of the population, and in which each line has its own constituency. And the Massachusetts roads owe much to the laws and the efficiency of the railroad commission, which have protected them from the effects of the ambitions and rivalries so common among railroad men. The exhibit of the trunk roads does not by any means present the subject in its worst light, for the dividends of the latest quarters are at a greatly reduced rate per year. The last two payments of the Central Road are at the rate of 2 per cent annually and the last of the Pennsylvania at the rate of 4 per cent.

The Northwestern and Southwestern roads have had the growth of the newer parts of the country on their side, and they make a good showing. The Chicago & Northwestern, which paid nothing on its common stock in 1876 and only 2½ on the preferred, pays 6½ on the former and 7½ on the latter this year, though the common is now on a 6 per cent basis and the preferred a 7 per cent stock. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul paid nothing on the common in 1876, but from 1880 to 1884, inclusive, paid 7, and is now on a 5 per cent basis. The preferred has been a 7 per cent stock from the opening of 1879. In 1876 it paid but 3½, but there was a 14 per cent dividend in bonds. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy paid 10 per cent in 1876, but since the beginning of 1881 it has been an 8 per cent security. In 1880 there were cash dividends amounting to 9¼ per cent, with a stock dividend of 20 per cent. Rock Island, which was an 8 per cent stock in 1876, has been on a 7 per cent basis for the last five years, but there was a stock dividend of 100 per cent in 1880. Chicago & Alton and Illinois Central were 8 per cent stocks in 1876, and are now, but there have been some fluctuations during the decade. Missouri Pacific paid nothing in 1876, but has been a 7 per cent stock for the last three years.

The Union and Central Pacific Roads paid 8 per cent in 1876, but they have dropped out of the list of dividend-payers. Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé and Oregon Railway & Navigation, which are 6 per cent stocks, are the only ones of the Pacific group which pay anything. Atchison paid nothing in 1876. There have been many changes among the coal properties. The years 1877 to 1880, inclusive, were lean ones, but since then the companies have prospered. Delaware & Hudson and Lehigh Valley, which each paid 9 per cent in 1876, pay only 6 this year. Lackawanna paid 7¼ in 1876, and its total this year is 7¾. The Southern roads had a short-lived boom a few years ago, but they have had bad luck since, and their stockholders get next to nothing from them.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* must really be more careful with its commas, if it desires to retain standing as an authority on art, as witness this, from a recent issue:

Mrs. Belle Hodgson, of West Fourth street, exhibits in Shumate's window a very handsome little study in oil of roses.

MR. OBERLY, Superintendent of Indian Schools, will find the Piutes already on the road to a higher culture. This was demonstrated lately at Bullionville, Nev. The most intellectual Indian of that region is Piute Jim, and his studies have been chiefly in the direction of poker. The Chinese of the locality have also a representative on whose ability they pride themselves, and who has also made the poker game a specialty. It was decided that the champions should meet, and the contest was watched with the greatest interest by an audience of card-connoisseurs. The struggle was brief. The wily Celestial was no match for the untutored child of the forest, and at the end of the game had lost $75 in cash, an ivory-handled pistol, and a gold ring. If Superintendent Oberly introduces his proposed new book of Indian object-lessons among the Piutes he can make a hit by having it run: "A stands for ante, B for blind, C for cut, D for draw," and so on.

THE stockholders of the Bell Telephone Company are not yet able to decide whether it was a merry Christmas or not. Secretary Lamar's decision is postponed.

AMENITIES between Omaha editors remain about the same. The beneficent spirit of the season passes by on the other side when it sees them, and they are merciless toward each other. Thus does the *Republican* casually allude to a little thing in the *Herald:*

The Omaha *Herald* delights in the utilization of the hyphen, alluding to the *Republican* as "The *R-p-b-l-c-n*," and characterizing the Mormon sensation as something that has fallen with "a d-ll, sick-ning thud." The hyphen has its uses; it enables us elegantly, and with a "breezy freedom" to assure the *Herald* man that he is a d-n f-l.

DR. MARY WALKER, it is asserted, at a recent Presidential levee, slipped a letter into Mr. Cleveland's hands. It may have been a strictly business communication, but no proof has yet been made public to that effect. And whose business is it, anyhow, but Dr. Mary's and Mr. Cleveland's?

T. C. CRAWFORD, the special correspondent of the New York *World* at Washington, denies the statement made by several correspondents to the effect that the President has invited Republican Senators to furnish evidence of the unfitness of appointments. He also gives the following as the opinion of the President in regard to the Tenure-of-Office act:

The President believes that he has full authority to suspend officials under the Tenure-of-Office act. He believes in the construction of the law that the rejection of a man appointed to take the place of an official suspended does not put him out of office until the end of the Senate session. The language of the commission issued during the vacation says that the officer is appointed to hold until the end of the Senate session. The Senate's rejection of such an appointment would put in the suspended man after the Senate's adjournment. But the President could instantly suspend him again and put back his first appointment. Knowing that he is thus fortified, the President can afford to be indifferent to the course of the Republican Senate.

A RECENT issue of an English newspaper contains an advertisement for a God-fearing lawyer. It is believed in well-informed circles that the advertisement will have to be kept running for some time.

MAJ. GREEN of Dakota, formerly of the Confederate army, is in Washington this week to get his commission as agent for the Sisseton and Wahpeton Indians. A correspondent of the Pittsburg *Commercial-Gazette* thus describes Green's treatment of old John Brown when he captured him at Harper's Ferry:

The truth is that Green, in the capture of Brown, was unnecessarily brutal, even to attempting murder. He was under the command of Col. Robert E. Lee, with ninety marines, in the barracks here in Washington. He picked out a party of a dozen men and ordered them to batter in the doors of the engine-house in which Brown was intrenched. They broke a hole large enough to crawl through, and Green was the first to enter. He ran round behind one of the old engines and saw an old man kneeling upon a hose-cart just in the act of pulling the lever to load his carbine. Col. Lewis Washington, who was one of the prisoners, was just behind him. Washington reached over to shake hands with Green, whom he knew, and said: "This is the man." Instantly Green brought down his sabre upon Brown's gray head. The blow struck him upon the back and side of the neck and felled him to the floor insensible, and, while he lay in that unconscious condition, the brute endeavored to thrust him through the body. The sabre-point encountered a belt or some other part of Brown's accoutrement and bent double with the force of the thrust, and thus was the old man's life temporarily prolonged.

THE "memoirs" which will, it is said, appear after the death of ex-Senator David Davis, giving his revelations as to "wolves and lambs" in Congress, ought to make interesting reading. Mr. Davis is wise in deciding that the publication shall be a posthumous one, and can hardly be blamed for preferring to have the appearance of the work postponed for some time.

THE small boy has his faults—they have been alluded to by a number of people in times past—but he has one virtue: There is no religious intolerance about him. It makes not a particle of difference to him which church he attends to get a chance at the prizes of the Christmas-tree. He will patronize two or three widely-separated sects the same evening.

IT was a tolerably green Christmas, after all. And, by a singular coincidence, there are a number of people who ought to die.

CURRENT NOTES.

The new umbrellas of elliptical shape to accommodate two persons are called "matchmakers" by the people of Berlin who carry them.

The *Daily States* of New Orleans desires Congress to legislate to prevent the adulteration of food. We suggest to this champion of State-rights that the topic is one for the State to deal with, and not for Congress.

The two *Heralds*—one in Boston and the other in New York—inform their readers that "the loose aggregation of voters that calls itself the Democratic party" is in fact no party. This may be true, but it has a habit of doing as much voting election-day as the law will allow.

Foreman to night editor—"I find I was wrong when I said we'd a cut of Senator Daniel of Virginia. We had one, but I guess it's lost." Night editor—"That so? I'm sorry. We must run the biography without a cut. No! Wait a minute, though. They say he's wonderfully like Henry Irving. Use that cut of McCullough we had when he died."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

"What are you doing, Ethel?" asked the mother of a 4-year-old girl who had stuck a pin through a piece of paper and was poking it through the crevices of the register under the parlor mantel-piece. "I'm goin' to put this in here so when Santa Claus comes down the chimney he'll step on the pin and holler, and then I'll wake up and see him," gleefully replied the cute youngster.—*New York Journal.*

It is no wonder that after two weeks' experience at the Capital Mr. Scott (M. C. of Pennsylvania) despairingly exclaims: "They are splitting the Treasury doors wide open." It is a fortunate thing that there are some Democrats who do not approve of this method of distributing the surplus; but it is much more fortunate that there is not a Democratic majority in both Houses.

"I hear," he said to a boy who was hanging around a Woodward avenue grocery the other day, "that your folks have had some good luck." "Yes, we have that," was the answer. "Your mother was left $500 by the death of an aunt, they say." "O, no, sir. That happened next door to us. Our good luck was in having dad sent up for three months and giving the family a chance to recuperate. We just feel rich, we do!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

They were talking about Judic and the French season. "Well," said a lady, "I want to go badly, but I'm afraid." "Why? There's nothing to be afraid of. I'm going." "But I understand French." "O, that's different." "What are you going to do? You'll be set down as wicked if you enjoy the queer things." "O, I'm all right. I'm going to get my eyes on a Frenchman. Whenever he laughs very loudly I'll shrug my shoulders and look displeased."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Knickerbocker Jones, a New York gentleman, has quit his boarding-house on Lexington avenue. He had had soup for dinner five consecutive days, so he said to the landlady, Mrs. Smily: "We have had soup several days this week. Can't you give us a change?" "Change," shrieked Mrs. Smily. "I've been getting soup-bones from four different butchers. Ain't that variety enough? How much change do you expect for $6 a week?"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Columbia (S. C.) correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution* asserts that the anti-prohibition sentiment in South Carolina has grown steadily since the opening of the Legislature and is now too strong to permit the enactment of any sumptuary laws. Towns which have tried the no-license plan are praying for the repeal of the laws which made them dry. Immense anti-prohibition petitions have come from Chester, Anderson, Barnwell, Lancaster, and other important towns. The high-license compromise seems to be very popular just now, and will probably be adopted by many communities.

A 4-year-old boy, while making a morning call at the house of a neighbor, overheard the servant-girl talking emphatically to the cat in her endeavor to get it out of the kitchen. Among other things the girl said to the cat was this: "If you don't get out of this I'll shake the liver out of you!" This remark struck the listening youngster favorably and he treasured it up for future use. Next morning he chanced to be at this same neighbor's, and the smaller members of the household announced to him that they were going to have liver for breakfast. The youngster put two and two together at once, and reached his own conclusions; then, to confirm them, he turned to the girl and asked anxiously: "Did you shake it out of the cat?"—*St. Albans Messenger.*

The San Francisco Society of Lady Artists is having a great time. It doesn't know whether to call itself "lady" artists or "women" artists. It has long been a local habit to take matrimonial squabbles and all matters requiring peculiar finesse and exquisit blandishment to Gen. Barnes. Accordingly one of the ladies thought she would do a clever thing and get the General to settle the vexed question of names. So she stated the case to him. After mature deliberation, partly over the matter in hand and partly over a complicated shot at billiards, the General rendered his decision: "Avoid both names," said he. "Why not be original and euphonious and call yourselves the San Francisco Society of She Painters?" There was a rustle of stylish petticoats and a sudden chilling vacancy in the apartment.—*San Francisco Post.*

PERSONALS.

It is announced through British sources that Secretary Whitney has secured the assistance of the ablest naval constructors in England in making the plans for the new cruisers.

M. Gounod kissed M. Massenet in public on a Paris stage the other night. Bounding over the footlights with much agility for a man of 67, Gounod cried: "Come to me! I am content, my son! Come and embrace papa!" Thereupon the author of "Le Cid" fell upon Gounod's neck. The "son" is 43 years old.

Joaquin Miller is spending the winter engaged in literary work. He has an intense hatred of dogs. A visitor who recently called upon him was accompanied by a large English mastiff. "Take that beast out!" exclaimed Miller furiously. "There never was but one nation (the Greeks) that knew how to treat a dog properly, and they put him at the gates of Hell."

In the City of Nocera, Naples, lives Maddalena Granata, aged 47, who was married at the age of 28 to a peasant—just nineteen years ago. Maddalena Granata has given birth to, either dead or living, sixty-two children, fifty-nine of whom were males. She enjoys florid health, is robust, and twenty-four hours after her last accouchement was ready to go out to her accustomed labor in the field.

Some time ago Mrs. George Wolf was sold by her husband to Gus Ham for $2.50. The parties live near Melrose, and the sale created quite a commotion among the villagers. Yesterday Mrs. Wolf-Ham had an altercation with "Bill" Wolf, a brother of her first husband, and Wolf came out second-best. Several bystanders interfered after the man was "knocked out," among them being the woman's legitimate husband. He was severely whipped by Anthony Wyman, a friend of the woman.—*Troy (N. Y.) Press.*

The reports which reach Washington of the doings of our new Minister to Japan, ex-Gov. Hubbard of Texas, indicate that he is displaying the breezy independence of the plains in the somewhat punctilious court of the Mikado in a way which is calculated to open the eyes of that effete personage to the possibilities of Western civilization. The policy which Mr. Bayard so ably expounded in the Keiley correspondence of avoiding the service of trained diplomats and distributing foreign appointments among small politicians has some rather ludicrous results.

The late Lady Rolle of England, who was always hot-tempered, once gave her husband a slap in the face in the drawing-room at Bicton before several visitors, and the old man exclaimed, "By G—, madam, if you sha'n't repent of this!" and he swore a furious oath. It used to be said that this outbreak cost her Ladyship vast estates. After his death Lady Rolle manifested her wrath against her deceased Lord by burning his clothes, hunting-gear, and favorit chair, and also his Bible and prayer-book, in Bicton Park—the whole making a bonfire which blazed for some hours.

Baron Alphonso de Rothschild has just finished the transformation of his house in the Rue St. Florentin, Paris, into a sort of ironclad fortress. Every window is provided with bullet-proof shutters; each glass showcase containing priceless curiosities disappears into an iron safe in the wall by the simple pressing of a spring; each picture is provided with a numbered case, lined with morocco leather, so that in an emergency the whole gallery could be packed in an hour and stowed away in the cellars or sent to England for safety. The bill for these cases amounts to 50,000 francs.

New York *Times:* There is at present much talk and furious gossip in society regarding a reported occurrence in an opera-box at the Metropolitan Opera-House a few evenings ago, which, it is stated, will undoubtedly lead to a divorce involving prominent people. No names are definitly mentioned, but there seems to be a general impression as to the identity of the persons directly concerned. The story goes that a gentleman who had stepped out of his box for a few moments returned suddenly to find an exceedingly animated love-making scene in progress in the ante-room of the box, between his better half and a gentleman, a friend and visitor at his house. Requesting his wife to step into the front of the box for a moment, the owner then and there administered a severe pugilistic punishment to the offending guest, who left the box and hurried homeward, the happy couple soon after pursuing the same course.

Addison Cammack, the bear leader in Wall street, wanders into the Fifth Avenue Hotel nearly every night. He dresses like a bear. That is, he wears a great rough cloth overcoat which broadens his square figure out until it gives him the appearance of a big fat bear. Some one was talking with him the other night about Vanderbilt's death, when the question of the dead man's fortune came up. "I never hear it discussed," said Cammack, "but I think of a remark I heard when Moses Taylor died and left $51,000,000. Some one came down on 'Change and whispered the inquiry mysteriously about, 'How much did he leave?' He struck the wrong man after his first inquiry or two, for the answer was shouted out so every one heard it, 'Left it all; didn't take a blessed cent with him.'"

Mrs. Henry Adams, who died suddenly in Washington a fortnight ago, was not (says the New York *World*) the daughter of Congressman Hooper, as stated by some of the papers; neither was she the sister-in-law of Charles Sumner's wife. Mrs. Adams was the daughter of Dr. Edward Hooper of Boston, who was a physician in high standing there. She was the youngest of his three children—the two others being Mr. Edward Hooper and Mrs. Prof. Gurney. She was a niece of Congressman Robert Hooper, and consequently first cousin of Mr. Sturgis Hooper, who was the first husband of the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Charles Sumner, and who now is called by her maiden name, Mrs. Alice Mason. Mrs. Mason is said to retain still her beauty and charm, and not long ago it was reported that she was to marry a wealthy Englishman; but this report was contradicted.

FROM THE FOREIGN MAILS.

A young man advertises in the London *Athenæum* that he can "paint and talk Ruskinesque."

Lord Randolph Churchill has accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Dublin Conservative Workingmen's Clubs.

Some of the great milliners of Europe are instituting 5 o'clock teas for their customers, at which they can consult with the milliner concerning their choice of headgear.

It is stated that the right wing of Buckingham Palace, which was occupied by the late Duke of Albany, has been assigned to Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and that extensive alterations have been made in the apartments.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr, dealing in the City of London Court with summonses against persons who had taken sewing-machines on the hire system and failed to keep up the monthly payments, strongly condemned hiring agreements, which, he said, were as bad as the old tally system.

Messrs. Rothschild Brothers have officially notified the French Syndicate of Electricity that they have resolved to form a company for working the newly-invented system of transporting force by electricity. The success of the recent experiments between Creil and Paris has, it is understood, led to this resolution.

The National League at Emly, it is stated, have just held a court to try a bailiff named Maher, charging him that, "with malice prepense, and without the fear of God," he served certain tenants with writs. The court ordered that Maher should take the total abstinence pledge for five years, this being considered the worst punishment that could be inflicted on a bailiff. Maher accordingly took the pledge on his knees.

The Marquis of Salisbury has granted an abatement of 15 per cent on the rents of his agricultural tenants on his Hatfield estate for the present half-year. A similar reduction has also been made by the Earl of Feversham on his rents for the half-year due at Michaelmas. The Duke of Devonshire returned 10 per cent to his tenants on his Chatsworth estate at the rent audit held at Edensor recently. The Earl of Warwick has granted a reduction of 15 per cent in the rents of his tenants on the Warwick estate.

Miss Louise Bailey recently at the Monmouth assizes obtained a verdict for twelve hundred pounds damages against Mr. David Morgan Llewellin, for breach of promise to marry. In the Queen's Bench Division an application for a new trial was made, and it was mentioned, as a peculiarity in the case, that, although more than a hundred letters passed between the parties, they contained no terms of endearment, and were about as interesting as a local time table. Before the arguments were finished a compromise was arranged by which the application was dismissed and the damages reduced.

Prince Bismarck is to be made a sufferer from protection in a very curious way. Every year a choice selection of vegetables and fruit finds its way from Düsseldorf to the residence of the Chancellor on the morning of his birthday. Of course a letter of thanks follows in which the sender is complimented on the creditable way in which he maintains the national reputation in his particular calling, and this letter finds its way into the papers, to the indignation of rivals. Now, however, it has been discovered that the fruit and vegetables which grace Prince Bismarck's table when the birthday anniversary comes round are not grown in Germany at all, but come from Italy. Market gardeners of all sorts and conditions are therefore up in arms, and are calling for heavy customs duties for the protection of the native industry against the foreigner, and such imposts are proposed as will, it is hoped, effectually exclude Italian produce for the future.

It would appear from the following story by a Birmingham correspondent that Peeping Tom has migrated from Coventry to Birmingham: A remarkable revelation has come to light regarding Mrs. Langtry's recent visit to the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham. The last night of her engagement she noticed a man's face against the glass of a little window of the ventilator in her dressing-room. An alarm was raised, and it was found that an assistant in an adjoining shop had made a platform connecting the back premises with the roof of the theatre, and that he had by this way obtained access to the window. Mrs. Langtry's maid, who was with her in the dressing-room, declared that she had seen something like a man's face at the window on two or three occasions. The culprit, although not discovered at the time, was unable to deny the evidence against him and has been dismissed by his master.

A novel enterprise is to be set afoot early in the year (writes the London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*), whereby an opportunity will be afforded to those who have money and leisure to enjoy traveling and exploration in a fashion hitherto unknown. A vessel has been chartered which will carry some fifty first-class passengers, accompanied by an artist, a photographer, a geologist, a mineralogist, a botanist, a zoologist, and others, who will explore and collect wherever opportunity offers, but more especially in districts practically unvisited hitherto. The first voyage will last twelve months, the program being arranged much on the same lines as the famous Sunbeam voyage. There will be no hurrying over ground where anything valuable to science or art can be obtained, and at intervals the voyagers will have the opportunity of breaking up into sections and landing when either the beauties of rivers or the life and scenery of coasts can be studied and enjoyed. The collections made on the voyage will be carefully preserved for subsequent exhibition, or for presentation to the great museums.

A Rome dispatch of Dec. 8 says: The week's police reports include the capture on successive days at the Roman Central Railway Station of two of the many dealers in white slaves, as the traffic is called here, who still continue to carry on their vile trade, notwithstanding the efforts made to put a stop to it. Of the men now arrested, one is a certain Luigi Rossi of Villa Latina, in the Province of Caserta, agent of one Antonio Tartaglia, living in London, who had with him a girl aged 20, whom he had bought at the price of 100 francs, and a boy aged 15, for whom he had paid 60 francs, both destined to be employed in vagabond professions in England. The other man, named Luigi Zeppa of Casagliere, had two boys of the respective ages of 8 and 5. He was taking them to France, to a certain Filomena Maselli, to whom it was ascertained that he had already sold a girl for the price of six francs a month. The *Riforma* remarks on the lamentable frequency of similar facts, very many of which escape detection. The men now captured will be punished as the law provides, and the children will be sent back to their parents.

The Bishop of Chichester, a violent Tory, is apparently struck by the result of the recent elections. He writes as follows to the Secretary of the Incorporated Free and Open Church Association: "Dear Mr. Vernon: I think the result of the county polls ought to teach a lesson—a lesson I tried to press on our conference—that the agricultural laborer resents, and justly, his virtual degradation in the church which is his own. Village churches are more exclusive than most of our parish town churches; the poor are thrust into corners. So we have said and preached, but the dull weight of inveterate abuse always prevails. I suppose when it is too late we shall learn and feel the truth. It is a great distress to a Bishop to feel himself so utterly helpless in this vital matter. I send a donation (£5), and wish it were more.—Very truly yours, R. CICESTER." Nothing could be sounder or wiser, but it is not exactly the free seats question which has told most powerfully against the clergy. Have the clergy, as a class, ever treated the agricultural laborers, as a class, with anything like the spirit of cordial fellowship? Is it not the difference between the bearing of the Baptist or the Wesleyan minister and the bearing of the rector or curate toward the agricultural laborer which has so naturally alienated the class from the Church of England? It is, however, never too late to mend, though it often is too late to avert the natural results of behavior which needed mending.—*London Spectator.*

FOREIGN INT[...]

The Keiley Epis[...] Beginning to [...] Talk in [...]

Parnell Is Satisfied [...] Promises—An [...] day in E[...]

Milan in Danger of [...] Own Troops—T[...] Franc[...]

THE KEILEY [...]

AN OLD-TIME [...]

PARNELL IS SA[...]

MILAN IN DAN[...]

THE FRENCH [...]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The Keiley Episode Just Now Beginning to Create Some Talk in Europe.

Parnell Is Satisfied with Gladstone's Promises—An Old-Time Holiday in England.

Milan in Danger of Assasination by His Own Troops—The Crisis in France.

THE KEILEY EPISODE.

IT IS BEGINNING TO MAKE SOME TALK IN EUROPE—DISCUSSION AS TO AUSTRIA'S POSITION IN THE MATTER.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—[Via Mackay-Bennett Cable to The Tribune.]—The relations between the United States and Austria, through the Keiley incident, as unfolded in the recent message of the President, are beginning to attract newspaper comment. It is generally agreed that Count Kalnoky is mistaken as to its being the general custom that no further questions are asked when the negative is given to the proposal of a certain Ambassador. England makes it a practice to ask what reasons there are for the nonreception of agents whom she proposes, and if these reasons are not based on personal unworthiness of the agents in question the refusal is not admitted by the British Government. In that case the post is left unfilled for a time. In 1832 the Russian Government refused to receive Sir Stratford Canning, afterward Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, whom Lord Palmerston had nominated Ambassador to St. Petersburg. In consequence the Embassy remained vacant until 1834, when the Duke of Wellington, upon coming into office, made another appointment.

This morning's *Chronicle* says: "An Archbishop of Baltimore had made no objection to solemnizing Mrs. Keiley's marriage. Count Kalnoky showed himself more clerical than the Catholic Church itself, but, as a matter of fact, so unchivalrous a proceeding as that of publicly stigmatizing a lady of blameless repute has never been recorded before in diplomatic annals. All the States of Europe have an interest in this question, for, according to Count Kalnoky's rulings, Lord Rosebery, who was received some months ago in a special mission to Berlin, could not have been received in Vienna, as his wife is a Rothschild."

There is no doubt that the sentiment of English statesmen is unanimous in approving President Cleveland's course in leaving the Austrian Embassy vacant.

AN OLD-TIME HOLIDAY.

EVERYBODY HAPPY AND THE SHOPKEEPERS PARTICULARLY SO—STREETS THRONGED AND CHURCHES CROWDED—THE THEATRES.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—[Via Mackay-Bennett Cable to The Tribune.]—It is the general opinion among tradesmen that the present Christmas season has been the most profitable one they have experienced for many years. The sale of articles of luxury has been greater than ever before, and there has been, apparently, no lack of money, even among the poorest classes. Railway traffic during the last fortnight has been very much increased, and the number of provincial purchasers visiting the metropolis has exceeded fourfold that of any previous season within the recollection of the oldest shopkeeper. The weather today has been foggy and sultry, but in spite of these unfavorable conditions the streets have been thronged, the churches crowded, and the usual Christmas good cheer has prevailed. With one or two exceptions the Christmas pantomimes opened last night to crowded houses. That they were all successes goes without saying, as the rollicking fun of clown and pantaloon, the adventures and hairbreadth escapes of harlequin and columbine, and the mechanical tricks and gorgeous scenery are ever welcome to the not too critical audiences that look forward from year to year to the enjoyment of their favorit theatrical entertainment.

The opening at the Drury Lane Theatre will take place tomorrow night, but a grand dress rehearsal was given Christmas-Eve, which, except in name, was in every respect a public performance. The audience was a brilliant one, and many professional and artistic celebrities occupied boxes or seats in the parquet or dress-circle. The pantomime was received with every manifestation of approval, and will undoubtedly draw crowded houses until the managers see fit to withdraw it.

PARNELL IS SATISFIED.

HE IS EASY IN HIS MIND OVER THE PROMISES OF GLADSTONE—DAVITT'S ACTIONS, HOWEVER, BREED WORRY.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—[Via Mackay-Bennett Cable to The Tribune.]—At the clubs and other political news centres tonight there is absolute stagnation. Nobody wants to talk politics, and very little information concerning the ideas, feelings, or intentions of the various political leaders is obtainable. Mr. Parnell is so thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Gladstone intends to push through the next Parliament his measures for home rule in Ireland that he no longer troubles himself with party intrigues or shows any interest in the rivalries of his opponents. Michael Davitt's position continues to mystify the opponents of home rule and many prominent Liberals have expressed great concern as to his future course. His calmness at a time when he might be expected to become demonstrative is puzzling, and his unusual urbanity and care to seize every opportunity to announce himself in perfect accord with the policy and wishes of Mr. Parnell have excited a general suspicion that definit promises of complete home rule for Ireland have been given, and that both Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt are quietly waiting to see the promises fulfilled. Should absolute home rule in local affairs be given to Ireland no one doubts that it would be immediately utilized as a lever to widen the breach and ultimately secure entire independence. Indeed, it is stated tonight that Mr. Davitt, in conversation with a prominent Radical last year insisted that a separate Parliament for Ireland should be immediately established at Dublin, and further declared that its first duty should be to sanction the organization of rifle clubs throughout Ireland with a view of preparing Irishmen for the final struggle with England, which was sure to come.

MILAN IN DANGER.

HIS TROOPS MAY KILL HIM AT ANY TIME—THE VICTORIOUS BULGARIANS ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED AT SOPHIA.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—A correspondent of the *Post*, who visited the Servian lines, reports that a startling lack of discipline is shown by the army, and that an outbreak among the troops is not at all improbable. The life of King Milan, the correspondent adds, is constantly threatened.

A portion of the Bulgarian army has returned from the front and entered Sophia. Triumphal arches had been erected in the streets through which the troops passed, and the victorious soldiers were enthusiastically welcomed by the people.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

THE FALL OF THE BRISSON MINISTRY PREDICTED AFTER THE BEGINNING OF THE SESSION OF THE CHAMBERS.

PARIS, Dec. 25.—A majority of the newspapers here predict that the Brisson Ministry will resign after the session of the Chambers is renewed in favor of M. de Freycinet. M. Ferry writes to the *Temps* that in the debate on the Tonquin credit yesterday M. Clemenceau misrepresented him by reading only a portion of the dispatch sent by him by Baron de Courcel, the French Minister to Germany, in reply to a dispatch from the latter conveying an offer made by Prince Bismarck to act as mediator between France and China. M. Ferry says that if the whole dispatch had been read it would have been shown that the dispatch was written before the disaster to the French troops at Langson.

It is stated that Admiral Galiber, Minister of Marine and Colonies, tendered his resignation because President Brisson announced his decision to create a colonial Ministry.

A FRANCO-GERMAN QUARREL.

The *Matin* this morning prints, though without giving full credit to the report, a telegram from Lisbon announcing that a German man-of-war has just been dispatched from the Island of St. Thomas, in the Gulf of Guinea, for Batengo, in consequence of a conflict between a party of French sailors and the crew of the German corvet Cyclops.

MINOR MENTION.

KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA ENGAGED IN THE OCCUPATION OF MASSOWAH—HERR APPONYI'S TOUR.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—It is reported that King John of Abyssinia is engaged in the occupation of Massowah, and is preparing to make war upon the Italians.

Herr Apponyi, the leader of the Hungarian opposition, meditates a tour through Germany with Count Karolyi to advocate a Central European Customs Union.

FIRE IN A STEAMER'S HOLD.

A fire broke out in the hold of the British steamer Petriana at Leith, from New Orleans, and the flames were not quelled until the cargo had been much damaged.

A RUSSIAN AGENCY IN BOKHARA.

The Russian Government has issued a decree ordering the establishment of a political agency in Bokhara.

WILL OF THE LATE PRINCE FERDINAND.

The will of the late Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, father of the King of Portugal, bequeaths to the Prince's wife one-third of his property in the shape of several palaces, chalets, furniture, works of art, plate, and pictures. The Prince expresses his regret that he is unable to make bequests to charitable institutions, adding that all he could give to benevolent objects had been bestowed during his lifetime.

BUSINESS GOOD AT MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER, Dec. 25.—The *Guardian* says: In view of the holidays business has been fair. Indian orders are moderate. Prices for cloth and yarn are steady. Sales are not pressed and producers are confident.

LONDON SCANDAL.

THE CHOICE MORSELS UPON WHICH SOCIETY IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS IS NOW FEASTING.

Apart from politics, the fine arts, literature, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses, there are two subjects which interest ladies and gentlemen during the London and the country house season more than any others. One is sport, the other is scandal. The scandals discussed with such avidity, swallowed in every detail with infinit gusto, invariably hinge upon breaches of the seventh commandment. If a man is caught cheating at cards the incident is hushed up as quietly as may be and the culprit disappears. That is too serious a matter for tittle-tattle, because the public opinion of society is against cheating at cards. But it is not in the same degree against the violation of this particular article of the decalog. And so not only the more volatile spirits, the frivolous butterflies of boudoirs and smoking-rooms, the mere trifles, but the eminently serious and respectable, the husbands and wives who have never given a handle to calumny, severest of matrons and the chastest of maids, gossip about infidelities and the rumors of infidelities imminent or accomplished, which may wreck homes, with as much zest as, if they understood French sufficiently well, they would chuckle over the scarcely veiled indecencies, the inuendoes, and equivoques of a play by Halévy or Albert Milhaud. What is the story? What do people say? Is there any truth at all in it? What will be the end of it? How was it done, when, why, and where? Is it a serious liaison or a fleeting platonic affair? These are the points on which the most rigidly decorous of English men and women like in conversation to dwell. In other words, the derelictions of social duty, which according to the principle of English society ought to be either impossible or deemed unpardonable and strictly tabooed, are, to speak the plain truth, the staple of society's conversation. It is ludicrous to pretend, in the face of such facts as these, that, however genuine the regret which breaches of the seventh commandment occasion, they arouse anything like the horror which they would do if society was bent upon putting them down. The aptest comparison for English society is perhaps to be found in the Perfecture of Police in Paris. In that famous detective repository there exists a complete dossier of all who are and who are likely to become criminals. Everything which concerns them is carefully recorded. But the individuals are treated with the greatest consideration until they make themselves amenable to law. In the same way society in England has the dossier of all its members. The contents of these documents do not prejudice it against them, nor are they held really to have incriminated themselves until they are arraigned before the tribunal of the English press. Formerly this press was looked upon by the governing classes as a great political engine. It has now become the custodian and inquisitor of our whole social system, the censor of our homes, and the critic of our hearths. It brings all offending Britons, however lofty their degree, before that which they really most dread, the great jury of their fellow-countrymen. No wonder, therefore, that the publicity of which it is the instrument is dreaded and detested by those whom it concerns.—*Fortnightly Review.*

DESPERATE TORY TACTICS.

PROPOSED EXCLUSION OF THE IRISH SECESSIONISTS FROM THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Irish Tory Peers have decided to petition Parliament to inquire into the parliamentary representation of Ireland, and to disfranchise districts returning members to Parliament who may be found guilty of treason-conspiracy against the crown. The Tory Peers [Irish landlords] are also bringing strong pressure to bear on Lord Salisbury to anticipate the action of Parliament by instituting an official investigation in the constituencies represented by "Nationalist" members. They contend that the Nationalists returned to Parliament constitute a league openly and publicly committed to separation from Great Britain by other than constitutional means if necessary, and that their election was secured by pledges to use their parliamentary seats to that end, constituting themselves a danger to the peace and dignity of the crown, threatening the subversion of the Constitution, and encouraging lawlessness. The movement is directed against the Irish secession constituencies instead of the Parnellite members themselves, as the shortest and most effective method of rousing British public opinion and bringing the matter to an issue. A test case has been laid before the law officers of the crown for an opinion. The opinion is that action against individual members in the courts would be tardy, and might be ineffective; but Parliament has power to disfranchise constituencies, or by resolution of the majority suspend members for any cause. Members of Parliament so pledged to subvert the rights of the crown are deemed clearly guilty of treason against the throne. Irish officials during the parliamentary election collected an enormous mass of documentary evidence conclusively connecting every member of Parliament, as alleged, in a constructive conspiracy to overthrow the constitutional government of Ireland and the lawful authority of the Queen. A petition from the loyalists based on affidavits is a sufficient ground for ministerial action. An inquiry into the petition can be moved, and if the motion is refused, which is altogether unlikely, judging from today's developments, any member can bring in a resolution. It is claimed by the loyalists that they have the names of upward of sixty members of Parliament classed as Liberals who may be relied on to follow the course indicated. These consist of a portion of Lord Hartington's personal supporters, the Liberal members accustomed to vote with Forster and Goschen, and a sprinkling of independents who decline to ally themselves with any previously existing combination whatever.

BLOCK-PRINTING IN THE NINTH CENTURY.

From the examination of the papyri and other ancient manuscripts belonging to the Austrian Archduke Rainer it appears that block-printing was known to the Arabs in the ninth century. A text with marginal ornaments, giving Arabic prayers, is found to have been printed from one block on a strip of paper.

A GHASTLY RECORD.

By a Fire in New York Yesterday Morning Three Children Are Cremated.

An Old Man and His Wife Meet with a Horrible Death at Ottawa.

A Fiery Fatality at St. Louis—A Milwaukee Brewery Receives a Scorching—Other Burnings.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Patrick Driscoll, a laborer, his wife Mary, and their five children went to bed Thursday night expecting to awake to a joyous Christmas. They occupied a frame one-story and attic shanty in One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street, west of Tenth avenue. At about 6 o'clock this morning they were awakened by the smell of smoke, and within a few minutes their house was a mass of flames. By 7 o'clock Driscoll and his wife, with their child Patsy, 8 years old, were on their way to the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital, while the charred and unrecognizable remains of three of their children—John, Julia, and Mary—were lying on an old lumber-wagon in front of the ruins of their home. One child, Daniel, 9 years old, escaped unharmed. The shanty was a dilapidated affair.

When the fire was discovered John ran to an adjoining room in the hope of saving his sisters, Julia and Mary, who were sleeping there. Michael ran around to the front of the house, where he found Driscoll and his wife and the boy Dan coming out of the kitchen door, and a moment later a policeman emerged from the house, bearing in his arms the boy Patsy, who was crying with pain. When the flames had sufficiently subsided to admit of an examination of the rooms, parts of the bodies of three persons were found in the little room in which Julia and Mary had slept and into which John had broken in his attempt to rescue them. In the same room was the burned carcass of a cat, and down in the cellar could be seen the horns of the family goat, nothing else being left. Driscoll and his wife, though badly burned, are not considered in a dangerous condition. At about noon two daughters, who had been expected to spend Christmas with the family, arrived there, and when they saw the smoking ruins and heard what had happened the scene was a most pitiable one. It is supposed in the neighborhood that a candle was left burning in the kitchen and communicated the flame to the flimsy woodwork and partitions of the shanty, but Driscoll suspects his neighbors of arson.

BURNED AND SUFFOCATED.

OTTAWA, Ill., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Patrick Rooney and wife, an aged couple living near Seneca, La Salle County, were this morning found dead at their residence. Mrs. Rooney had been burned to death. The Coroner's jury's verdict was accidental death. The supposition is that Mrs. Rooney's clothes took fire from a candle while she was winding the clock, and that in the absence of any help in the room she was burned into a crisp. Mr. Rooney was in an adjoining room and was suffocated by the smoke and flames. A hired man in another portion of the house knew nothing of the affair until morning. Mr. Rooney was an old settler, having lived in that vicinity forty years, and leaves a family of four grown-up children.

The Coroner's inquest developed the fact that Rooney and his wife were under the influence of liquor. They had sent to town for a half gallon of whisky and nothing but the jug remained. The hired man testified that they were both intoxicated when he went to bed, but refused to give him any of the whisky.

VINCENNES, Ind., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Last night a fatal accident occurred at the home of Mr. Absalom Jordan, a prominent farmer of Harrison Township. Mrs. Jordan was called to a neighbor's on some errand. She left her two young children at home. When she returned, little Dot, the 4-year-old, was missing. She ran out into the road and saw the smoking heap of the charred remains of her little daughter, disfigured beyond recognition and burned to a crisp. Its little shoes were sticking out from the blackened mass. The child had evidently played with the fire and her clothes set ablaze, and in her agony she had run out into the road. Little Dot was a twin child. Two years ago the same kind of misfortune occurred to the other twin.

A BIG BREWERY BLAZE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—A storehouse connected with the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company's establishment, containing 120,000 bushels of malt and choice California and Canadian barley, was in part destroyed by fire this forenoon. The building, which covers a ground space of 90 by 150 feet, is one and a half stories high, having a flat roof, tarred and graveled. The fire caught near the roof, and fast traveled from bin to bin, the burning tar aiding in its rapid advance. Seven fire companies answered to a general alarm. Owing to the interior arrangement of the building it was very difficult for the firemen to direct their streams where effective work could be done. By good management the fire was prevented from spreading to adjoining buildings, however, and after two hours or more of hard work it was brought under control. It is difficult to determine to what extent the barley contained in the building has been damaged. Some claim that, together with smoke and water, the entire amount has been made worthless, in which case the loss would reach fully $120,000. There is an insurance of $8,200 on the building and $59,525 on the stock, distributed among eighty-three companies. The company will immediately replace the burned building with a more substantial structure. While working on the fire Charles Dressel and D. J. O'Connell, two firemen, fell from a ladder and were seriously injured.

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE AT ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—A horrible accident occurred at the residence of Mr. Charles Theurer, Jefferson avenue, this morning. While Tillo Neargenstater, the servant-girl, was polishing the stove with a mixture of gasoline and stove-polish the combination burst into flames and communicated with her clothing. In a second she was enveloped from head to foot and ran shrieking through the room. She stumbled over Mr. Theurer's little boy and set fire to his clothing, and continued her flight toward the street. Mr. Theurer attempted to extinguish the flames with a blanket, but the girl was so frantic that she could not be stopped. She rushed to the street, where two firemen, who live across the street, observed her and attempted to extinguish the flames. They did not succeed until the girl was burned to death. S. W. Geisel, a groceryman who assisted, was badly burned about the hands and face. The girl expired on the way to the hospital. Meanwhile Mr. Theurer's boy ran to his mother, who swathed him in blankets, but not until the little sufferer was dangerously burned. Before the flames were extinguished a baby 9 months old, clad in a gauze dress, was run over by the boy and seriously burned on the lower limbs. Tillo Neargenstater, who died in such a horrible way, is from Pinckneyville, Ill.

OTHER LOSSES.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The main building of the Minneapolis Bottle Works was set on fire by the explosion of a gas flue at an early hour this morning, and burned to the ground. The total loss is about $8,000; insurance, $5,000. Nearly 100 hands are thrown out of work.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Between 11 and 12 o'clock tonight a fire broke out at No. 424 Water street in the three-story brick building owned and occupied by Mr. Fink as a factory of whale and fish oils. Damage to stock and building, $40,000; partly insured.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 25.—The City Mills at Salem, this State, were burned this morning. Three thousand bushels of wheat and 50,000 pounds of flour were destroyed. The loss is $25,000; insurance, $13,000.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The livery stables of Campbell & Armstrong, at Logan, burned tonight. Loss estimated at $8,000; insured for $3,000. Origin of fire unknown.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 25.—The residence of Dr. Emil Bessells, the Arctic explorer, at Glendale, Md., was burned this morning, and all his books and charts and other valuable documents relating to Arctic matters were totally destroyed.

A SMART MARE.

Jim Miller of Waycross had a fine young mare named Nellie. He reports one of her exploits thus: "I went out to feed Nellie, and when I got to the barn-door the key was missing, and thinking it was at the house I called some of the children to bring it. To my surprise my nag came trotting up with it in her mouth."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

A TRAIL OF BLOOD.

TWO WOMEN RAVISHED AND MURDERED AT AUSTIN, TEX., AND A MAN FATALLY HURT.

AUSTIN, Tex., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Early this morning two most horrible murders were committed here. The room of Mrs. Sue Hancock, wife of M. H. Hancock, a highly respected citizen, was entered about 1 o'clock by unknown assasins, who took an ax and cut into her skull. The villains then dragged her bloody form out into the yard, where she was raped, and shortly after found by her husband. She is dying tonight. Leaving Hancock's home, in one part of the city, the assasins next visited the residence of James Phillips, in another street. Entering Phillips' room, where he and his wife and little child were sleeping, they knocked him in the head with an ax, cleaving a portion of his skull. His groans attracted the attention of other members of the family, and going to the room they found Mrs. Phillips gone and the bed besmeared with blood. They followed the trail of blood out across the veranda into the yard, where they found her dead body, entirely nude, and two heavy pieces of timber laid across the arms. She had been ravished and then her skull smashed in with an ax. She was a dreadful sight. Phillips will die. This makes nine women ravished and murdered here in the last year. No clew to the assasins. A meeting of 700 citizens was held and a committee of thirty appointed to assist the officers.

Every effort has been made to apprehend the criminals and skilled detectives have been employed. Many negroes have been arrested and put through an examination, but nothing came of these efforts. Many citizens and some officials held to the theory that the crimes were perpetrated by some insane individual who cunningly devised how he could shed the woman's blood without apprehension.

Mrs. Hancock is 40 years of age and was a handsome woman. She bore an unblemished character. Mrs. Phillips was also a woman of the best reputation and of comely appearance.

So numerous have been such crimes as these during the last year as to lead to the belief that there is an organized gang in the city for the accomplishment of such diabolical work. Should the perpetrators be caught they will be lynched without delay, as these last outrages have aroused the people to a fever of excitement. The women of the city are afraid to venture out at night for fear of assault, and are not even safe in their houses.

OBITUARY.

JACOB AND PHILIPPINE MAURER.

United in death, as they had been united in life, Jacob and Philippine Maurer were lying side by side in their coffins at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the little front parlor on the upper floor of No. 151 West Harrison street. Their end had come the same day—Tuesday last. The wife was 80 and died a few hours before the husband, who was 72. They had both suffered from dropsy for a number of months prior to death, and up to that time they had both enjoyed a hale old age, neither of them being in appearance more than 60 years of age, and quite active and strong. They were both buried in Graceland yesterday, and their numerous friends, neighbors, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren accompanied the two hearses to the snow-clad spot where these two aged people were to find a last resting-place.

The stillness of death, as of a profound soothing sleep, lay on the pale, tranquil features of husband and wife while their friends were gathered around the coffins in large groups. There are five children—Henry Maurer, aged 50, of Winona, Minn., who is himself "a triple grandfather"; J. W. Maurer of Chicago, who shares in the grandparental honors; and Peter, Friedrich, and John. There are some twenty-five grandchildren—quite a number of them of adult age—and some half-dozen great-grandchildren. Most of these direct descendants were present, and besides these enough neighbors and old-time friends to form a funeral cortége of about 100 carriages. They spoke naught but good of the two old loved ones who had died together.

The name of Jacob Maurer ought to be no unfamiliar one to old Chicagoans, for it was the one of an early settler, he having come to reside here when the present magnificent metropolis was yet a struggling village. It was in 1843 he settled here with his wife. They came from Kaiserslautern. The next year, in 1844, during the great flood in Chicago, the young settler distinguished himself by saving the little Chicago navy from being swept away by the flood, he swimming out towards the vessels and fastening hawsers to them. For a long time Mr. Maurer plied a trade now extinct in this place—that of water-merchant. He supplied the West-Siders and the more aristocratic denizens of the South Side with pure lake water, which at that time was still pure indeed. In 1854 he was a member of a volunteer fire company under Chief McBride, and later on did a good deal of business as contractor, having amongst other things done quite a deal of work on the very cemetery where his tired body is now resting.

ABEL HANSON WHITE.

Abel Hanson White, an old resident of this city, died yesterday at his residence, No. 3454 Indiana avenue, of pneumonia. Mr. White was 71 years old, born in Barry, Mass., and came to Canton, this State, where he was engaged in the hardware business for several years, accumulating a handsome fortune. He came to Chicago in 1856 and engaged in the wholesale hardware business here at No. 200 Lake street. He was crippled financially in the panic of 1856-'57 and afterward engaged in the grocery trade, dealing considerably in real estate. He leaves a wife and no children. The funeral will take place from his late residence at 1 p. m. Sunday.

OTHER DEATHS.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Capt. Scribes Harris, one of the oldest residents of this section, died at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

[Capt. Harris came to Dubuque in 1846. He was an old river captain, and ran the first packet that ever went up the headwaters of the Mississippi River to St. Paul, the steamer St. Paul, in 1835, and also the first steamer that ever navigated the Wisconsin River. He was 76 years of age and had amassed a fortune. He was one of the directors of the First National Bank of Dubuque, and was at one time the proprietor of several boat stores along the river and a ship-yard at Galena. He also invented a torpedo boat which received much attention from the United States naval authorities.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Benjamin Tatham died today at his residence, No. 36 Stuyvesant street, of pneumonia, after an illness of five days, in his 71st year.

[Mr. Tatham was for forty years a member of the firm of Tatham & Brothers, lead manufacturers of No. 82 Beekman street, New York. He was a prominent member of the Society of Friends, and at one time had been Indian Commissioner. He had always taken great interest in benevolent matters, and had done much towards improving the condition of the negroes and Indians. Mr. Tatham leaves a wife and four sons. The funeral will take place from his late residence Monday next at 12 o'clock.]

JOHN KNOX'S CLOCK.

Not alone on account of its intrinsic worth, but owing to its historical value, W. H. Woods of Huntingdon, Pa., has in his possession a clock that would command, perhaps, as high a figure as any other timepiece in the country. It was built at Paisley, Scotland, by Evan Skeoch, in 1560, and was owned by John Knox, the great Scottish Reformer, from whom Mr. Woods descends lineally. John Knox died in 1572. His big eight-day clock was handed down to his family for nearly a hundred and fifty years, when it finally came into the hands of John Witherspoon, father of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. When John Witherspoon, the son, left Scotland in 1768 to take charge of Princeton College he brought the old heirloom with him, and when he was elected to the Continental Congress the old timepiece was ticking in his parlor. Dr. Witherspoon prized the clock very highly. When he died he requested that it should remain in his family and descend to the first born of succeeding generations. At the death of Dr. Witherspoon, which occurred in 1794, the clock came into the possession of his daughter, Marion, who subsequently married the Rev. Dr. James S. Woods of Lewistown, Pa., who died in 1862. At the death of Mrs. Woods, shortly after, the clock came into the possession of the present owner, Mr. W. H. Woods, in whose parlor it now stands. The clock is still a good timekeeper, eight feet high, built of rosewood, with works of brass.

PEPPERMINT OIL.

There is a boom in the peppermint-oil market in Wayne County, New York. The prices paid for the oil vary from $2.85 to $3.95 per pound. The advance is due to heavy orders from Europe, where immense quantities have been consumed this year in the treatment of cases of cholera. It is believed that prices next season will be the highest ever known, and thousands of pounds of the oil are being held back with this expectation.

SARA ALEXANDER.

"The Pet of Salt Lake City"—Leading Actress in Brigham Young's Theatre,

And Said to Be the Most Wonderful Dancer the United States Has Ever Produced.

A Sketch of Her Career—Why She Left Mormondom—Her Withdrawal from the Stage.

For The Chicago Tribune.

Not many months ago I met in New York a woman whose history may prove of interest just now while the Mormon question is agitating the public mind. This woman was Sara Alexander, for years the leading actress and the first professional dancer ever allowed in Brigham Young's magnificent theatre.

The story of Miss Alexander's life reads like one of Mrs. Southworth's romances. From Lisle Lester, the New York lady journalist and correspondent, I learned much of her history, besides being allowed access to her interesting scrap-books.

Sara Alexander was born in Virginia. Her mother—left a widow with two small daughters—was made a convert to the Mormon faith through the eloquent persuasions of one of the "traveling agents" sent to the South to recruit the Church. "My mother was of a morbidly religious turn of mind," Miss Alexander said to me, "and we were in straitened circumstances after the death of my father. The Mormon preacher told a pleasant story of the happiness in store for her, here and hereafter, if she embraced his faith. He said a good home and a kind husband would be provided her in Salt Lake and her two daughters would be clothed and educated. He mentioned polygamy only to remark that it was not a part of the creed and no one was obliged to possess a plurality of wives. We went to Salt Lake City, and my mother became the first wife of a very kind man. Our worldly condition was much improved, and we lived very happily for several years. I was a child and knew nothing of the tragedies occurring daily about me. It was not until they came into the lives of those dear to me that I saw and understood the horrors of Mormonism."

IN BRIGHAM YOUNG'S THEATRE.

It is well known how fond Brigham Young was of the drama. He built a splendid theatre in 1861 and organized a dramatic company. Five of his daughters played from time to time, but none of them attained eminence in the profession. Sara Alexander was chosen as a member of the company, and soon developed marked talent as an actress. She was very handsome, of the delicate, petite order of beauty, and wonderfully graceful. After she had been playing leading parts for several months, she one night improvised a few light steps during one scene in the comedy she was enacting. Brigham's "manager," who was progressive in his ideas, recognized her terpsichorean gifts and placed her under skillful instructors at once. In a few months she became the most wonderful dancer the United States has ever produced. But her talents were mainly reserved for Salt Lake City, and she abandoned the profession before her fame was national, or rather world-wide as it might have been.

"Brigham objected seriously to the introduction of dancing in his theatre at first," Miss Alexander told me. "Finally he consented to watch it one night from his box; but he insisted that our skirts should be below the knees—almost to the ankles. The second night he took a seat in the front row, and suggested that 'we shorten our dresses somewhat to allow more freedom of movement.' After that he never objected to the dancing, and gradually our costumes reached the regulation dimensions."

Miss Alexander became the sensation, and for five years she was known as "the Pet of Salt-Lake City." Her dancing was peculiar to herself—a style involving the most beautiful and intricate steps. Seldom has any artist—even of the famous French dancers of world-wide reputation—equaled her in celerity or grace.

This handsome, gifted, vivacious girl was used as a veritable cat's-paw by the Mormon Elders. She was invited to be present at all the dinners given to officials or Gentile visitors. They pointed to her with pride, and said: "Your papers claim that our women are all sad and unhappy. Look at our Sara! She is one of us. Does she look like a wretched woman?"

And Sara was allowed to dance over the hearts of half the men in Salt Lake City, and was not "sealed" to any man, because they preferred to keep her as "an example" to show to strangers.

HER ESCAPE FROM MORMONDOM.

Light-hearted, petted, and admired, she was unconscious and unsuspicious of the misery around her. But her awakening came. Her stepfather proposed bringing a second wife home while her mother lay an invalid in her bed. Fortunately, her mother died before he accomplished his purpose. Then her sister, scarcely a year wedded and soon to become a mother, was driven almost to madness by the knowledge that another wife was to be taken by her husband. After the birth of her baby girl she sank into a profound melancholy. Sara Alexander, realizing now all the terrible hidden side of polygamy, made her escape to San Francisco and took her sister and the baby girl with her. Her sister died in less than two months afterwards. Miss Alexander has devoted her life to the care of her niece, who is now known in the professional world as the child actress, Lisle Lee. Numerous attempts to kidnap this child have been made by her Mormon father, who is of course anxious to gain possession of her and bring her up in the "faith." But Mrs. Alexander guards her with maternal devotion, and surrounds her with the most vigilant care in her public career.

After leaving Utah Miss Alexander was followed by Joseph Young, Brigham's son, who begged her to return and become his lawfully sealed wife. He told her she "would be damned if she did not." A San Francisco paper reported that Sara replied: "She would be damned if she did." And Joseph returned disconsolate, and Sara took to the field and delivered the first anti-Mormon lectures ever given by a woman.

She was unusually gifted intellectually, and had received every advantage of education in Utah. It is a misfortune to the world that she retired from public life after a few years spent in lecturing varied with dramatic engagements, which resulted in her almost entirely abandoning her profession of dancing. Her lectures met with much favor, and, had her theme been a more popular one, she might have attained great distinction as a lecturer, as she possessed decided talents.

IN PRIVATE LIFE.

She shrinks from notoriety, and lives in the most quiet and retired manner in New York. Her delicate face retains marked evidences of its old beauty in her lustrous eyes and regular features; and her form is as dainty and lissome as a child's. I had always been told that the feet of professional dancers were large and misshapen from overexertion. But Sara Alexander wears a No. 2 boot, and her foot is narrow and beautifully arched. As a mark of especial favor she yielded to my eager urging, and gave me a private exhibition of her marvelous dancing. I have never in my life seen anything on the stage to equal it. If some manager could secure her for a season now he would reap a rich harvest. But she resolutely refuses to return to the stage. I occupied a box with her one night at the theatre in New York. As we looked out on the brilliantly-lighted stage and crowded house I said: "Does it not make you long for your old life to look on a scene like that?" "No," she said, "it makes me tired to think of it. I have had it all and I would not live it over again."

I never saw a woman who made a more indelible impression upon my mind than this quiet, dainty little creature who was once "the Pet of Salt Lake City." She has passed through a strangely adventurous and dangerous career, and reached the maturity of life with a stainless name and a heart as pure as a child's. Her face is turned away from the glare of the footlights toward the sunset of life; her bouquets are withered, with many of her youthful hopes; the echo of the applause that used everywhere to greet her appearance is dying away in the chambers of her memory; but she retains her youthful grace, and the light of a sweet spirit which is always young shines from her gentle and almost sad face as she walks on alone toward the western hills.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

VEGETABLES IN FLORIDA.

At Altoona, Fla., one may dine on young potatoes and green peas that have grown since Sept. 23.

NOTES FROM GERMANY.

IMPROVING THE BALTIC DEFENSES—THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE EMPEROR'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE—OTHER MATTERS.

The autumn naval manœuvres having proved the inadequacy of the defenses of the Baltic coast of Prussia in face of the development of naval ordnance, the fortifications of all the harbors, especially Memel, Pillau, Colberg, and Stralsund, will be strengthened.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's accession to the throne will be celebrated the 3d of January next, which will be observed, instead of New-Year's Day, for the reception of all the Generals in Berlin. Divine service will also be celebrated in all the garrisons.

Wagner's "Parsifal" and "Tristan und Isolde" will be represented at Bayreuth from the 20th of July to the 20th of August next year.

The rumor that Prince Dolgorouki, the Russian Military Plenipotentiary attached to the person of the Emperor, is to be replaced by Prince Obolenski, General commanding the Preobrasgenski Guards, is not credited. It probably had its origin in the statement that Prince Obolenski, with a numerous deputation, will come to Berlin in January to congratulate the Emperor on his twenty-fifth anniversary as King of Prussia.

The German East African Company has concluded a treaty with the Sultan of Somal Land, dated Sept. 6, granting to the company a monopoly of trade and mining. It is difficult to understand how the company can acquire a monopoly in a district within the zone of African free trade as settled by the Congo Conference. English commerce being rather important there, the step is worth notice.

The 90th birthday of the venerable historian, Leopold von Ranke, will be celebrated the 21st inst.

Germany is just now showing wonderful energy in colonization. An attempt is being made to include even South America within the field of operations. The idea is to establish a thoroughly German settlement on a large scale in Rio Grande do Sul, the southernmost province of the Brazils. Already a small colony of Germans has emigrated from the fatherland, and a company is to be formed with a large capital in order to further extend the flow of emigrants towards this part of the world. As the colonial associations are reported to have taken the matter up, and to have voted funds for preliminary inquiries, it may be expected that we shall hear a good deal more about Rio Grande do Sul.

The following interesting account of the proceedings in the Reichstag Nov. 29 is from a London paper: "Prince Bismarck appeared in the Reichstag yesterday shortly before the opening of the sitting, looking wonderfully vigorous and fresh. The order of the day was Herr Reichensperger's interpellation, supported by the Ultramontanes, Poles, and Guelfs, inquiring about the alleged interference of the Government with the work of the Roman Catholic missionaries in German colonies. The Chancellor declared himself ready to answer the questions of Herr Reichensperger, and the Ultramontane Deputy proceeded to establish his case as best he could, stating that two members of the French Order of the Holy Ghost, an order closely connected with the Jesuits, had been prevented from opening a school on the West African coast, and threatening that if the answer of the Government were not satisfactory the Centre would show their displeasure by voting against them on future occasions. Prince Bismarck was evidently irritated by this threat, but he at first answered Herr Reichensperger very quietly, stating that the exclusion of the religious orders from the German protectorates was simply the result of existing legislation, which excludes all Jesuits, etc., from Germany, and which cannot be altered by any juridical subtleties. The objection to the Jesuits was not based on their Catholicism, but on their international character, their renunciation of all national ties, their destructiveness wherever they go. This sally was greeted with loud cheers from the Right and murmurs from the Centre, which led the Chancellor into an eloquent defense of national feeling and a complaint that Germans everywhere, east and west, were too easily induced to abandon their nationality. 'The most anti-German members of the French revanche party,' he said, 'are German renegades; the most enthusiastic Poles are of German origin. Every German living a few years in America talks a German full of Americanisms. This cosmopolitan inclination, this "fatherlandlesness," which the Jesuits further more than anybody else, is my chief complaint against them.' The Chancellor warmly denied that he had any intention to hinder or curtail the work of Catholic missionaries. The Catholic Kings of Bavaria and Saxony would never suffer such a policy. He wished only the fullest and completest parity, and expressed his opinion that the whole interpellation was only designed to produce among Catholics anti-Government feelings. Herr Windthorst replied in a bitter speech, of the old Culturkampf pattern, concluding by an unfavorable comparison of Prince Bismarck's rule to that of the late King Frederick William IV. The Chancellor, in reply, taunted the Centre party with keeping up the agitation merely because they knew their power was at an end if they did not constantly find some new pretext for attacking the Government. 'I most earnestly protest,' he said, 'against the insinuation that I am the present ruler of this country. That is an insult which I certainly did not deserve. I only wish that Herr Windthorst were such a devoted, loyal, and humble servant of his Emperor as I am. If he were so he would not have so deeply offended me by trying to set me in opposition to my monarch. That is unworthy of us.'"

"GIMLETS."

The prematurely weary youths of fashionable society now call the afternoon teas "gimlets," because, don't you know, "they are such a bore!"—*New York Mail.*

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A Perfect Jam.

The sale of clothing damaged by fire and water at 121 Fifth avenue is drawing to an end. Clothing that is burnt has been laid aside, and only goods that are damaged by water are sold. The store is crowded all the time. The sale can only last three days more, as store must be vacated so that building can be repaired. A good quality men's heavy winter coat, $1.98. A fine woolen suit, $3.49; price before the fire $13; only wrinkled from moving at the time of the fire. Fine quality of pants, $1.19; price before the fire $5. A big lot of overcoats of finest quality, silk and satin lined, at one-third of cost. A chance to get an overcoat at such a bargain will never occur again. Fashionable hats, 32 cents; cheap at $2. Underwear, woolen jackets, and other goods at the fire sale, 121 Fifth avenue, between Madison and Washington streets, Chicago. Remember, sale must close in three days more to repair building. Open evenings.

Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Advertisers can learn the cost of any proposed line of advertising at Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce-st., New York. Send 10 cents for 100-page pamphlet containing lists of newspapers and advertising rates.

No Christmas or New Year's table should be without a bottle of *Angostura Bitters*, the world-renowned appetizer, of exquisite flavor. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

There is no medicine sold that relieves so much sickness and suffering as Parker's Tonic. Parker's Hair Balsam saves the hair from decay.

Walk off like a man after curing your corns with Allcock's Corn Plaster. At all druggists.

For Coughs, Asthma, and Throat Disorders use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." 25 cents a box.

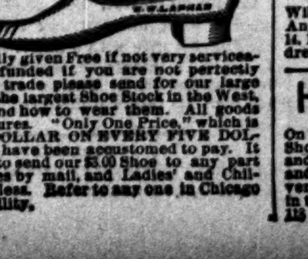
HONESTY PAYS.

The Eastern Yankee Factory Shoes that are now being so extensively advertised, mostly at $3.00, cost on an average only $1.30. You buy without waiting to consider the fraud, and pay Three Retail Profits (to the MAKER, the RETAILER and NEWSPAPER).

C. W. LAPHAM

No. 329 W. Madison-st.,

is disgusted, and MEANS to break up this FRAUD by selling his splendid Quaker $4 Sewed Shoe at $3. It positively cost him $3.27 to make only six months ago, and now costs $2.92. (All styles in Button, Lace, and Congress). Fine, Plump Calf; Seamless Vamps. Glove Calf Top. Worked Button-holes. All solid Leather, and made up very stylish on our $7 Hand Sewed Lasts, and is richly worth $1.35 more than any other $3 Shoe advertised, and sells for $3.00 on the South Side. Every pair fully warranted, and a new pair gladly given Free if not very serviceable, and money refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied. Country trade please send for our large Free Catalogue of the largest Shoe Stock in the West, of Latest Styles, and how to wear them. All goods marked in plain figures. "Only One Price," which is a saving of ONE DOLLAR ON EVERY FIVE DOLLARS on what you have been accustomed to pay. It costs only 35 cents to send our $3.00 Shoe to any part of the United States by mail, and Ladies' and Children's Shoes much less. Refer to any one in Chicago as to our responsibility. Open evenings.



Convict Labor TO LET.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the undersigned up to 3 o'clock p. m. Wednesday, February 3, 1886, for the labor of from 200 to 250 convicts.

Contracts to run not less than three or more than eight years. Bidders stating for what length of time they wish to contract the labor, the character of employment, number of convicts desired, whether bidders will furnish power, or desire the State, amount of power desired.

All proposals must be sealed, marked "Proposals for Convict Labor," and addressed to J. P. Robarts, Secretary of the Board of Commissioners, Southern Illinois Penitentiary, Chester, Illinois.

The bids will be opened at the prison at Chester, Illinois, at 3 o'clock p. m., February 3, 1886, in the presence of bidders.

Bids must be accompanied by bond of $5,000, conditioned that if the contract be awarded to bidder he must enter into the same with good bond for its due performance.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

Full particulars may be obtained by addressing J. P. ROBARTS, Secretary Board of Commissioners, Mound City, Illinois, or G. M. MITCHELL, Warden, Chester, Illinois.

Commis'ers. { ISAAC CLEMENTS, Pres., J. P. ROBARTS, Secy, JACOB GROSCH.

Chester, Ill., December 9, 1885.

MASON & HAMLIN

UPRIGHT PIANOS

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS.

"Capable of tones of extraordinary purity and beauty; much increased in durability; overcoming in large degree the tendency to get out of tune, which has been the most serious practical difficulty in the Pianoforte."—*Scientific American.*

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149 WABASH AVENUE.

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BEST. CHEAPEST.

CABINET LETTER FILE.

OVER 25,000 FILES sold the first two years. OVER 1,500 NATIONALS now in use by parties who have discarded the most popular of other makes.

The National is the BEST, because it is more complete, more simple, and more durable than any other Cabinet Letter File ever made.

It is the Cheapest, because it has greater capacity than any other. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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Wholesale and Retail Stationers.

TO RENT, IN THE TRIBUNE BUILDING, A FRONT OFFICE WITH GOOD VAULT.

WM. C. DOW, Room 10 Tribune Building.

FOR RENT.

Store and basement. 121 Wabash-av. Possession given now. Corner Flat containing all modern improvements in "Newport," corner Pine and Ontario-sts. JAS. M. GAMBLE & CO., 40 Dearborn-st., Rooms 2 to 3.

BETHESDA.

The Purest Table Water in the World. Unequaled for all diseases of the kidneys.

BOTTLED AND IN BULK.

Delivered in any part of the City.

Telephone 87. No. 132 Adams-st.

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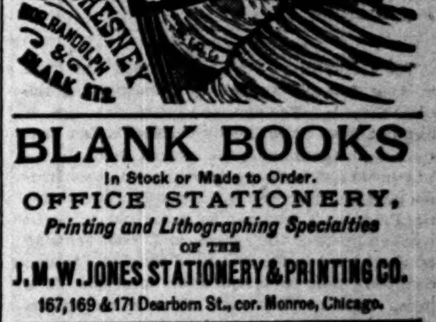
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On Real Estate at Lowest Rates.

BAIRD & BRADLEY, 90 La Salle-st.

LAUGHING GAS.



BLANK BOOKS

In Stock or Made to Order.

OFFICE STATIONERY,

Printing and Lithographing Specialties OF THE

J. M. W. JONES STATIONERY & PRINTING CO.

167, 169 & 171 Dearborn St., cor. Monroe, Chicago.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye

Is the BEST. Acts instantaneously, producing the most natural shades of BLACK or BROWN; does not stain the skin, and is easily applied. Price, $1.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative and Beautifier

Is the best Dressing for the hair. Try it. Price, $1. J. CRISTADORO, 95 WILLIAM-ST., New York. Interesting pamphlets sent free.

FOR SALE.

The Davenport Plow Co., one of the oldest and best known plow-factories in the West, is for sale. The buildings, machinery, and tools are all in good condition. For further particulars apply to DAVENPORT PLOW CO., Davenport, Ia.

Men's and Youths' Winter Hats. All leading American, English, and French styles. Finest Goods, Lowest Prices. BARNES & CO., Fashionable Hatters, 86 Madison-st. (Tribune Bldg.)

1885. SIGLER'S 1886.

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Popular Pullman Palace Parties. Grand Excursions

Will leave Chicago, St. Paul, and St. Louis for Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Honolulu, Monday, Dec. 14, 1885, Jan. 11 and Feb. 8, 1886. For particulars address H. C. SIGLER, Manager, 54 Clark-st., Chicago.

HOUSES FOR SALE.

On monthly payments at Brookline Station on Lake Shore and Fort Wayne Railroads, Seventy-second-st. and Cottage Grove-av., Hyde Park, new houses; hot and cold water, bath, closets, and all modern conveniences. Very accessible by three lines of railroad in thirty minutes' time. Apply to WM. V. JACOBS, 118 Dearborn-st.

NEW YORK.

The Steamship Persian Monarch Encounters a Stormy and Perilous Voyage.

A Prominent Banker of the Metropolis Becomes a Stanch Silver Advocate.

The Inauguration of Gov. Hill to Take Place at Albany New-Year's Day.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The steamship Persian Monarch of the Monarch Line arrived at her dock this morning, with her head low down in the water, and with her bows and upper works bearing evidences of having been buffeted by terrific seas. Capt. Watson reported that the voyage, which occupied eighteen days, was the severest he had ever experienced. The vessel left London Dec. 6 with a general cargo and sixty-four passengers, of whom forty-one were in the steerage. The weather was rough from the outset of the voyage, but the vessel steamed steadily along until Dec. 12, when the wind increased into a hurricane. She stove in her bows and the water filled the forward compartments. The collision bulkhead remained intact. The greatest alarm prevailed among both the cabin and steerage passengers, whose quarters were being inundated. The damage was temporarily repaired and the fears of the passengers allayed. An incident of the storm was the death of William Steel, a seaman, who had been working in the hold. He discovered among the cargo a bottle which he thought contained whisky. He took a heavy pull at the bottle, and was taken sick soon afterward and died. The bottle had contained horse linament. Dec. 19 the vessel was caught in a revolving gale in which she labored in a dangerous manner. It seemed to the frightened passengers as if the terrors of the hurricane of Dec. 12 were about to be repeated. The vessel, however, stood up bravely against the storm. There were twenty feet of water in the fore compartment when the Persian Monarch was docked yesterday.

A STANCH SILVER ADVOCATE.

Mr. John Thompson, the venerable President of the Chase National Bank, No. 104 Broadway, is a pronounced silver advocate, and he is, perhaps, the only officer of a National bank in New York of whom that can be said. Today he said: "I stand alone in this matter among the National-bank officers of this city, but it is not the first time I have stood alone on financial questions. When I was working tooth and nail to get our present National-banking system established I stood alone; there was not another banker in New York who would have anything to do with it. Again, when I organized the First National Bank of New York no one would touch the stock and I was forced to take it all in my own family. Myself and my two sons and son-in-law held the stock, and we brought in an outsider with ten shares to give us the five directors necessary to organize. So it was when we issued the first National-bank note—again I stood alone. The New York clearing-house held a big meeting to talk over the matter, and, after a full discussion, decided not to have anything to do with such money. They said that no one but a scalawag would touch it. They have changed their minds since then," laughed Mr. Thompson. "On this silver question," Mr. Thompson went on, "I stand alone so far as this locality is concerned; but I am happy to believe that the people of the United States are with me. I contend that neither precious metal can be thrown into mere merchandise, instead of being continued as money metal, without causing stagnation, depression, and finally a monetary revolution, doubling the purchasing power of the monetized metal and causing a corresponding cheapening of all property, including silver, and bringing debtors as a general thing to bankruptcy. It is indisputable that the gold output of the world is diminishing. My views are that there will be a desperate international effort for the possession of gold, and there will not be gold enough to go round, on which to sustain specie payments. When the silver of the world is degraded to mere merchandise one-half the precious metal foundation for sustaining specie payments disappears, and the idea that the other half will be adequate is preposterous."

"Do you think the other New York bankers will eventually come to your views on this subject?"

"They can't help it. Manifest destiny is on my side."

"How soon do you expect such a change?"

"Without knowing something more of the spirit of the present Congress I cannot give you much of an answer to that question. If Congress makes it mandatory to coin more than the $2,000,000 per month of standard silver dollars, and orders the Administration to call in the 3 per cent bonds, then the banks shall within a year be using silver dollars or silver certificates over their counters, and those dollars or certificates will be the current money of this Nation. The idea that when this comes there will be financial trouble is perfectly preposterous, for the banks will have the gold to count in their resources and have the silver certificates to use over their counters. This may be termed an inflation and a warding off of a panic, whereas being restricted to a single gold standard will likely bring on a stringency and make troublesome times."

"Do you favor the free coinage of silver?"

"I do, emphatically; and I as emphatically favor the issue of silver notes in small denominations against silver deposited in the Treasury, so that no American may be compelled to carry coin, whether gold or silver."

"Do you think the present Congress will stop the coinage of silver?"

"I do not. Congressman Warner said the other night that there was no danger of that, and he knows our strength. He says we may not get free coinage, but there is no danger of a repeal of the present law. The President has been captured by the bank officers, it is true, and they have impressed him with their views until he has put his foot in it, but we still have strength enough to keep silver where it is."

GOV. HILL'S INAUGURAL.

The ceremonies attendant upon the inauguration of Gov. Hill will take place New-Year's Day at Albany.

THE GULF STREAM.

The Hereditary Prince of Monaco has been making himself useful by investigating the Gulf Stream. The common belief, though it has not been scientifically verified, is that that current, after passing the Azores, flows to the northeast and tempers the climate of the British Isles and the Scandinavian coast. To test this the Prince last summer took several hundred wooden floats to the Azores, and then, cruising to northward in the waters of the Gulf Stream, dropped them overboard at intervals of a mile. Sealed within each was a memorandum stating the date and exact latitude and longitude in which it was cast over and requesting the mariner picking it up to note the same details of that occurrence. Not many of the floats have yet been recovered, but such as have been unanimously testify against the accepted theory, for they were found far to the southward from where they had dropped. Enterprising geniuses who think of turning the British Isles into icebergs by diverting the Gulf Stream will please take notice that their labor might, after all, prove to be vain.

THE MEGAPHONE ON SHIPBOARD.

The introduction of the megaphone on shipboard—a sort of telescope for the ear or machine for magnifying sound—is said to be a boon in prospect for mariners. Its design is to enable a person to hear or carry on a conversation with people at a distance, and it is constructed of two huge cone-shaped tubes, eight feet long and three in diameter at the large end, which diminish to an apex in the form of rubber tubes small enough to place in the ear. Between these tubes are two smaller ones, constructed in the same manner, but not more than half the diameter. By placing the rubber tubes in the ear and speaking through the smaller cones the person can hear and be heard at a long distance, and it thus aids mariners in listening for the sound of breakers, or carrying on conversation with persons on shore or on other vessels at a distance.

THE OYSTER.

M. Cortes, the distinguished microscopist, has been experimenting upon the effects of various condiments on the tissues of the oyster. He recommends lemon juice as the most valuable of these relishes, as it has the property of destroying the animalcule which infest the stomach of that mollusk.

WHEAT HERE AND ABROAD.

CAUSE OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION IN PRICE—INDIA'S COMPETITION.

Our Consul-General at London reports that the depression affecting the cultivation of cereals in Great Britain has reached its acutest stage. American competition and bad seasons have borne most heavily on British wheat growers, and the acreage of wheat in Great Britain the present year has fallen 7½ per cent as compared with last year's. From other sources come statements about the depressing effect of American competition upon agriculture in the British Isles. The farmers of Yorkshire have recently formed a coöperative society in order that they may sell produce directly to the consumer and get rid of the middleman and his profits. Careful observers report that agriculture in Scotland is in very bad condition. Many farms have been deserted and are degenerating to a wild state like the abandoned farms on the hills in some parts of New England. But the trouble in Scotland, while due in the first place to foreign competition, has been prolonged and intensified by high rents.

We do not see, however, that it is American competition which the British wheat-grower just now has cause to fear. It was announced not long ago that in the six Western States that furnish the greater part of our winter wheat crop the acreage had been decreased at the last sowing, and that the reports indicated a tendency to turn from wheat to other crops. This decrease of acreage was caused by the low price of wheat, and the low price of our wheat has been caused in the main by the competition of India and Australia in the British wheat market, although the prevailing depression of industry and trade has had some effect in that direction. January wheat was sold in Chicago Saturday for 88⅜ cents, but still there is substantially no export demand. Owing to a remarkable decrease in the quantity exported our visible supply is enormous, notwithstanding the deficiency in the last crop. It is the cheap wheat of India and other countries that is breaking down the English wheat-grower now, and the effect of its introduction in Europe is felt in this country. The average price of wheat in more than 150 English towns week before last was as low as the lowest price reached last year. This low price is not due to the sale of American wheat in England at low prices. The attitude of England toward American wheat is indicated by the *Mark Lane Express*, which said recently: "Great Britain is at the present time quite independent of American red wheats. We do not need them and we do not want them, and the one great danger is that they should be sent here under circumstances equivalent to liquidation on account of United States gamblers." This overstates the case, but marks the great change that has taken place in the British wheat market.

Consul-General Waller advises the American producer to grow more oats and barley for export, for the reason that in selling these crops they will not meet the severe competition of India. It is probable that the supply of Indian wheat for export will increase from year to year, owing to the development of the industry and of the railway system in that country by means of British capital. Indian competition in the wheat market, therefore, will not fall off, but will become more dangerous. At the same price the English will buy American wheat, because it is better, but the English buyer not only sees the Indian wheat far underselling the American, but has also learned that the price of American wheat is fixed by speculation rather than by legitimate trade. He can rely upon the steadiness of the price of the Indian supply, but he knows that the operations of a syndicate or a burst of speculation among the grain gamblers in this country may send up the price of our wheat 10 cents a bushel in two or three days. Gambling in our grain market in the past led the foreign consumer to develop the agricultural resources of regions that are now our formidable rivals, and gambling in the same market now tends to confirm the trade arrangements which it then caused to be established.—*N. Y. Times*.

THE DARK AGES COME AGAIN.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN ARKANSAS—"TESTING THE RIGHT TO OBSERVE THE SEVENTH OR SABBATH DAY."

FAYETTEVILLE, Ark., Nov. 28.—[Correspondence *Globe-Democrat*.]—After a lengthy session of more than three weeks Circuit Court has at last adjourned. Quite a full docket was disposed of, the principal interest being manifested in the test case of the Seventh-Day Adventists under the new Sunday law of this State. This denomination, through the labors of several of their ministers, sent here as missionaries from the Northern States, have, within the last eighteen months, succeeded in gaining quite a foothold in Arkansas, having a fine church edifice and strong membership at Springdale, a few miles from here, as well as churches in other parts of the State. They have been from the first apparently an industrious and God-fearing people, the chief difference between them and other Christian bodies being that they observe the *seventh* day as the *Sabbath, according to the commandment*. But it seems that sectionalism cannot lay down its arms, even when the sacred precincts of religion are entered; so among the first things performed by the Legislature at its session last winter, less than a year after these people had come into the State, was the repeal of the clause which gave them the liberty to keep the day of their choice. This may be a part of the 'reform' connected with the new machine; but, if so, it seems to be directed by a very bigoted spirit.

As the law now stands, all parties, irrespective of their religious belief, are compelled to observe the first day of the week as the Christian Sabbath; and under this law three indictments were found against members of the above denomination—one of the cases being that of Elder Scoles, one of their ministers, whose case is to be made the test in the Supreme Court as to the constitutionality of the recent act of the Legislature. It is a little singular that no one else has been troubled on account of the law, with perhaps one minor exception, while members of the above denomination are being arrested over the whole State. It savors just a trifle of the religious persecution which characterized the dark ages. A minister of the Gospel pleading in a court of justice with the open Bible in his hand for the liberty to keep God's commands is a strange sight in this country; but, according to the rulings of the court in this case, a man has no rights of conscience outside of the dictation of law. If this be the case, and if our lawmakers are to control the religious opinions of their constituents, there is no telling what we may yet see in the way of enforcing their peculiar creeds and dogmas. Much interest is manifested here over this matter, and a decision from the higher court is anxiously looked for.

THE TROUBLE AT WELLSVILLE.

WELLSVILLE, O., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Last night a rough character living at Portis, or "Tophet," as it is appropriately called, named Roxburg, had a fight with a fellow-miner, "Bill" Dennis. Today it was renewed and one of Dennis' friends stabbed Roxburg in the arm on Main street. Roxburg was then hustled away. On their way home "Bill" Dennis met them and the fight was renewed. Roxburg drew a revolver and fired at Dennis, missing him. Dennis ran and Roxburg followed and fired again. The shot broke Dennis' right leg. Just then a gang, headed by Jack Dennis, "Bill's" brother, came up and the fight became general. Knives and pistols were used. Roxburg fired three shots and clinched with John Dennis, and, with his pistol close to the abdomen, fired and tore Dennis' stomach open. In this condition Dennis got the pistol, and before he fell beat Roxburg's head almost into a jelly. Women joined in the fight, and some of them were quite badly hurt. John Dennis died a short time after being shot, and Roxburg may die from the effects of beating over the head received at the hands of Dennis. Several arrests were made. Windows were broken and all sorts of missiles filled the air. During the progress of the riot the town was in a fever of excitement, but everything is now quiet.

MAKING A RAISE.

While the soldiers were at Seattle a number of them who were impecunious struck a brilliant plan for making a raise. They started out and made a census of all the Chinese in the town, charging each one a fee for taking his name. The whole of Chinatown was gone over and $150 was realized.—*Sacramento (Cal.) Record*.

SHOT BY HIS SON.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 25.—Philip Ewald, a laborer, went home drunk tonight and began chasing his wife with a knife. His son, Philip Jr., aged 17, interfered, and the father cut him twice on the head. The son then drew a pistol and shot his father four times, fatally injuring him.

SIGLER'S
California Pullman car excursions, Jan. 11 and Feb. 8, 1886. Read advertisement. H. C. SIGLER.

PARNELL, THE SPHINX.

What Is Going On in His Head Is to Many an Insoluble Problem.

Much Anxiety Expressed by the English to Know His Plans and Purposes.

In Due Time All Will Be Known—His Motives Are Certainly Satisfactory to Many.

London *Spectator*, Dec. 12: We should like to know what Mr. Parnell thinks of it all. That he exults a little, or even much, may be assumed even of a secretive character like his, for it is not possible that a man should succeed so far in his plans, and fix on himself the regard and hope of a whole people, without some feeling of exultation. But the observer wishes to know more than that—to understand why Mr. Parnell, in his inner mind, desires and hopes; what he considers his plan; what course he has sketched out for himself; and, above all, what he, in the self-communion which every man in his position must occasionally hold, believes at heart to be possible. Upon none of these subjects is there as yet any clear light. It is one of the specialties of Mr. Parnell, and one of the secrets of his strange hold over a population utterly unlike himself, both in temperament and in mental disposition, that he has been able to conceal, to a great degree, even his dominating impulse. Nobody knows with certainty whether he is a fanatic for Ireland, or is governed by hatred towards England, or is actuated by an ambition to live in history, or looks cynically on the whole business as a game in which the reward will be success, but a success not altogether worth the winning. We ourselves do not believe in the fanaticism for Ireland—a country which we suspect Mr. Parnell of slightly despising, just as he slightly despises the priesthood he befriends and uses—and think the riddle as yet insoluble, unless he entertains one of those National dislikes which with some men rise to passion; but we freely confess to a lingering doubt whether that solution, though it may explain the facts, is, in the end, the true one.

Mr. Parnell may very well be, after all, a gamester in politics. Inquiry as to his precise plan of action is almost equally difficult. He is a great parliamentary tactician, that is undeniable; but his electioneering scheme has partially failed, the English counties being for the most part outside his reach; and whether he designs to extract concession from the Tories, or to accept terms from the Liberals, or to lock the wheels of Parliament, it is hard to discern. He hints himself that he shall turn to the Liberals, but gives no clew as to his method of either persuading or coercing them; perhaps has no method, and intends to be guided by circumstances, one of which is the probability or improbability of another dissolution. He would not like that, for, by impairing his pecuniary resources, it might interrupt his dominance over his parliamentary following. He must have some general idea in his mind; but he keeps it close, as he has also done his notion of home rule. He has allowed his followers, especially Mr. Justin McCarthy, who holds in the group very much the position which Sir S. Northcote once held among Tories, that of the cultivated man who describes extreme counsels in sweet words, and carefully minimises the apparent effect of every measure, to give some account of a plan—the colonial plan—and he has partially indorsed it himself; but there is no proof that this is his true plan, that he looks on it in any way final, that he has a scheme of government for Ireland in his head, or that he has even thought out what a colonial government in Dublin would be like. He has spoken of guarantees, but has never offered any, except the command of the Queen's troops, which might mean a real control of Ireland, and might also mean that Great Britain must pay for keeping 30,000 troops there without any control at all.

Mr. Parnell, moreover, has not condemned the Federal plan, which would have for Englishmen the double attraction that they would lose Ireland and keep the Irish members; while Lord Salisbury says that Mr. Parnell has favored another scheme, best known as the Austro-Hungarian one. The essence of that scheme is that Hungary is independent in internal affairs, but can at discretion lock the wheels of the Empire; and it only works because the royal authority is ultimately supreme in Hungary, and because the Emperor-King could in the last resort suspend all constitutions and still be obeyed. Mr. Parnell's scheme is, in fact, as little known as his internal mind, which is not known at all.

It is this mind, nevertheless, which has become important. It is a time for plain speaking; and, to speak plainly, the first obstacle to any arrangement whatever of Irish affairs upon any self-governing basis is the profound British doubt as to whether Mr. Parnell, or Mr. Parnell modified by his followers, will keep any bargain at all. Suppose they all agree not to attack property, will that make the landlords, from whom Britain has just exacted such sacrifices, one whit the safer? If words are to be believed, landlordism in Ireland is "to cease"; Sir T. Esmonde, the new member for South Dublin County, being as explicit on that point as the oldest Nationalist; and how is this "ceasing" to be made compatible with justice or British pledges? By compensation? What is compensation, when Mr. Parnell talks of "prairie value," and Mr. Dillon thinks three years' purchase might be found sufficient? What does Mr. Parnell really look forward to on this cardinal point as not only expedient, but, in the excited temper of his followers, as conceivably possible? He can easily leave a "guarantee" in British hands against confiscation by act by leaving with the Colonial Office the right of veto which it possesses as regards all other colonies; but what is the use of that when landlords may be compelled, by boycotting or shooting, to sell to their tenants at the unknown figure described as prairie value? What does Mr. Parnell really wish upon this subject, and, what is still more important, what does he intend to attain if he rules Ireland? No one knows, and if he tells us distinctly, no one in Britain will be certain that he either will or can act upon his statement, or that he and his followers—for Mr. Parnell is always a noun of multitude—will hold their promise any more sacred than they hold judicial rent. They may consider guarantees mere incidents in a battle, in which Generals hold feints to be allowable or praiseworthy. That distrust extends, indeed, to the whole question, for as yet there is no evidence whatever that any concession of self-government, however ample, will be anything except a basis from which to work out a scheme of complete secession. Mr. Parnell may promise; but the Irish Parliament, even if he nominates the first one, may not perform, and Mr. Parnell has never even promised yet, while his earlier utterances, before responsibility had partly closed his mouth, pointed to separation.

And, finally, we should like to know, though we admit this is of a more speculative interest, what Mr. Parnell thinks in his own heart of the prospect round him. He is a cultivated man, and has read history, and it must be difficult for such a man, after working with his countrymen for years, and going through an experience which must be in many respects unique, to believe fully that all experience will be reversed and all history falsified; that 4,000,000 of Irishmen will beat 30,000,000 of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Ulstermen; that the little island that he worships, with its property of herbage, will really break the chain it could not break when it was half the Kingdom, and develop all at once, and without fighting, into a European State.

He knows as well as any man alive that there is but one precedent in European history for such an occurrence, and that the Low Countries owed their deliverance from the Spanish Empire to years of determined warfare, during which they were aided not only by allies, but by their own superiority at sea, and a geographical position to which there is no parallel on earth. Does he really expect to make of Ireland a state, with an army, and a navy, and a flag? or is he calmly considering far smaller schemes, with which he knows well enough he will even in the end be obliged to be content? As he looks round, knowing much of Ireland which even the best-informed Englishman does not know, one wonders what prospect he sees before him, whether it is all peace, and green fields, and happy peasants, or whether he sees lying across the scene dark shadows, which suggest to his inner self those secret societies which have so often appeared in his path and may not have quitted it yet. Does he really pursue his own course, or does he think how easy that course might be if only he could hold power without the consent of darker spirits beside? We do not know, for we do not know yet whether he is statesman, or agitator, or only instrument; and it is not till he has passed away, it may be after a history of failure, that we shall know accurately the inner life of the man who in 1885 was elected Dictator by three provinces of Ireland.

PLUSH.

Plush grows in popularity for dresses, wraps, bonnets, and hats, and is worn by old and young alike.

A REBEL GENERAL'S TORTURES.

BRUISED, WOUNDED, FAINT, ROBBED, WHIPPED, AMPUTATED, AND ALMOST SNAKE-BITTEN—GEN. LILLEY'S UNHAPPY EXPERIENCE IN A SMALL BATTLE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—A singular experience of the War was that of Brig.-Gen. Robert D. Lilley of the Confederate forces at the battle of Rutherford's farm, near Winchester, Va. Gen. Lilley is now living at No. 18 West Twenty-second street, in this city, acting as financial agent for the Centennial Organization for the Endowment of the Washington and Lee University of Virginia. A few evenings ago, at the earnest solicitation of friends, he related his story of strange adventures on the battlefield.

"The 19th of July, 1864," he said, "just after Gen. Early had returned from Washington City, a portion of his command was formed across the main road leading from Berryville to Snigger's Gap in the Blue Ridge to meet a demonstration of the Federal forces from that direction. There was much lively skirmishing, and we expected to be engaged before night. After we had bivouacked to the north of Berryville, an order came for us to move toward Winchester when the troops had finished their supper. We marched all night, and it was after sunrise when we bivouacked along the railway track east of Winchester. In the early afternoon Gen. Ramseur's division was ordered to move promptly down the road leading to Martinsburg, Johnston's brigade first, Lewis' second, and Pegram's (under my command) third in column. About three miles below the town the head of the column came upon the Federal forces under command of Gen. Averill, already in line of battle, with twelve pieces of artillery massed in the centre and supported by infantry, with cavalry on the flanks waiting for us.

"When our battery opened fire and while the troops were forming the concentrated fire of Averill's twelve pieces poured upon the battery and disabled it entirely. The Federal line then advanced and struck our front before the left wing of Lewis' brigade got in line. In the confusion which followed Lewis' brigade was swept back past mine in great disorder. I urged Lewis to halt his brigade on mine, but he said he could do nothing with his men then. I saw at a glance that the only chance was to hold my brigade in position and check the enemy until Lewis and Johnston could form in the fortifications near Winchester. In the meantime a shell grazed my left thigh with the same effect as if my body had been hit a terrible blow with a club, and it pained me so severely that I could scarcely sit on my horse and could not move my leg. I spoke to Col. Board, the senior present, and instructed him that in case I had to leave the battlefield to take command without further orders. The Federal troops pressed forward, evidently thinking that they were carrying everything before them. When within eighty yards my brigade rose and fired rapidly and effectively, checking their centre. Their line was so long, however, that their wings moved forward until they resembled an arc of a circle. I had ridden to the left of my line, and while returning my right arm was shattered near the shoulder by a minie ball. With the two wounds received I ought to have ridden from the field; but it was my first experience with wounds and I dismounted, expecting to walk out with the troops. Just as I had done so and while my horse was galloping to the rear, a minie ball went through my already injured thigh, severing a tendom and completely disabling me. I looked around at Col. Board, who was standing a few yards away, to place him in command, when he was shot dead before my eyes.

"It was a very hot afternoon. Weak with the loss of blood, and feeling a deathly faintness coming on, I lay down in the shade of a tree, exposed to the enemy's fire. The balls struck the rocks and trees, singing and ringing around so that I could not cling closely enough to the ground nor make myself small enough. I remember wondering at the time whether there would be a chance for me to recover if I should receive any more wounds, even if they should not prove fatal at once. I felt as large as a man looks who weighs 300 pounds. I wanted to give orders to have my brigade withdraw, but even from my solitary position I could see it move away in good order under the cover of smoke caused by rapid firing on both sides. The Federals followed the retreat, moving cautiously at first, for they had been much shocked and surprised by the fire from my men. As the Federal line passed over me the officers urged their men forward, and I was obliged to hear them say, 'We have them started now and must keep them going.' My arm began to pain me frightfully, and, looking up, I found that one of the Union soldiers was trying to get my field-glass, and my shattered arm was through the strap and resting upon it.

"'Wait,' I said, 'until I can lift my arm through.'

"'Be quick, then,' replied the soldier.

"No doubt he tried to be careful in taking off the glass; but he got it as quickly as possible and hurried to his place in the ranks, at the same time placing the prize over his neck.

"In a few moments all was quiet around me. I lay there trying to realize that less than an hour previously I had been riding at the head of my brigade, mounted on a good horse. Now my division had been driven back. Between it and me were the enemy. I was riddled with shot and alone. The heat was oppressive. I looked around for a cooler spot. Near at hand was a tree with sprouts growing out around in a ledge of rocks bedded with leaves. Slowly I crawled around and lay down in a hollow of the rock in the shade. Here was a slight movement of the air, cool and refreshing. I thought of snakes when I got in, but had left my belt, sword, and pistol where I lay first. I was just enjoying as much as I could the cool breeze and bed of leaves when I espied a Federal straggler coming through the woods. He saw my weapons, stopped, then discovered me.

"'Where are you wounded?' he asked.

"I told him as well as I could.

"'Have you any greenbacks?' he demanded.

"'None.'

"'I will see!'

"He kneeled down and began to search my pockets. I have since thought perhaps it was well that my weapons were out of reach. Weak as I was from the loss of blood my indignation made me forget pain. He took my pocketbook, watch, some letters, a knife which had been presented to me in 1859, a plain gold ring which I had worn for many years, and my nice new slouch hat, leaving his old battered hat behind as he departed.

"A few moments later another Federal soldier came up. He was an Irishman. He did not want to rob me. He inquired all about my injuries, and finding that I was suffering from thirst went to a spring three-quarters of a mile away for some water. A group of Averill's cavalry came up. They ranged around me in a semicircle and inquired about our command, numbers, etc. I avoided giving any information that would be of any service to them. Then they began to see how desperately I was wounded and how much I was suffering. They looked at my bloody sleeve lying by my side, saw my bleeding leg, and then began conversing with each other. While they were occupied among themselves I heard something moving in the dead leaves among the rocks above my head. I tried to persuade myself that it was a ground-mouse, but noticed that it approached with a sliding motion. It was a snake. The reptile glided past my ears, up to my temple, and across my forehead, and stopped in the sprouts, its tail hanging down near my face.

"'Please come and kill the snake and not let it bite me!' I called to the soldiers.

"They looked around and down at me in amazement and then at each other, evidently thinking that I was delirious. I called out again and a big young fellow bent over me and saw the snake's tail hanging from a rock among the leaves, near my face.

"'There is a snake, boys, sure enough!' he cried.

"The soldiers gathered around to kill it. I thought the reptile would turn and bite me. I raised myself to a sitting posture and begged of a soldier:

"'Please stand over me and hold up my head, so it can't bite me?'

"He complied good naturedly, and it was a great relief to have him stand there and hold my head with his brawny arms. When the snake was killed it was found to be a large moccasin."

"General," was asked at this point, "were you not unconscious during this trying ordeal?"

"Only once; that was when the surgeons had me stretched on a table made of a door and under the influence of chloroform. When I awoke they had cut off my arm close to my shoulder, not even leaving a stump, and had my leg dressed."

"How did you manage to live through it all?"

"I think it was nerve; there wasn't anything else left."

"Did you ever recover the articles stolen from you?"

"I told Surgeon Morris about my experience, and he in turn related it to the Federal Colonel, who recovered my watch."

Gen. Lilley has recovered the use of his leg, and only an empty sleeve remains to recall his experience on the battlefield near Winchester.

IN MOURNING.

It is the Grand Island (Neb.) *Times* that goes into mourning for Vanderbilt.

HOW BEARS FIND HONEY.

An Old Hunter Relates His Experience of Bruin's Tastes and Habits.

In His Search for Wild Sweets He Cares Nothing for the Stings of Bees.

His Peculiar Methods of Fighting Hornets, Wasps, and Other Pestiferous Insects.

BLOOMING GROVE, Pa., Dec. 19.—It may surprise people living in New York City to know that over two feet of snow on the level has fallen in the backwoods of this and adjoining counties already this season, and for the first week of this month travel in the region was accomplished with great difficulty. The snow has been greatly reduced in depth by the warm and rainy weather, but it has brought the hunting season to an abrupt and early close. The deer have been driven to their winter haunts in the dense swamps of laurel, and bear have sought their cold weather quarters to a great extent. At least this is the opinion of "Gil" Shaffer, the champion bear hunter of the Blooming Grove region.

"Ya-a-s," said he to the writer the other day, "the snow has turned pooty much all o' the b'ar inter their holes fur the season, an' now if we ketch any we've got to smoke 'em out o' their dens. We ain't never had a better b'ar season th'n this fall hez ben, an' ez fur ez I'm consarned they kin hev a rest till nex' spring an' suck their dirty paws, an' be durned to 'em.

"Is th' many b'ar left in these parts? Wall, I sh'd say so. I've gathered in twenty-nine m'self this season. B'ars knows durn well that they can't better 'emselfes by movin' 'way from Potter an' the 'jinin' counties, 'cause here they find jis' the kind o' fodder they like, an' thuz more swamps an' woods to the acre 'round hyer th'n any other deestric of its size in the hull kentry. S'pose, fur instance, th't they want akerns, which they alluz do. Wall, if you kin trot out a corner o' the univarse whar thuz more scrub-oak and all other kind o' oak th'n th' is in Potter I'll buy it of ye an' start a b'ar pastur' o' my own. Whar ye goin' to find sich beech woods ez we kin turn out? An' if b'ars want a picnic they alluz mosey fur the highest neck o' beech timber. B'ars likes to top off a good meal that they've ben makin' on akerns, or beech-nuts, or somebody's calf or pig, with a snootful or two of wild honey. Wall, now, sonny, when ye git yerself right down to talkin' business 'bout the projuce of ol' Potter don't furget to remember that ye mustn't get up no argument on what she kin do in the way o' turnin' out wild honey, 'less ye take the 'firmative side, 'cause ye'll git downed wuss'n Uncle Bill Tripp did when he clim the ches'nut tree to kick a coon off'n a limb, an' the limb broke. Thez so many bee trees in this fertyle edge o' the promised land that I think they must act'ally been sot out an' cultivated by somebody or other. Didn't never see a b'ar hunt a bee tree, did ye? Th' ain't no bee hunter ez ever burnt honey ez kin tech one side of a b'ar in ferretin' out a bee tree when he wunst gits the bee lined. When he gits on the track wunst the honey that's in that tree is his'n, jest ez sure ez it's in the tree, an' he'll hev it if he hez to foller the line fur forty miles. When he comes on to the tree he begins to shin up the trunk, lookin' fur the place whar the honey is. Ev'ry few foot he'll stop an' whack the tree with one o' his paws, 'cause he kin tell by the sound jist whar that honey's stored. When he finds it ye orter see him. He scratches, an' paws, an' gnashes at the tree ez if he had a grudge agin it th't nothin' could never satisfy, an' pooty soon he's got a hole big 'nough to cram his paw in. An' then mebbe he ain't 'bout ez happy ez they make 'em. He sops the honey out with his paw an' licks it off an' smacks his lips ez proper ez a gal at a candy pull. The bees buzzes aroun' an' dip him with their stingers, but he jis' shets his eyes an' laughs. A bee sting on a b'ar is just 'bout like a gnat tryin' to raise a hump on an elephant's hide. A b'ar never lets up on a bee tree till he's scraped it ez clean ez a houn' pup'd lick a skillet o' pork gravy.

"Then therz another thing that b'ars more'n dotes on, an' that's bugs, crickets, and sich like o' provender ez would go a tol'able good ways with us. An' this fodder perdominates under stuns an' in ol' logs. Now, here's whar Potter County comes in strong ag'in, ez a place whar b'ars kin laugh and grow fat. Y'll travel a many a long day 'fore y'll drop down onter a spot whar stuns has more of a show th'n they do in Potter. She's the very gard'n spot o' stuns o' all sorts an' sizes. Consekently, the more stuns the b'ar finds to turn the more bugs an' things he's gointer find, which is a strong argyment ag'in his emigratin' from a deestric whar Natur' hez jis' let herself loose to git him up a place whar he can live at the top o' the heap, and when he dies knows th't his children nor his children's children hain't a gointer suffer fur sump'n to chaw on.

"Twenty-nine b'ar hain't a bad haul fur one season, is it, sonny? Wall, I don't mind tellin' ye that I never run onter sich luck afore, an' I've hunted these woods fur fifty year. They happened to come my way, an' I looked arter 'em so th't they wouldn't come to no harm by wanderin' inter some strange part o' the county. I reckon I've av'raged sumpin' like five a year since I begun to hunt.

"It's amusin' to watch a passel o' b'ars goin' through a scrub-oak patch. When they're gittin' their dinner ready they go inter the scrub, an', raisin' on their hind feet, thrash and crash the akerns with their forepaws. They'll make an acre o' scrub-oak look as if a mowin' machine had been through it in less'n no time. When a b'ar has thrashed down enough o' the scrub to give him what he thinks'll be enough akerns fur a squar' meal he gobbles 'em up 'zif they was sugar-plums. When we're out in the fall lookin' for sign o' b'ar we alluz size up our chances for the season by the way the scrub oaks is thrashed down. 'Nother thing that's made me jis' lay off and laugh more times than I've got fingers and toes is to see some cunnin' ole cuss of a b'ar sparrin' with a lot of yaller jackets. A b'ar can't go by a yaller jackets' nest 'less he pitches in and digs it up. Then be has the hull durn swarm out on him in less than a pig's whisper. That seems to be his little game, for he'll raise upon his hunches and clip a little yaller cuss here and another one thar, and all the time his mouth is open. Jist ez if he were laughin' at the way the yaller jackets ain't a worryin' him a bit, but knows durn well that he is everlastin'ly rilin' them. Sometimes he'll stan' still and let the hull swarm settle on him, till he looks ez yaller ez a mustard plarster, and then he'll drop all of a suddint, an' roll over an' over ez if he was havin' more fun than a passel o' boys in swimmin'. B'ars seem to have a spite agin hornets' nests, too, an' if one sees a nest on the rocks or hangin' onter a tree, he'll spend half a day, whether he's in a hurry or not, to git that nest an' tear it into pieces no bigger'n mince-meat. If the nest hangs on the top o' rocks out'n the b'ar's reach, he'll git on top o' them rocks somehow, and then roll stones down until he ketches the nest with one an' knocks it off. Then he goes down an' hez a little sparrin' match with the hornets, an' tosses the nest about like a ball till he gets tired, an' then tears it to pieces an' goes on his way feelin' good. I'd rather be kicked by a mule th'n stung by a hornet, but a b'ar don't mind 'em any more'n he would a fly.

"But the boss fun a b'ar hez is in his waller hole. B'ars lives a good part o' the time in the swamps, an' long in the summertime they come out an' dig holes in the mud 'long the edge o' the swamps. They git 'em mebbe two foot deep an' eight or ten long, an' then the picnic begins. The b'ar'll slosh hisself down in the hole, an' the soft mud an' water'll all but cover him, an' thar he'll lay an' snort an' kick an' tumble by the hour. More'n wunst I've gone out to watch a waller hole fur to put a ball in the b'ar when he got to work, but arter watchin' of him an' laughin' at his capers fur an hour or so I've just got up an' dug fur hum an' let him be, 'cause I couldn't a had the heart to shoot him no more'n I could pepper a clown at a circus."

Gil Shaffer has a record of killing four bears in one fight, the conflict lasting an hour, and the weapon used being a hunting axe. The fight took place in snow two feet deep, in front of a den out of which Shaffer smoked the bears by building a fire of boughs in the mouth of the den. This bear-fighter is 35 years old, and a thin, slight, pale-faced man, looking more like a dry-goods clerk than a backwoodsman.

SENATOR SHERMAN CHALLENGED.

MANSFIELD, O., Dec. 25.—Senator Sherman in declining the invitation of M. E. Harter, the lately defeated anti-Sherman candidate for State Senator, to meet Prof. Sumner, the political economist and radical free-trader of Connecticut, in a joint debate on the tariff question at this place, donating the proceeds realized from the sale of seats to the poor of Mansfield, inclosed his check for $100 to be applied to charitable purposes. The Senator's official duties rendered it impossible for him to leave Washington at the time set for the debate.

TRACK AND ROAD HORSES.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE TROTTERS—HORSES STILL IN HARNESS—HOW LONG MR. BONNER HAS DRIVEN HIS FAVORITS.

New York *Sun*: What becomes of the greater number of those horses that attract attention from time to time only to disappear as suddenly as they came to notice is a mystery to many who are interested in trotters. With the exception of the renowned trotters purchased and cared for by Mr. Robert Bonner, and the famous teams of Messrs. Vanderbilt and Work and a few others, many disappear as completely as though they had fallen through McComb's Dam bridge into the Harlem River. Ninety horsemen out of a hundred, if asked their whereabouts, think for a few moments, and then answer, "I don't know."

Mr. John D. Barry, keeper of the roadside inn at the bridge, where noted horsemen have rested their trotters and refreshed themselves for many years, scratched his head and pondered awhile before imparting information.

"Gentlemen sitting on the porch," he said, "often remark, when a huckster or hackman drives past with a broken-down horse showing points of a trotter, 'That horse has a blood-like look; he was probably a good trotter in his day.' And then they wonder who drove him in his prime. The only one, it is said, they have identified is the old bay trotter Harry Felter. He drags a coupé from the elevated road to the track, and on race days the bony old fellow makes fast time to the driving-park and back, carrying men who used to drive their own horses on the road."

Then Mr. Barry's memory turned back to the old times. "Commodore Vanderbilt," he remarked, "drove Post Boy and Plough Boy as a bang-up team. He gave Capt. Jake his team, Johnny Bell and Rob Roy, before he died, and he left to William H. Vanderbilt his trotters Small Hopes, Arthur Boy, and another favorit roadster, the name of which I forget. I do not know what has become of them. Mr. William H. Turnbull takes excellent use of his trotters. He has driven Belvidere eight years, and Manfred seven years, single and double. Considering his weight, 230 pounds, his horses last a long while. His pair step as lively and keep up their gait today with the best of them. The average life of a horse on the road is from seven to nine years if properly handled. On the track they average from four to five years if used with judgment."

Many noted trotters are sold by auction, thus passing into unknown hands and becoming scattered over the country. Among recent sales were four road horses belonging to Mr. J. H. Schultz of Brooklyn. Kansas Bob was sold to a Brooklyn man for $880; a colt by Almont brought $725; a bay gelding, record 2:26¼, was purchased for $680 by a Williamsburg man. Lady Pritchard, owned by Mr. Schultz, was sold two years ago for $3,600. Fast roadsters and trotters bring about 50 per cent less than they did five years ago. Ex-Fire Commissioner King's pacer, that went too fast to suit him, was sold for $460 to a Mormon from Salt Lake. The auctioneer has sold horses for Mr. Belmont, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, Uncle Jacob Vanderbilt, and others. Goldsmith Maid, when at the pinnacle of her fame, was taken from a stable at Philadelphia and quietly put up at auction. The spectators bid in good faith up to $34, when a person belonging to the stable secured the mare for $35.

Frank Work, who owns a $160,000 stable in West Fifty-sixth street, first began driving on the road in 1839. A horse that could trot in 2:50 was a clipper then. His first roadster was a big roan called Buckeye. He was no track horse, but could show his heels to all of them. Mr. Work never purchases trotters until he has driven and taken a fancy to them. When they become rattle-headed and pull he retires them and cares for them during the remainder of their lives. One, Bill Thunder, is 20 years old. His owner has not held the reins over him in ten years. One horse turned out at 15 lived to be 40 years old. Gen. Croxen and three others unnamed are now cared for on a Long Island farm. Mr. Work once presented a horse to a man that promised to care for him kindly in the country. The man then sold the trotter to be used in hauling a stone wagon. It cost Mr. Work double the amount that the man sold the horse for to get him into his possession again.

Latterly Mr. Vanderbilt rarely drove on the road alone. He appeared to be losing his taste for the sport, and did not care to talk about trotters. The only stars in his stable when he died were the matchless sisters Aldine and Early Rose, daughters of Almont. From the moment the brown pair were harnessed to the pole for the first time at Charter Oak Park during the great circuit of 1883 the team achieved a world-wide fame.

No other man in the world has culled so many of the best performers of their day from the trotting-track as Mr. Robert Bonner. Beginning with the team Lantern and Light, in 1859, down to the purchase of the Queen of the Turf, he selected and purchased thirty-nine phenomenal horses, at an aggregate cost of nearly half a million of dollars. Speaking of his road experience, Mr. Bonner said that the first trotter he drove was a bay mare which he paid $375 for in 1856. She could trot a little better than three minutes. He only kept her for a short time. He bought Pocahontas for $40,000, when she was 7 years old, and used her for twelve years on the road. She has been kept on the farm for the last six years, in the hope that she would have a colt. The hope has not been realized. Pocahontas will probably never be harnessed again. Peerless was purchased when 7 years old, and was also used on the road for twelve years. She was the fastest trotter that Hiram Woodruff ever drove. She drew him a mile in a wagon in 2:23¼. "She made the finest road horse that I ever drove in my life," remarked Mr. Bonner. "A lady could drive her. I sent her to the farm, where she lived in clover until she died at 26 years of age. She was a Star mare. Her teeth gave out, as many Stars do."

Mr. Bonner says that the average work of trotters from 7 to 9 years of age lasts about ten years with ordinary care. He has never sold any of his favorit roadsters. He would not think of letting them go where they might eventually pull up in a clam-cart. He has had public sales, but has always refused to sell privately.

Many trotting sires and mares that have made their mark and won money and renown on the track have been retired for breeding purposes. Their progeny in the main keeps up the supply of fast steppers that make the grand circuit of the trotting turf.

PETROLEUM.

THE WONDERFUL VARIETY OF USES TO WHICH IT IS PUT IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch* of recent date has the following interesting note: "The people of the whole country are deeply interested in the development of petroleum, and can hardly realize how extensively used are its various products throughout the world. We are inclined to think that we have not yet discovered the full value and extracted all the powers of our great staple. It may be doubted whether there has ever been a more complete exhibit of the numerous and valuable uses to which petroleum is put than has been presented during the last week in the scientific department of the Loan Exhibition held at Titusville, Pa. From the various samples of crude petroleum exhibited an accurate knowledge of the characteristics of the products of each oil field and oil-producing rock in the country can be obtained, from the light, amber-colored oil of the Gordon and Gantz wells to the black oil of the old Pleasantville field. There are also samples of the totally different crude oils produced in Wyoming and Russia. Included in this part of the collection are also samples of sand rock interesting to all producers. Following the samples of crude oils are the common and most noted products of our local refineries—the gasolines of 80° gravity and above, and the deodorized naphthas used for making gas for fuel-gas stoves and various other purposes. Then the refined petroleum and burning oils, including an elegant sample of water-white oil, 150° fire test, clear as crystal and in very truth white and brilliant as spring water. Then follow the heavier products, used principally for lubricating machinery and kindred purposes, and here the display opens up to a very large extent, embracing samples of world-wide reputation and of great value—cylinder, engine, and car oils, special lubricants for special work, torch and miners' oil, wool oils of very fine quality, neutral oils, tasteless, odorless, and bloomless, leather oils, filtered oils, and cylinder stock of 160° fire test; sewing-machine oils, car and axle grease; also a fine lot of samples of specialties, manufactured under the patent vacuum process, including 600° cylinder and harness oils; paraffine wax, the crude scale, hard refined, of which there are several beautiful samples; hoof ointments, shoe blacking, etc., etc., and lastly, a fine display of goods, including soaps, pomade, cold cream, camphorice, and an exceedingly fine and valuable product of vaseline, extensively used by physicians and druggists as a basis for ointments."

A WALNUT TREE.

A walnut tree purchased in Straley County, West Virginia, for $250 was cut into four logs and sold in New York for $1,600.

PROSPECTUS, 1886.

THE CHICAGO

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Politically THE TRIBUNE adheres to the Republican party, believing as firmly now as ever that its principles are right, and that twenty-four years of successful and honorable administration, upon which its accidental successor at Washington has striven in vain to cast even the shadow of wrong-doing, entitle it to the respect and confidence of the American people, and will ultimately insure for it a renewed career of power and public usefulness.

The Democratic Administration which has recently come into power will receive from THE TRIBUNE such treatment as from time to time it shall deserve. Its good deeds will be mentioned in an appreciative and ungrudging spirit, while its bad ones will be exposed and censured as they deserve to be. While endeavoring always to give the new Administration credit when credit is due, THE TRIBUNE will not cease to protest against the principle of minority rule which has triumphed in Mr. Cleveland's so-called "election." As long as five Southern States in which a free ballot and honest count have been denied are counted in the Electoral Colleges as Democratic THE TRIBUNE will demand retribution at the North for the villany practiced in the South. Disfranchisement and ballot-box stuffing, like all other forms of treason against the American people, must be made odious.

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RAILROADS.

Trouble Ahead for the Roads Comprised in the Transcontinental Association.

A Nebraska Farmer Explains Why He Cannot Ship Corn to Chicago at a Profit.

The Northern Pacific General Manager Explains Several Rumors Afloat—Other Items.

The failure of the meeting of the Transcontinental Association in San Francisco last week to bring about a reorganization of the association is taken as an indication by most railway officials interested in California traffic that it will not be possible to continue the pool next year. To all intents and purposes the pool is dead now, as the balances have not been evened up since the arbitrators awarded percentages, the Southern Pacific refusing to pay any drafts in settlement of balances, claiming the percentages to be unfair and unjust. The committee which was to report a plan for the settlement of the difficulties could not agree. The recommendation of the majority was that the Northern Pacific should receive 8 per cent of San Francisco business in consideration of remaining out of San Francisco. In return the Northern Pacific was to yield up 8 per cent of all Oregon business. The Santa Fé refused to submit to this, but made a demand for a general pool. None of the roads seemed to be willing to make any substantial concessions. Some of them seem to be aching for a fight, but none of them feel like taking the initiative and precipitating a war, which would certainly prove disastrous to all, none of them being in a condition to sacrifice earnings. Owing to the depression of the last year or two the income of all the roads has been pinched, and they cannot afford to make matters worse by opening up another war. Another meeting will be held in New York the second Tuesday in February, but little hope is expressed that a satisfactory settlement of the troubles can then be made. The most serious obstacle in the way of a settlement of the troubles is the inability of the Southern Pacific to comprehend that it has no longer a monopoly on the California traffic and its refusal to allow other lines a fair share of the traffic. Another serious difficulty is the competition of the clipper ships from New York, which take business at rates which the all-rail routes cannot meet. The Eastern trunk lines refuse to join in a reduction of rates to make competition with the ocean lines possible, and therefore the Southern Pacific is compelled to fight the clipper ships with its New Orleans line (Sunset Route), and this prevents business from being shipped by the overland routes.

The Pacific Coast Association, which is a pool on California traffic of the roads east of the Missouri River and west from Chicago, is in about as bad a shape as the Transcontinental Association. It depends greatly upon the successful working of the Transcontinental, being virtually an appendix to the latter. Owing to the diversion of most of the traffic from seaboard points via the ocean lines and the Southern Pacific Sunset Route, it secures but little of the California traffic from the East. Aside from this the Northwestern has given notice of withdrawal from the association on the ground that its percentage is insufficient. As the other roads are not inclined to give the Northwestern an increased percentage, this road will no doubt withdraw, which will break up the association. Its affairs will be considered at a meeting to be held in this city Jan. 20, when matters will be brought to a focus.

All other Western pools, with the exception of the Southwestern Railway Association, are in about as bad a condition as the California pools, and unless something is speedily done to bring about more harmonious relations between the various Western roads, the inauguration of a general Western freight war cannot be averted much longer.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC MANAGER EXPLAINS FLOATING RUMORS.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—General-Manager Oakes of the Northern Pacific—being interviewed regarding the rumors of a consolidation of the Northern Pacific and Wells-Fargo Express Companies; that the Northern Pacific was negotiating for the control of the Oregon & California; that important developments were likely to occur affecting the Northern Pacific and Wisconsin Central; and that the Canadian Pacific had on hand a scheme which would seriously hurt the American transcontinental lines—gives an emphatic denial to all. The Northern Pacific, he said, had no use for the Oregon & California, and had made no attempt to obtain control of it, nor to prevent any other road from securing possession of it. Nothing, he said, is pending between the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific, nor is there likely to be any developments of interest to the public in that direction. The Canadian Pacific rumors referred to were that the officials of that company had decided to ignore all local business and make their road purely a through line, to better compete with the American transcontinental lines, and to touch coast points reached by them. It was said the Canadian Pacific would put on a line of steamers from Port Moody to San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, Victoria, and all other prominent points on the coast. Rates were to be made so low that the American lines could not touch any through business, and would be compelled to rely solely upon shipments between local points.

Mr. Oakes' attention was also called to the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Traill County tax case. He said he could not see any reason for the widespread consternation throughout Dakota. The decision was simply that the title to the lands in question rested with the Government and that the Northern Pacific could not be compelled to pay taxes on the property until it had secured possession of it. An act of Congress says the railroad company cannot secure title to the lands granted it until the cost of surveys have been paid. The Northern Pacific stands ready to pay this and so soon as the Government is ready to accept it, title to the lands will be given to the railroad company, and taxes will be paid by it in accordance with the Territorial laws.

AN ENGLISH RAILROAD TO CONNECT INDIA WITH CHINA.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—Last night Mr. Holt S. Hallett addressed the members of the Geographical Society, his subject being "A Survey for Railway Connections between India, Siam, and China." The following is an abstract of his remarks:

Mr. Hallett said he came before them to render an account of his late explorations and survey in Burmah, Siam, and the Shan States, which had enabled him to trace out the path for the railway which would, he trusted, before long connect India and China, the two most populous Empires in the world. Our conquest of Upper Burmah placed the Burmese Shan States under our protection and thus allowed their peaceful and trade-loving inhabitants to realize what had long been their dream—a better commercial connection with us. We were now placed in such a position that no political hindrance remained to prevent our driving the iron horse up to the gates of China and opening up to our trade the western provinces of that rich and prosperous Empire. [Cheers.] Mr. Hallett continued: For the last four years Mr. Colquhoun and I have deeply interested ourselves in the subject of the expansion of our trade by linking on China and the intervening countries to India by means of railways. We find that through the pass used by the Burmese in their invasion of Assam there is a route which would suit admirably for carrying a railway from the Brahmapootre Valley into the Valley of the Irrawaddy, and that the railway could be joined on without meeting any great difficulties to our Rangoon & Tonghoo line, having its present terminus at our seaport of Rangoon. The hight of the pass is not more than 2,500 feet above the sea level, or 2,000 feet above the level of the Brahmapootre Valley. There can be no doubt that one of the first steps that should and doubtless will be taken on our occupation of Upper Burmah is the extension of our Tonghoo line to Mandalay. We have been led to the conclusion that, owing to the many ranges that would have to be crossed, a railway constructed to connect any part of the Irrawaddy Valley in Upper Burmah, or Lower Burmah to the north of Beeling, with Western China would be of greater length and considerably more costly than our projected line which has its terminus at our seaport of Moulmein. If the railways we propose were constructed goods could be delivered at Kiang Hsen on the Meh Kong River at from one-fiftieth to one-hundredth of the rates now charged. In considering the traffic which would be likely to arise from the construction of railways through the centre of Indo-China, it will be well to remember—(1) That although the population of our possessions in British Burmah is only one-fortieth of that of our Indian dominions, yet British Burmah has one-tenth of the whole trade of India; (2) that Upper Burmah, which, since the rebellion of the Burmese Shan States, has scarcely a million of inhabitants, still carries on a trade with us of about £3,000,000 sterling; (3) that a million sterling of treasure is imported into Burmah each year more than is exported; (4) that Chinese emigration has been shut out lately from America, Australia, and other places, and would certainly set into the fertile plains of Indo-China if it were encouraged and facilitated by the construction of railways; (5) that already half the population in the delta of the Meh Nam is composed of Chinese and their descendants; (6) that the great want of British Burmah is population. The paying prospects of the proposed railways can be compared with those of the railway between Rangoon and Prome, which was opened in 1878. This railway, which is 162 miles in length, was made to connect the town of Prome with the seaport of Rangoon. It passes for fully two-thirds of its length through an unfertile country covered with scrub jungle. On the whole length of the railway there are not more than six villages, and the line is in competition with the admirable flotilla of steamers plying on the Irrawaddy River. Yet this line paid to our Government a net profit of 6 per cent last year upon the expenses of its construction. Mr. Hallett concluded by saying that he earnestly trusted that the present opportunity for permanently increasing our commerce and strengthening our position in Asia might not be allowed to pass away.

WHY NEBRASKA AND KANSAS GRAIN NO LONGER COMES TO CHICAGO.

The fact that there is a great deal of dissatisfaction among the people in Kansas and Nebraska over the present freight rates is well known, and the grain men insist that rates are so high that they cannot ship to the Chicago market with any degree of safety. A few days ago a St. Joseph *Herald* reporter met a man who resides near the little town of Hansen, Neb., and who farms on an extensive scale. He was in St. Joseph, Mo., to see what disposition he could make of his corn crop at a profit.

"What is the reason you don't sell it at home?" asked the reporter.

"Do you suppose I want to sell my corn at 12¼ cents per bushel?" said the farmer. "Not much."

"Is that all shippers are paying for corn at your place?"

"Yes, sir. That is all; they can't pay any more. Sit down and let me tell you something. No. 3 corn at Hansen is worth 12¼ cents per bushel; it costs 21¾ cents to move it to Chicago, and after you get it there you are compelled to pay a commission merchant one-half a cent per bushel to sell it for you. According to the system of mathematics that was in use when I was a school-boy those amounts aggregate 34 cents, and corn at Chicago is selling at 34 cents per bushel. Now if you can tell me how the producer can make any money raising corn at these prices I wish you would do it. After a poor scoundrel of a farmer plows up the ground, plants his corn, sweats all summer battling with the weeds, and, when the autumn frosts come, exposes himself to the cold and piercing winds to husk it and put it in the crib, it is a diabolical shame to be compelled to sell it for 12¼ cents per bushel. To make the matter clearer to you: I raise three car-loads of corn and give the railroad companies two of them to carry the third one to market for me. The shippers are buying some corn, but not near the quantity they ought to for this season of the year. The railroad companies ought to be willing to divide the thing and let the farmer have half a show for his rights. A man naturally expects that railroad companies will get the big end of the profits, but I would like to get enough out of my corn crop to pay for the time and expense incurred in raising it, if nothing more.

"Yes, the rate on wheat is equally as high, but we haven't got very much wheat in our part of the country for sale this year. What the farmers want, and must have, is more money for their corn, or they will quit raising it and convert their land into grass."

ITEMS.

The Pennsylvania gives notice to General Agents of ocean steamship companies that hereafter it will accept emigrant orders limited to six months drawn on Philadelphia at rates made $5.75 higher than special tariffs of March 10 and June 20, 1885, provided in no case shall the tariff of May 1, 1884, be exceeded. Advices should be forwarded same as under special tariffs named above. Commission 10 per cent, not to exceed $1 per whole ticket. Rates from New York, as advised Dec. 17, remain unchanged.

Arbitrator E. P. Wilson of the Chicago, St. Louis, and Missouri River Passenger Association received the following telegram yesterday from L. G. Cannon, General Agent Transcontinental Association:

Our association adopted the following rates, to take effect Jan. 1: From Missouri River common points to Colton, Los Angeles, and Mojave, via Southern routes, first-class, unlimited, $84; via Ogden routes, limited, $84; via Ogden routes, unlimited, $90. To San Francisco, San Jose, Lathrop, Stockton, Sacramento, Marysville, and Redding-ton, via all routes, limited, $84; via all routes, unlimited, $90; St. Louis to be made $5 higher in each case. Rates to San Diego to be made by the addition of local from Colton. From Missouri River or St. Paul to Portland, first-class, limited, $84; unlimited, $93.35.

Commissioner Fink gives notice that the Trunk Line Executive Committee has adopted the following resolution regarding rates on live stock and dressed beef:

Dissatisfaction having been expressed by live stock shippers at the basis upon which dressed beef and dressed meat rates are at present made:

Resolved, That the Commissioner be requested to consider the agreements upon which the present differences in rates are established, to invite further argument from the interested companies and live stock and dressed meat shippers, and to decide what relative rates shall be fixed, and that the rates so fixed shall be observed tentatively by all companies concerned for a period of three months from March 1, 1886.

Joint Agent Moore of the Chicago Committee of East-Bound Freight Traffic gives notice of the adoption of the following temporary classification:

Iron kettles or caldrons, C. R., first class; same, O. R., released, under 2,000 pounds, third class; O. R., released, 2,000 pounds or over, fourth class; extra large size, car-loads, 24,000 pounds, O. R., released, tenth class. Ox galls in glass, boxed, O. R., any quantity, first class; in cans, boxed, O. R., L. C. L., third class; in cans, boxed, O. R., C. L., sixth class; in barrels, L. C. L., O. R., sixth class; in barrels, C. L., O. R., ninth class.

The Pacific Coast Association will meet in this city Jan. 20 to consider the notice of withdrawal given a short time ago by the Chicago & Northwestern. This company claims that its present percentage is insufficient, and declares it will draw out of the pool unless its percentage is increased. The Southwestern Railway Association will also meet after the Pacific Coast Association gets through its work.

Mr. John Byrne, General Passenger Agent of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, was in the city Thursday. He says his road is doing an immense business and they find it hard to provide cars for all the freight that is offering. The December earnings of this company, it is expected, will be twice as much as they were for the same month last year.

A YOUNG ENGLISH BOXER.

MEANWELL BEATING ALL THE AMATEURS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Charlie Meanwell, a young amateur boxer who has recently arrived from England, delighted a number of lovers of athletic sports who had assembled in Parepa Hall, Eighty-sixth street and Third avenue, last evening to witness the boxing and wrestling tournament of the Empire City Athletic Club. Meanwell is 17 years old. He came here about two months ago, and since his arrival he has defeated every amateur who has dared to face him. He is short and chubby and boxes like a man who has been a participant in a hundred ring encounters. His actions and tactics are of the old English school, and he reminded old sporting men present of Jem Mace. Meanwell was first pitted against A. Rodriguez, of the Pastime Athletic Club, last evening. After three interesting rounds he won the bout. Rodriguez was taller and stronger than the winner, but Meanwell skillfully evaded the blows made at him and gave in return sharp counters. A feature of his boxing is his clever head work. He wastes very few blows, and never strikes out with his right hand but to land heavily. He keeps his left hand very busy delivering body blows.

In the final bout for the Bantam medal Meanwell had to meet "Billy" Davis, of the Eagle Club, who had beaten Samuel Rodman in the trials. Meanwell gently tapped Davis for two rounds, but in the third he went at him in a lively manner and showered blow after blow on the face and body of the unlucky Davis. "He is the smartest young boxer that I have ever seen," said Referee James Pilkington after he had declared Meanwell winner. "He can beat any amateur of his class in this country."

THE OWNERSHIP OF A VOLCANO.

City of Mexico Letter in Boston *Herald:* The ancient volcano Popocatepetl has got into the courts. Not that it has been bodily transported into the halls of litigation, but it is the subject of a novel suit at law. For many years Gen. Ochoa has been the owner of the volcano, the highest point of land in North America, together with all its appurtenances. The crater contains a fine quality of sulphur, which the General has been extracting, giving employment to Indians who cared to stay down in the vaporous old crater. The property was at one time fairly profitable, but now it appears that the volcano was, some time ago, mortgaged to Carlos Recamier, who brings suit of foreclosure. The papers have been joking about the matter, some asking what Mr. Recamier intends to do with his volcano when he gets legal possession. He has been solemnly warned that the law forbids the carrying out of the country ancient monuments and objects of historic interest.

WE MUST DEFEND OURSELVES.

OPINIONS ON THE PACIFIC COAST CONCERNING MR. TILDEN'S LETTER.

San Francisco *Chronicle:* The disapproval which Mr. Tilden's letter to Mr. Carlisle is said to have encountered at the hands of the free-traders at Washington can only be explained on the theory that these gentlemen are so infatuated with the importance of their own doctrine that they see importance in nothing else.

Col. Morrison objects that if we mind our own business and quit robbing each other this country will become so great that no foreigner will dare to attack us. The defect of this reasoning is that it assumes that foreigners will always act judiciously on a correct appreciation of the facts. But all history shows that nations quite often blunder into wars, and that a careful statesman must reckon on folly as well as wisdom in other people. If the South had been wise the Rebellion would never have occurred; if France had been wise she would not have declared war on Germany. So, now, as Col. Morrison says, if Europe is wise she will let us alone. But suppose she is foolish, as the South was in 1861, and France in 1870. It will not help us much if San Francisco and New York are battered down by European fleets to say that it was a foolish enterprise on the part of the bombarders.

It is not as if we had only England to deal with. The English know a great deal about this country; they will think twice before provoking a war with us. No English statesman today would repeat the farce of the "Mosquito King." Our chief danger arises from Germany, which seems to have embarked in a wholesale business of land-grabbing all over the world. German statesmen as a rule do not know any more about this country, its purposes and its resources, than we know about Corea. It is quite on the cards that we may get up any fine morning and find that Germany has concluded a treaty with Nicaragua or some other Central American State by which a German colony is to spring up on American soil under the protection of German gunboats. We could not sit still under such a menace. The traditional policy of our Government would compel us to resent it. No party could tamely acquiesce in such an outrage on our feelings and such an assault on our interests. Yet what could we do? If we blustered Germany might declare war and fine us a thousand millions, as it fined France, under penalty of destroying $5,000,000,000 of property in our seaport cities. One of two things is clear. If we are going to join the Peace Society under Col. Morrison's lead we must abandon the Monroe doctrine; if we are going to stand by the Monroe doctrine we must place our defenses in such a condition that we shall not be afraid to maintain it if it is violated by foreigners.

Modern coast defenses must be of steel, which has superseded earth, as earth practically superseded stone thirty years ago. In the present stage of gunnery, circular forts, armored with forty inches of steel and armed with heavy guns of long range, would, with the assistance of torpedo flotillas, protect our seaports against any attack from the only quarter from which an attack could come. We are now producing large quantities of the best steel in the world. Labor is abundant and we have all the money necessary to defray the cost of the work. A wise foresight insists that it should be undertaken forthwith.

SHREWD AND SUCCESSFUL.

A FRENCH VIEW OF LORD SALISBURY'S FOREIGN POLICY.

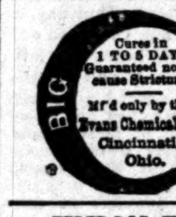
PARIS, Dec. 8.—The *Revue Contemporaine*, discussing the English elections, describes Lord Salisbury's foreign policy as so adroit and successful that France ought to aim at an alliance with Russia to avoid being checkmated in Egypt and the Far East. After enumerating the rebuffs encountered by England in every direction under the previous Cabinet, the writer reviews the successes of the present Ministry—namely: a settlement of the Afghan frontier question; the understanding with China, who has already stopped Russian intrigues in Corea; the occupation of Port Hamilton, which will become a second Gibraltar; a prospective alliance with Japan; a probable understanding with Persia; the diminution of Russian influence in the Balkans; the deference for England now shown by Germany; the Anglo-Turkish Convention on Egypt; and, lastly, the Burmese expedition. "In short," says the writer, "the very remarkable campaign inaugurated, or rather improvised, by Lord Salisbury, with results already considerable, consists in resuming the struggle with England's two traditional adversaries. Lord Salisbury thwarts Russia with the support of China, India, and other Oriental States in Asia; he thwarts her with the support of Turkey in the Levant, and with the secret support of Germany in Europe. He thwarts France with the support of Turkey in Egypt, and with his own forces and Chinese coöperation in the colonial domain."

After advocating an alliance with Russia as the only possible ally of France, the writer says: "The English elections, whether Liberals or Conservatives win, will in no way change the fundamental and inevitable principles of British policy. The Conservatives merely practice voluntarily a policy which the Liberals are forced to accept. The former succeed, and the latter fail. The only difference from the French standpoint between an English Cabinet presided over by Mr. Gladstone and one presided over by Lord Salisbury is that the former will be clumsy, shortsighted, and vacillating, where the latter will be sagacious, adroit, and firm."

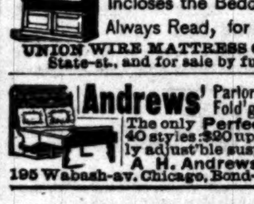
STARTLING DISCOVERY.

A.: "Only think, I went yesterday to catch cray-fish. I groped about in a mudhole near the river bank in the hope of finding some. But judge of my terror when I pulled out a human hand all covered with blood!" B.: "Ciel! Of course you immediately reported the fact to the police?" A.: "Ah, bah! It was my own hand that a crab had nipped with its claw!"—*Le Figaro.*

Public speakers and singers find B. H. Douglass & Sons' Capsicum Cough Drops a sure remedy for hoarseness. Sold everywhere.

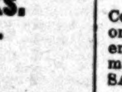


DR. HUMPHREYS' Book of all Diseases RICHLY BOUND IN CLOTH and GOLD, MAILED FREE. Humphreys' Med. Co, 109 FULTON ST., N. Y.
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS Sold by Druggists, or sent post'p'd on receipt of price



Having sold your excellent preparation known as G for the past year or more we are pleased to report that it has given entire satisfaction and we do not hesitate to recommend it. J. C. Williams & Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Sold by Druggists. Price, $1.00.

UNION FOLDING BED,

The Simplest and Best. Incloses the Bedding. Always Ready, for Use.

UNION WIRE MATTRESS CO., Salesroom 433 State-st., and for sale by furniture dealers.


Andrews' Parlor Fold'g Bed. The only Perfect Bed. 40 styles: $30 up. the only adjust'ble susp. spr'g. A. H. Andrews & Co. 195 Wabash-av. Chicago, Bond-st. N. Y.


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PLATING AND ELECTRO-BRONZING.
95 Ohio St.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Chicago Dry-Dock Company will be held at the office of the Company, 384 Fifth-av., on Thursday, Jan. 14, 1886, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
THOS. DAVIDSON, Secretary.
Dec. 10, 1885.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the North Chicago City Railway Company for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business which may come before them, will be held at the office of the company the 12th day of January, 1886, at 10 a. m.
HIRAM CRAWFORD, Secretary.

ALLEN ACADEMY,

1832-1836 Michigan-av., thoroughly refitted and equipped for best work. Primary and Higher departments reopen January 4. A few new family and day pupils can be received. Send for circular containing courses of study to
IRA W. ALLEN, LL. D., President.
1832 Michigan-av., Chicago.

CHANGE THE APPEARANCE

Of your Parlors, by adding a

CABINET, BRASS SCREEN, PEDESTAL,

Or some Ornaments.

NEW YEAR IS AT HAND.

GO TO

SPIEGEL & CO.

They are anxious to effect sales. You can buy of them at satisfactory prices; in fact at

YOUR PRICE.

Try them. They mean to close out their entire line of these goods at any sacrifice.

Great Bargains in Store for You

AT

SPIEGEL & CO.'S,

251 to 257 Wabash-av.

SCROFULOUS

Sores and Glandular Swellings cured by Cuticura.

EMMA BOYNTON, 857 Washington Street, Boston, says: "I have been afflicted for one year and nine months with what the doctors called rupia. I was taken with dreadful pains in the head and body, my feet became so swollen that I was perfectly helpless, sores broke out on my body and face, my appetite left me, I could not sleep nights, I lost flesh, and soon became so wretched that I longed to die. Physicians failed to help me. My disease daily grew worse, my sufferings became terrible. The eruption increased to great burrowing, foul-smelling sores, from which a reddish matter constantly poured, forming crusts of great thickness. Other sores appeared on various parts of my body, and I became so weak that I could not leave my bed. In this condition and by advice of a well-known physician, I began to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in twelve weeks was perfectly cured."

SCROFULOUS ULCERS.

James E. Richardson, Custom House, New Orleans, on oath, says: "In 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until I was a mass of corruption. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. I became a mere wreck. At times could not lift my hands to my head, could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked upon life as a curse. No relief or cure in ten years. In 1880 I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, used them and was perfectly cured."
Sworn to before U. S. Com. J. D. CRAWFORD.

BAD BLOOD, SCROFULOUS,

Inherited, and Contagious Humors, with Loss of Hair, Glandular Swellings, Ulcerous Patches in the Throat and Mouth, Abscesses, Tumors, Carbuncles, Blotches, Sores, Scurvy, Wasting of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Ensemia, Debility, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation and Piles, and most diseases arising from an impure or impoverished Condition of the Blood, are speedily Cured by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, assisted by CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally.

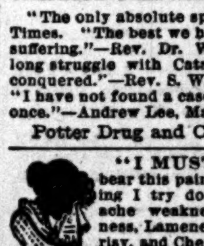
Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Skin Blemishes, and Baby Humors, use CUTICURA SOAP.

NO ACHE, OR PAIN, OR BRUISE, or Strain, or Muscular Weakness, but yields to the new, original and infallible pain alleviating properties of the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. A curative wonder. At druggists. 25c.

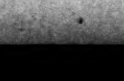
CATARRH.


THE Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch-Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossoms, etc., called Sanford's Radical Cure, for the immediate relief and permanent cure of every form of Catarrh, from a simple Cold in the Head to Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, and Catarrhal Consumption. Complete treatment, consisting of one bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, in one package, may now be had of all Druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

COMPLETE TREATMENT WITH INHALER, $1.

"The only absolute specific we know of."—Med. Times. "The best we have found in a lifetime of suffering."—Rev. Dr. Wiggin, Boston. "After a long struggle with Catarrh the Radical Cure has conquered."—Rev. S. W. Monroe, Lewisburg, Pa. "I have not found a case that it did not relieve at once."—Andrew Lee, Manchester, Mass.
Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.


"I MUST GIVE UP, I cannot bear this pain, I ache all over, and nothing I try does me any good." Backache weakness, Uterine Pains, Soreness, Lameness, Hacking Cough, Pleurisy, and Chest Pains cured by that new, original, and elegant antidote to pain and inflammation the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Especially adapted to Ladies by reason of its delicate odor and gentle medicinal action. At Druggists, 25c; five for $1. Mailed Free by
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Dr. HENRY OLIN,
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Largest stock of Artificial Eyes in West. Eyes sent by Express. Office 120 State-st., Chicago, Ill.



Hellmuth Ladies' College, London, Canada. Education, Health, Home.

Patroness—Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise. Founder, the Rt. Rev. BISHOP HELLMUTH, D. D., D. C. L. Handsome and spacious buildings of brick and stone, standing in 150 acres of land beautifully situated in a most healthy and prominent locality on the banks of the River Thames. Four hours by rail from Niagara Falls and Detroit, on a through route between East and West. The aim of this College is to provide the highest intellectual and practically useful education. FRENCH is the language spoken in the college. MUSIC AND ART SPECIALTIES. Full Diploma Course in Literature, Music and Art. Riding School in connection with the College. 18 SCHOLARSHIPS of the value of from $40 to $100 annually awarded by competition. Terms per School Year—Board, laundry, and tuition, including the whole English Course, Ancient and Modern Languages, and Calisthenics, from $250 to $300. Music and Painting extra. Combined-rate payment (one year in advance) including with the above, piano and vocal music and painting, from $300 to $400. Junior Department Pupils admitted from the age of Ten. Liberal reduction to the daughters of clergymen. BRILLIANT STAFF. For large ILLUSTRATED circular (free) and further particulars, address REV. E. N. ENGLISH, M. A., Principal, Hellmuth Ladies' College, London, Ont., Canada. Next term begins January 18th, 1886. Please name this paper when applying for circular.

Bank of British North America.

Established, 1836.
Paid Up Capital....£1,000,000 Stg.
Surplus.............£ 217,000 Stg.
HEAD OFFICE: LONDON, ENGLAND.
Agency in Chicago: Royal Insurance Building, Quincy-st.
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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Call and Time Loans on Stocks, Bonds, Etc.
The Bank buys and sells sterling and other foreign exchanges, also drafts on all the principal cities and towns in Canada, and issues commercial credits available in Europe, China, Japan, the East and West Indies, the Brazils, River Plate, etc.

Illinois Trust and Savings Bank.

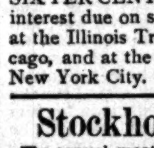
Cash Capital, $500,000.00
Invested in Government Bonds.
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SURPLUS, $211,000.
Interest paid on deposits. Accounts solicited.
DIRECTORS.
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JOHN J. MITCHELL, President.
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At 5½ per cent on Chicago improved property.
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BUY YOUR
Desks and Office Fittings
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Office & Bank Desks.
The finest work in the U. S.; kiln-dried lumber. All work guaranteed. Opera Chairs, School Desks, Globes.
A. H. Andrews & Co., 195 Wabash-av. Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24, 1885.

LAKE GAS CO. BONDS

Notice is hereby given to the holders of the LAKE GAS COMPANY THIRTY YEAR SIX PER CENT BONDS that the semi-annual interest due on same Jan. 1, 1886, will be paid at the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, and at the Bank of New York, N. B. A., New York City. J. O. WILSON, Pres.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company will be held at its office in Chicago the 5th day of January, 1886, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 12 m., for the election of trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and also for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. F. C. OSBORN, Secretary.
Chicago, Dec. 24, 1885.

LEES, HENDRICKS & CO.'S
"THE BEST"
Extract of Beef.

The quality of this Extract we guarantee to be equal, if not superior, to any other in the market.

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PRICE OF PASSAGE (including wine): To Havre.—First Cabin, $100 and $80. Second Cabin, $60. Steerage from New York to Havre, $25; steerage from New York to Paris, $28, including wine, bedding, & utensils.
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FINANCE, Wednesday, Feb. 10 | ert Stores, Brooklyn.
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R. V. JACKSON, 10 and 12 Pacific-av., Chicago.

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The Atlas Steamship Co. dispatch their Magnificent Iron Steamers from New York to Jamaica, the Spanish Main and Costa Rica, every alternate Wednesday. To the Haytian Ports returning via Jamaica every alternate Friday. Elegant Saloon and Stateroom accommodations, situated amidships where the motion is least perceptible. Special Tourist tickets at $5 per day, inclusive of all charges. Apply to PIM, FORWOOD & CO., 22 State-st., New York, or 139 Randolph-st., Sherman House Block, Chicago.

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LE GRAND RINK,
Cor. North Clark and Elm-sts.
The Mammoth Gift Tree.
Extra Entertainments and Gift Coupons every afternoon and evening until Jan 1st, when grand distribution takes place.

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Corner of Twenty-fourth and State-sts.
Holiday Week, commencing Dec. 28th, Archduke Joseph's Famous HUNGARIAN GYPSY BAND and First Regiment Band I. N. G., every evening and Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday afternoons.
C. B. WHITNEY, Manager.

KOHL & MIDDLETON'S
SOUTH SIDE DIME MUSEUM.
Monday, Dec. 21, and Christmas week.
Matsada, the Jap Hercules,
The "Police Gazette" champion.
Sommers & Walters Bright Lights.

KOHL & MIDDLETON'S
WEST SIDE DIME MUSEUM.
Monday, Dec. 21, and Christmas week.
THE LIVING THREE-LEGGED MAN!
Monster Curio Show.
GORDON & LICK'S COMEDY FOUR.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Under the management of..............J. M. HILL.
Farewell Performances today, Afternoon at 2; Evening at 8. A Positive Hit! Excellence! Progression! Magnitude! A Great Holiday Treat!
The Alfa Norman English Opera Co.
In Balfe's Spectacular Opera,
THE ENCHANTRESS.
100 people in the cast.

COLUMBIA THEATRE—EXTRA.
SUNDAY EVENING, DEC. 27.
Daniel Frohman's Magnificent Company in
MAY BLOSSOM.
With GEORGIE CAYVAN, BENJ. MAGINLEY, and others.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Last Two Performances. Last Matinee Today at 2, "Mamzelle." Tonight at 8, "Divorcons."
For the Holiday Week, the Peerless
AIMEE
In an English-Speaking Part in Sardou's Brilliant Comedy,
DIVORCONS (The Divorce Bill).
Saturday Matinee, "Mamzelle."
Sunday, Dec. 27—EVANS and HOEY in their great success, A PARLOR MATCH.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Matinee at 2, Night at 8, the Favorite Artist,
MR. W. J. FLORENCE.
Two last performances of
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MR. FLORENCE..........as..........."Obenreizer."
Monday—"OUR GOVERNOR." Mr. and Mrs. Florence both appear.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
Clark-st., opposite Court-House.
JOHN A. HAMLIN..............Lessee and Manager.
A RAG BABY
NEARS ITS END. ONLY ONE MORE WEEK.
Matinee Today at 2 O'Clock.
Tonight at 8, and all next week; then FAREWELL.

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Absolutely Fireproof.
Corner Washington and Clark-sts.,
LAST TWO PERFORMANCES.
MATINEE AT 2. EVENING AT 8.
HARRISON & GOURLAY in their Greatest Success,
Out of the Frying-Pan Into the Fire.
Sunday Night—Haverly's Consolidated Minstrels.
Monday—Sardou's Diplomacy, with Wallack's Co.

SHELBY'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
TODAY AT 2. TONIGHT AT 8.
OLIVER BYRON IN INSIDE TRACK.
Monday—John A. Stevens in "A Great Wrong Righted."

STANDARD THEATRE.
Corner Halsted and Jackson-sts.
Last Two Performances—This Afternoon at 2, Tonight at 8.
THE DALYS in VACATION.
Sunday Evening, Dec. 27—LILLIAN RUSSELL.

HAVERLY'S MINSTREL THEATRE
Madison-st., between State and Dearborn.
HAVERLY'S HOME MINSTRELS
Two Distributions Today from
OUR CHRISTMAS TREE
Ladies' and Children's Matinee at 2 p. m. Evening at 8.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
State-st., near Harrison.
Afternoon at 2, Night at 8. Every lady in Chicago should witness this Living Illustration of Sin and its Punishment,
MISS ADA GRAY IN EAST LYNNE.
New-Year's Week—Boucicault's "After Dark."

NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.
PRICES, 10, 20, 30 CENTS.
"MULDOON'S PICNIC"
And an Olio by Fourteen Star Specialty Artists.
Daily at 2:30 and 8 p. m.

STANHOPE & EPSTEAN'S
NEW DIME MUSEUM AND BIJOU THEATRE,
Randolph-st., between Clark and Dearborn.
Rose D'Alma, Only Elastic-Hair Lady. Rice Midgets. Mormon Fat Lady. Michigan Giantess, etc. The Tourists' Combination.
10 CENTS—To All. Including a Seat—10 CENTS.
Reserved Opera Chairs 5 cents extra.

NEW GAIETY THEATRE.
South Halsted-st., cor. Congress (West Side).
NICK NORTON.............................Manager.
WILL OPEN MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 28, WITH
THE NEW RENTZ-STANLEY BURLESQUE CO.
Prices 15c, 25c, 35c, and 50c. All Folding Chairs.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Sedgwick-st., corner Division.
Every evening—Saturday and Sunday Matinees. Mr. Robert Buchanan's great drama,
ALONE IN LONDON.
MISS CORA S. TANNER, SUPPORTED BY A STRONG COMPANY.
All the original scenery and mechanical effects.
Prices, 50, 35, 25, and 15 cents.
Next—O. D. Byron in The Inside Track.

BATTLE OF
GETTYSBURG.
Open daily from 8 a. m. to 11 p. m.
Cable Cars to Panorama Place.

Battle of Shiloh,
Never was battle so vividly depicted. Michigan-av., near Madison-st. Open daily (Sundays included) from 8 a. m. to 11 p. m.

THE CITY.

PERSONAL.

W. H. Hogarth, Cleveland, is at the Leland.

Joseph Stockman, Boston, and I. A. Bickham, Philadelphia, are at the Palmer.

Prof. Samuel Annear, San Francisco, and J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska, are at the Tremont.

T. C. Powers, Helena, Mont.; Judge Hugh Crea, Decatur; and Col. E. E. Thorne, New York, are at the Pacific.

IN GENERAL.

The City Collector issued sixty-three saloon licenses Thursday, making 2,702 for this period, and reducing the delinquents to about 750.

The temperature yesterday, as observed by Manasse, optician (Tribune Building), was at 8 a. m., 30°; 9 a. m., 31°; 10 a. m., 31°; 11 a. m., 32°; 12 m., 33°. Barometer, 8 a. m., 29.86; noon, 29.90.

The Historical Society has been trying to get the crayons of Chicago's Mayors, by Mosher, which are in a frame at the City-Hall. The city, however, will keep them. Mayor Harrison has paid $200 toward the price and the city $500.

R. J. Vance and Mike Dwyer, hostlers at P. O'Brien's livery stable, No. 611 South Halsted street, celebrated Christmas by attempting to brain each other with brooms. Vance struck Dwyer on the head, fracturing his skull. The injured man was then thrown out into the street, where an officer found him unconscious. He was taken to the County Hospital. Vance was arrested.

Bartholomew Keon and Patrick Riley were released yesterday from the County Jail, where they had been confined for debt. Keon and Riley were police officers in the Town of Hyde Park, and in the summer of 1883 arrested one Bierwirth on a charge of disorderly conduct. They used the prisoner so brutally, the latter says, that he sustained a fracture of a leg. He sued the officers and obtained judgment for $5,000. The officers were unable to pay and went to jail. Yesterday they were released on a stipulation signed by Bierwirth accepting $750 in settlement of the judgment.

THAT STOLEN CLOTHING.

In The Tribune of yesterday appeared a dispatch from St. Louis stating that three men had been arrested in that city last Thursday while attempting to dispose of some articles of clothing which had been presumably stolen, and that when their room was searched by the police several trunks were found which contained a quantity of new clothing bearing the name of A. L. Singer & Co., manufacturers of clothing, corner of Adams and Market streets, Chicago, and which it was also thought were stolen from the firm named. A reporter for The Tribune yesterday interviewed a member of the firm in relation to the matter. He asserted that no goods were at present known to be missing, but added that about two months ago a young man who was both deaf and dumb was given employment in the establishment through pity for his condition, he being a stranger in Chicago and penniless. Two weeks ago he forged an order on his employers for a fine suit of clothes, which he succeeded in obtaining, and then immediately disappeared, and has not been seen since then. The representative of the firm referred to believed that the stolen goods would in some way be found to be connected with the disappearance of the derelict employé.

DID NOT FIND THE DRAMATIC COMPANY.

A few weeks ago two young men took lodgings with Mme. Jösler, an elderly Swiss woman teaching German and French for a living at No. 53 Van Buren street. They rented a small room, paying in advance, and gave their names to her as Barry Brothers. The next day when she spoke to them they called themselves Manning, and said they were cousins. Whatever their names may be, they advertised themselves as Barry Brothers, who wanted to see a man wishing to take upon himself the duties of treasurer of a dramatic company on the road. They wanted that man to give security for all the wealth that was to be intrusted to him.

Such a man came—and his name was legion. The people in the house say that several hundred individuals, all willing to shoulder the heavy responsibility of dramatic purser, called to see Barry Brothers. How many of these were accepted it is hard to say. But only those were accepted who deposited with Barry Brothers security in cash. Among those who say they did so were Thomas Shea and Ernest Hart of this town. They say their security amounted to $200 in cash. They were told, they claim, that the "Berry Brothers combination" was at present playing in Indianapolis, and thither they were directed to proceed, and find the company at the Bates House. Now they say they didn't find the company. Shea and Hart took the train back to Chicago and have requested the services of detectives to help them back to their money. Barry Brothers, however, have left their quarters at Mme. Jösler's, who professes to know nothing about their present whereabouts.

VERY TOUGH PEOPLE.

THE THREE MEN ARRESTED FOR THE MOUNT FOREST BURGLARY SEEM ENTITLED TO BE THUS CLASSIFIED.

The police are now satisfied that the men arrested Thursday for burglarizing the house of the Mount Forest Postmaster comprise a regularly organized gang that for several weeks has been systematically raiding the country towns in the vicinity of Chicago. Yesterday Kane made a clean breast of the Mount Forest job, implicating himself and the others under arrest, and also made a full confession to the effect that the gang participated in similar raids on other small towns in Illinois during the early part of the week. Sunday night they visited Lansing, burglarized a store, bound and gagged an old man, and blew open a safe from which they obtained $300. Monday night the little town of Crete, thirty miles south of Chicago, received a call. Several ineffectual attempts were made to enter business blocks, and the gang escaped after tying up the night watchman. The latter, John Williamson, arrived in Chicago yesterday morning in response to a telegram, but much to the disgust of the Chicago officials was unable to identify any of the men under arrest. In relating the story of the raid on Crete, Williamson says that at about 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, while patrolling his beat, he heard voices in an alley and started to investigate. As he turned into the alley three men confronted him and three revolvers were simultaneously pressed against his head. A gruff voice ordered him to throw up his hands and make no outcry under penalty of having his brains blown out. He was then marched into a shed and relieved of his watch and chain, a sum of money, and the keys to several business-houses. The trio, with their prisoner, then proceeded to Hartman's store, but while one of the burglars was operating on the door with a bit and auger a watch-dog in the store began barking and the men were frightened away. Walters' furniture store was then visited, but work had scarcely been begun when the robbers were alarmed by the sound of sleigh-bells and drew back with their prisoner under the shadow of an outside stairway just as a sleigh drove up and halted in front of the store. The proprietor of the building got out of the sleigh and entered his house, while the sleigh drove off to the barn. The idea of going through Walters' place was then abandoned, and the gang proceeded to Wilkinink's store, the largest in town, but concluded not to enter when told that one of the clerks slept there. They next visited the Eastern Illinois Railroad depot. During all this time one or more revolvers were kept in close proximity to the watchman's head. No difficulty was encountered in effecting an entrance into the depot. Williamson was thrown to the floor, securely bound from hand to foot, and a pair of woolen mittens rammed into his mouth. In order to make the gagging operation more effectual a towel was tightly bound around his head. The robbers then rummaged through the freight and express rooms, and next entered the private office, where they attempted to blow the safe open. Several holes were drilled in the safe door and the cavity loaded with powder, but just as the fuse was lit a stock train pulled up at the water-tank. The robbers made a hasty exit from the building, after warning the imprisoned watchman that they would return in half an hour, and if they found he had made any effort to escape they would make short work of him. The train pulled out of the station about 3 o'clock, and soon after the watchman succeeded in releasing himself. He at once aroused the stationkeeper, who telegraphed ahead of the train in hopes of securing the arrest of the men, but through some oversight the train was not intercepted. The engineer, however, reported that the men came to Chicago between the cars, getting off at Thirty-third street and walking down the track. That was the last trace obtained until the men were arrested Thursday.

SOMEONE IS GETTING RICH

OFF THE EXCESSIVE CHARGES MADE BY THE CITY FOR PUTTING IN WATER CONNECTIONS.

There is a good deal of complaint about overcharges by the Water Department—not for the fluid, but for making the connections with the mains, especially for elevator purposes. When a property-owner makes known what he wants he is given an estimate, and the average is about $350 for a four-story building. Usually the cost is within the sum named, but if there is an excess it is of course charged up. The amount is always demanded in advance. Appended is an "estimate" for a 4-inch pipe, 40 feet long, from the main in Dearborn street:

40 feet pipe, at $1.50	$60
1 basin	60
1 valve	17
1 meter	160
Unknown purpose	28
Total	$325

The clerk who made this out said he didn't know what the $28 was for. It was usual to add that much to provide for "extras." City Engineer Artingstall was asked if the city furnished pipe at cost or a profit. "At cost, by all means," he replied. "We are satisfied with that." When questioned as to why the city charged $1.50 a foot for pipe that cost only 31 cents by contract he did not answer. A member of a firm who sold pipe to the city said 32 cents was "a good figure to work on." He was unable to tell why the city charged $1.50. A contractor stated that forty feet of four-inch pipe could be laid for $100 and leave a good profit. The people in the water-office reluctantly furnish an itemized estimate. A short time ago Mr. Robert Bines went there for the purpose of ascertaining the cost of furnishing water for an elevator in a building on Dearborn street near Harrison. He was told "about $180" for a four-inch pipe thirty-nine feet in length. Mr. Bines thought the charge excessive, and turned the matter over to his attorney, Joel Bigelow, who wrote Engineer Artingstall asking for an itemized statement of the cost of making the connections. No reply was received in a week, and Mr. Bigelow wrote again, inquiring if the information would be furnished. He registered the letter and inclosed a two-cent stamp. The following day an answer came, in which Engineer Artingstall stated that an "itemized statement" could not be given, but the department would do the work "as a matter of accommodation," using the same material as used throughout the city, "the cost depending upon the length of the pipe." Mr. Bigelow wrote a third time for an itemized statement. In reply he received a letter saying that the office was open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., and "any application for information during these hours will receive respectful attention." The letters of Engineer Artingstall were inclosed to Commissioner Cregier, who was requested to furnish the information desired. The letter sent the Commissioner was registered, and he received it, but he didn't reply. Mr. Bines finally concluded to put in a lead pipe. To do this he had to deposit $35. The trench dug was just as large as that required for a 4-inch iron pipe, and just as much time was taken to dig it. And yet the cost was only $19.40, as shown by the subjoined bill furnished by Mr. Artingstall:

To 1 day of calker	$2.50
To 1½ days of laborer at $2.25	3.38
To ½ day of team at $4	2.00
To 371 lbs. casting at 2½ cents	9.27
To 40 lbs. lead at 5 cents	2.00
To coal and gasket	25
Total	$19.40

The city is said to pay one and three-fourths cents a pound for iron pipe. If a foot of four-inch pipe weighs twenty-five pounds, thirty-nine feet would weigh 955 pounds. At one and three-fourths cents the cost would be $16.71. This added to the cost of the trench makes $36.11. So it will be seen the city makes a small profit by charging $180 for the pipe and putting it in. The stockholders of the Central Music-Hall were charged $482.71 for a four-inch main on the Randolph street front. The original estimate, $250, was considered excessive, but it cost $482.71 for putting the thirty-seven feet of four-inch pipe in, and $173 more for a metre. Four workmen and three bosses were employed on this job, and they weren't in a hurry, "killing" all the time they could. The charges were regarded as outrageous, but if the bill had been litigated the water would have been shut off. Mr. F. R. Otis deposited $240 for a four-inch pipe, fifty-two feet long, to connect with his block at the corner of State and Jackson streets. Nine men did the work, and he figured the cost at about $50. When he came to square up, however, he found that his $240 was gone and that he owed $7.23 for "extras." He asked for an itemized statement, but it was refused. "I was robbed of $200 by the deal," said Mr. Otis, "and would give $200 more to find out the crowd that got it. Ought not the city to be satisfied with getting what is right instead of robbing its citizens in this barefaced manner? I don't believe the City of Chicago got a nickel of that $200. There is a robbing band of contractors connected with the City-Hall, and the persons who have any business with them are bound to be fleeced. Why don't they go out and commit burglary at once, and let the people know what they are, instead of doing their work under the guise of the law?" A leading photographer on Wabash avenue said it cost him $300 for work which hundreds of plumbers would have done for $75 and considered themselves well paid. A competent person figured the cost at $38. It took only a day and a half. He deposited $250 and had to pay $50 more. He demurred at first, and was told the water would be shut off if he didn't settle.

The expenses of the Water Department are much larger than they ought to be on account of the employment of useless men—heelers and strikers—who are thus rewarded for political work. In the pipe-yard alone fifteen men are engaged in testing pipe which has already been tested at the foundry. One man could do the work if he were sent to the place where the pipe is made. There are too many employés in all the divisions, as there is nothing for most of them to do half the time. Commissioner Cregier should look into the matter of charges for connections and stop apparent robbery of property-owners by contractors.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

THE EXTRAVAGANT ESTIMATES TO BE RUSHED THROUGH—LACK OF EDUCATIONAL QUALIFICATIONS OF THE INSPECTORS.

There has been considerable speculation as to the reasons why the special meeting of the Board of Education for the consideration of the estimates for expenses for the next year, which was to have been held Wednesday last, was postponed. The board adjourned to the day named, but the President, Mr. Kraus, thought it proper to instruct the clerk not to send out notices of the intended meeting. Some account for this action by saying that it was at first thought necessary to submit the estimates to the Controller before the 1st of January, and that it was afterwards discovered that this was not the case. The clerk of the board could have easily apprised the members of this if it were necessary. The estimates for the current year were not agreed on until the 14th of January last, and could not have been submitted to the Controller for some days thereafter. They were not discussed in the Council until March. The truth of the matter seems to be that the extravagant men in the board want to rush the estimates through as quickly as possible, so as to avoid the criticisms of the public press. At the last meeting a member moved that the estimates be adopted as they were presented by the Finance and Salaries Committee, but another member, who wanted a larger appropriation for a pet project of which he has been carefully "nursing," objected, and an economical member joined him in the objection. So the matter went over and was made a special order. It was then sought to make it appear that the appropriation asked for was but $1,782,000, and that the total was less than that for last year. The Tribune showed that the total was $2,182,000, or nearly $200,000 more than last year. It was also shown that there were unexpended balances of appropriations aggregating more than $1,000,000. This was a bad showing for the extravagant members of the Board of Education. They insisted on postponement, in the hope that the effect of the criticisms would in some degree lose their force, and in order to permit them to make contracts covering portions of the unexpended balances so that a more favorable showing could be presented to the Council. If the contract for the West Division High School were let, for instance, it would deduct $160,000 from the amount of unexpended balances. Other contracts might also be perfected. This course may appear absurd and silly, but the present Board of Education has been doing many absurd and silly things besides. An Alderman speaking of the school inspectors a few days ago said:

One would imagine that Harrison, who is an educated man himself, would select for members of the Board of Education men of some scholarship—men who could go into a class-room and listen to a recitation and be able to judge whether the teacher was doing good work. He has not always done that. Instead, he has picked out in some cases ward politicians to whom he is under some sort of obligation. Half of them have to put themselves under the thumb of the teachers who write out their committee reports. In this way the teachers are enabled to run the board and fix salaries. Then there are others with half an education who are all the time experimenting or putting up jobs. Two members I know are nursing hobbies, and the nursing costs the Chicago taxpayers $50,000 every year. I have been in the Council now several years, and the present is the worst Board of Education I have ever known. I could show you some letters written by members of the Board of Education to Aldermen about the purchase of school sites that would amuse you. Bad spelling, bad grammar, and no attempt at punctuation are the rule. One modest member, speaking in the first person, always uses a small 'i.'"

An ex-member of the Board of Education, referring to Mr. Kraus' interview, published the other day, said: "Kraus wants corner lots for school sites, I see. When I was on the board we preferred lots on cross streets where there was little traffic. The lots were cheaper there. The place being quieter, was best fitted for school purposes. He talks about the higher cost of labor and material being the reasons why buildings cost so much nowadays. Building material and labor were never higher in Chicago than the year after the fire. Then we put up twelve-room buildings for from $20,000 to $25,000, and we put up the Jones School building—sixteen rooms—for $34,000. Under the Kraus administration $40,000 is paid for twelve-room buildings and $55,000 for fifteen-room buildings. Mr. Kraus should not get himself interviewed."

MR. STORRS' LIFE INSURANCE.

THE EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY WILL PAY MRS. STORRS $10,000.

By a most opportune compromise with the Equitable Assurance Company Mrs. Storrs has a present which is none the less welcome in that it was unexpected. When her husband died, two months ago, a careful search of his private papers was made, but it could not be found that he had any life-insurance policies. It was, however, known that some intimate friends had been importuning him to insure his life so that his widow should be assured of something in the event of his sudden decease, and, while the friends could not venture to offer to carry the insurance for him, it was understood that his careless, genial disposition should not be wholly relied on, but that the policy should be kept in force at all hazards. Quite recently a second and more carful search has resulted in the discovery of a $20,000 life policy on Mr. Storrs' life in the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York. Mrs. Storrs knew nothing about the policy, and every one was astonished at the amount. Of course the necessary proofs of loss were made out and presented at the company's office, when it was learned that the premium on the policy had never been paid, and payment of the policy was refused. The home office was then notified, and it also refused to pay.

The policy reads: "In consideration of $—, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged," etc., and by its delivery is a receipt for the first year's premium, which was $988 in this case. The fact that no premium had been paid seemed an insurmountable barrier to any recovery, though some of Mr. Storrs' friends thought the fact that the policy stated the premium had been paid would estop the company from denying it. It was also ascertained that the company had virtually recognized the policy as in force by making repeated applications for the payment of the premium. Only four days before Mr. Storrs' death a demand had been made on him, and he had promised to square up the matter after he returned from Ottawa. Among others Mr. J. L. High offered his services gratuitously in pushing the claim, in hope of getting a compromise, and he was offered $1,000. Mr. Goudy then took a hand, and gave it as his opinion that the contract was binding. Preparations were immediately made for a suit, if necessary, but the company, seeing that there would be litigation, the issue of which was doubtful, made another offer of $10,000 as a compromise, and this was accepted. All parties concerned, however, including the officers of the insurance company, have been very reticent about the matter, and it was with great difficulty that any facts could be ascertained.

THE FIREMEN'S GRIEVANCE.

IT LIES IN THE NEW RULES ABOUT MEALS—POOR WORK ON EMPTY STOMACHS.

In regard to an item which appeared in yesterday's Tribune signed "Underwriter," asking what was the matter with the Fire Department in making such a bad record this year, letting fires get too much headway, etc., one of the firemen said: "How can a man do good work on an empty stomach? Some of the men go forty-eight hours without even tasting a sandwich. Convicts are allowed three meals a day, and the horses of the department are well fed and well taken care of, but the men who do the hardest work are treated like dogs. The new orders, which give a man who gets three meals half an hour more than a man who gets one or two meals, have created bitter ill-feeling among the men, and where there is no harmony there can be no good work. There was no complaint before these orders were issued, but a worm will turn when trod upon. The Marshals, who won't climb an eight-foot ladder, take their own time to go to meals, and, if a fire breaks out when one of them is enjoying himself at his table, a fireman has to be sent to his house to notify him, which helps materially to cripple the force. I am voicing the sentiment of every fireman in this city and I wish some one would look into the repair-shop in the rear of the North Side Water-Works and see how the chiefs have their relatives working in soft positions there. The Marshals have everything their own way, and at a fire they literally take the men by the back of the neck and shove them into the flames. They do as they please, but we cannot get any redress whatever. They pay a man to take care of Swenie, acting as coachman for him and his family, $83 a month, and that is all he does. In some companies, where they have only eight men, during meal hours only five are left, and if an alarm comes in and one of them is sent after the Marshal, you can see how seriously the company is crippled. If they keep on with the rules pretty soon we will have to sleep on the roof. I do not think the public ought to harshly criticise the work of the department under existing circumstances."

RELIEF AND AID.

A CIRCULAR LETTER FROM THE SOCIETY INVITING CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE WINTER'S WORK.

The following circular has been sent to many citizens of Chicago and is worthy of attention:

"The Board of Directors of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society have this day mailed you their annual report for the year ending Oct. 31, 1885. We ask all that are interested in the welfare of the poor of our city to give it a careful reading. A short history of the society's organization and of its work the last year, and some of the results of its experience in the last twenty-eight years, are therein set forth. A few specimen cases of families assisted during the last year are recorded. Also a complete list of the subscriptions by our citizens for the year beginning Nov. 1, 1884, and ending Oct. 31, 1885, as shown by the books of the treasurer. The report shows that the money received from their subscriptions has been expended, and the directors now respectfully ask for subscriptions for the present winter's work. We find our work materially increased as the winter opens; two reasons for this increase are apparent at this time—viz.: an unusual amount of sickness in the families of the poor, and a very large increase of the population of our city the last year. While the directors are not unmindful of the generosity with which our appeals were met during the last winter, we are obliged to ask those who are able to do so to increase their subscriptions this year for the reasons above set forth.

"We have no paid agents for collecting subscriptions, therefore must depend upon personal solicitation by the members of the board. You will assist very materially in this work if you will send your check to Mr. Henry Field, Treasurer, at Commercial National Bank, or to either of the following directors: Wirt Dexter, Henry W. King, C. H. S. Mixer, J. Mason Loomis, C. L. Hutchinson, Julius Rosenthal, H. A. Johnson, M. D., William H. Bradley, A. A. Sprague, Martin A. Ryerson, Edward M. Teall, Huntington W. Jackson, O. W. Potter, A. C. Bartlett, Henry Field, W. C. Larned, William H. Hubbard, E. G. Keith, Murry Nelson, C. F. Gates, R. T. Crane, W. H. Sard, Norman Bridge, M. D., T. W. Harvey, the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor, ex-officio. Henry W. King, Chairman of Executive Committee. T. W. Harvey, President."

WARM MEALS FOR HENS.

A writer in the *National Druggist* says that hens will lay profusely all winter if served with two warm meals a day.

Weak lungs and sensitive throats are severely tried by sudden changes of temperature, and those possessing them should prudently treat the very first symptoms of a cold. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is well adapted to their needs, as a certain remedy for coughs, besides being especially useful for its healing and strengthening effect on the pulmonary and bronchial organs.

ARE THEY COUNTERFEITERS?

Ex-Congressman Horr Makes a Discovery—Immense Numbers of Silver Dollars Coined by Private Persons.

Detroit *Tribune*, Dec. 23: "In your talk before the Michigan Club on the silver question," said a *Tribune* reporter yesterday to the Hon. Roswell G. Horr of East Saginaw, "you stated that you were curious to see just what position Mr. Cleveland would take in his message on that subject. The message is out. Have you anything to say upon that question?"

"I have read the message and have given particular attention to what he said on the subject of silver coinage. His advice that the coinage of standard silver dollars should be stopped at once is all right, though the reason he gives for doing so is a little peculiar. After showing that so small a dollar is dangerous to the best interests of the country, and especially to laboring men, he then gives as the reason why such coinage should be suspended that we already have as much of this dangerous stuff as can be used for a long time! I was particularly struck with the statement that after all the efforts of the Government to keep these standard dollars in circulation there were now outside the Government vaults only 50,000,000 of them. Upon reading that statement I said to myself: Can that be true? It occurred to me that among 56,000,000 to 58,000,000 people there must be more than 50,000,000 of those dollars, because, go where you will, silver dollars are thrust upon you in making change."

"Do I understand you to say that in your judgment Mr. Cleveland misstated the quantity of silver issued by the Government now in circulation?"

"No. I have no doubt that his statement is accurate, probably taken from the reports of the mints and from the statements of the Government depositories. When he said that we had coined since 1878 215,000,000 of those dollars and that 165,000,000 of them are now in the Government vaults, leaving only 50,000,000 of them among the people, he stated exactly the facts as shown by the Government books."

"What, then, do you mean by the statement that there is more of this silver in circulation than the amount stated in the message?"

"I mean this: that that amount would only be about 85 cents for each person in the United States, and I believe any observing man will say at once that the actual amount is far more than that; at least it struck me as being certainly far less than the actual amount now in circulation. Since then I have given the subject considerable thought and some investigation. Upon looking up the matter in East Saginaw, a place of 30,000 people, I came to the conclusion that there is nearly or quite 100,000 silver dollars in circulation in that city and in its banks. Since I have been here in Detroit I have been pushing the inquiry, and I am satisfied the amount of silver dollars in this city is largely in excess of Detroit's proportion, if there are only 50,000,000 of them in the whole country. For example, you have fourteen organized banks and nine individual banks in this city. These banks carry daily from 2,000 each up to 12,000 of these standard dollars, averaging say 4,000 each, or not less than 90,000 in your banks alone. You have then several thousand firms and individuals doing business, each of whom has on hand for daily use in tills, drawers, and safes certainly more silver dollars than are in the banks. *Bradstreet* names over 3,000 such establishments in this city. Then add to this the silver dollars that are daily in the pockets of your 150,000 citizens, and the conclusion seems inevitable that there are to-day more than 500,000 standard dollars in Detroit alone. According to *Bradstreet* there are 7,200 banking establishments, including private bankers, in the United States. It seems to me safe to say that they must all the while carry 30,000,000 standard dollars in their vaults. He gives a list of over 1,000,000 firms and individuals who are doing business in this country. They certainly have on hand at all times as much more. Then add the amount at all times in the pockets and houses of from 56,000,000 to 58,000,000 people. There must be in circulation today over 100,000,000 of these silver dollars. You know only a small portion of the circulating medium of this country is ever in the banks at any one time. The amount hoarded and what is in active circulation among the people is always several times the amount actually in the bank vaults. In my calculations I have carefully excluded all the coin that is smaller than $1, and have attempted to leave out the vast amount of subsidiary coin."

"You state then that in your judgment there are 100,000,000 standard dollars in circulation instead of 50,000,000, as stated by the President. How do you account for this excess?"

"I can account for it only upon one theory, and that is that somewhere in this country mints are being run secretly by private individuals, who are constantly coining and issuing standard dollars."

"Do you mean counterfeiters?"

"I hardly know what other name you could give them. They are surely doing an illegal business; still they are making no spurious coin. They are issuing precisely the same dollar that the Government is making. They buy their silver at substantially the same price that the Government pays, put exactly the same amount of pure silver in each dollar and the same amount of alloy; in short, make an exact duplicate of the legal dollar, and then have a clear profit of $17 on each 100, less the small cost of coining."

"How could this business be carried on without detection by the Government or its agents?"

"The difficulty of detection is what gives them security in their villainous work. You must recollect they are not making bogus coin—they put no base metal into their goods. They can readily make a mold that will produce a coin which will be an exact copy of the piece issued by the Government to the minutest particular—then by putting in just the same amount and the same kind of metal in each piece they will have just as perfect and just as good a dollar as the one made in the Government mint. I see no way of detecting them or proving that their coin is illegal except to catch them in the act of molding and milling the pieces. The moment these dollars are issued and among the people please tell me how you can prove their origin? All the dollars will have the same ring. No chemicals, no testing-machine can discover any difference between the pieces made in these private mints and those coined by the Government, for the simple reason that no difference exists. Usually, when counterfeit money is put in circulation, every person who receives a bogus coin instantly becomes a detective to trace back and find out where it came from, but that comes from the fact that he has been imposed upon; he has had passed upon him at a certain value a piece of money that has little or no value; but in this case the men who engage in this unlawful business give just as good dollars to the people as the Government itself gives."

"Is it possible to ascertain whether this remarkable statement you make is true or not?"

"If the Government should stop the coinage and retain the legal-tender power of these standard dollars in five years it will be demonstrated, because by that time they will find in their vaults an amount of them equal to the full number coined in the United States mints, and the people still fully supplied with them as they are today. A careful effort could be made through the banks and all the moneyed institutions of the country who hold silver money, and then a more careful examination as to the probable amount in the tills and safes of all the business-men and corporations of the country and in the pockets of the people than I have been able to make, and if there is such a large difference already between the amount coined by the Government and the amount in actual circulation, as it seems to me there most certainly is, it can be determined to almost a practical demonstration."

"What remedy is there for this issuing of these dollars by private parties?"

"I see no practical remedy so long as the Government makes 412 grains of silver a legal-tender dollar, and that amount of silver can be bought for from 80 to 85 cents. Of course, if the silver dollar contained practically as much silver as could be bought with it after it is coined, then no one could engage in minting it except at a loss."

A ROBBER REPULSED.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 25.—In a street fight last night Jacob Rosenbalt seriously and it is feared fatally stabbed John Higgins. Rosenbalt has been arrested. He claims Higgins and two companions attacked him for the purpose of robbery and that the cutting was in self-defense.

MANGLED BY THE CARS.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 25.—A young man named Benjamin Beebe was killed while jumping from a passenger-train at Berea, O., last night. His body was completely cut to pieces.

I was confined to my bed with rheumatism, unable to move without the greatest pain. One bottle of Athlophoros was all I used, and I have not been troubled since. H. L. Anderson, dealer in groceries, 832 West Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

THE NORTHWEST.

A POSTAL CARD FAMINE—KILLED BY THE CARS—OBJECTS TO HIGH WATER RENT—THE WEATHER MORE FAVORABLE FOR LUMBERMEN—OTHER ITEMS.

BRIDGEPORT, Ill., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The postal-card famine, which began several months ago, is increasing, and today at least four adjacent offices here, including Vincennes, Ind., are out of cards and have exhausted their borrowing facilities. Marshall has over 30,000 cards borrowed from other offices and is out again. Public impatience has given way to indignation at the dereliction of the department, and the people would like to know when the end will be.

HILLSBORO, Ill., Dec. 25.—The grain men in this section report that corn in large quantities is still coming in. Until now all the cribs have been full. Buying is not so active at present prices, and dealers will go slower until after Jan. 1. Winter wheat is still looking well, but it is not protected by snow.

MATTOON, Ill., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—A deaf-mute named George Kelley was killed by a passenger train on the Peoria, Decatur & Evansville Railway ten miles northwest of this city. He is not known in this part of the State.

CADILLAC, Mich., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—The logging situation has changed somewhat since my last. Up to yesterday noon it had rained and thawed for forty-eight hours, and the snow has gone so as to spoil the roads, and the swamps are full of water. It turned cold again yesterday afternoon and froze, and is still freezing, with little flurries of snow. But it will take a week of freezing weather to make the swamps passable. Snow is not of so much consequence as cold, for with freezing weather and a sprinkler good ice roads can be made that are even better than snow roads, unless the latter are exceedingly well packed.

The Manistee will have its usual quota of logs and the Muskegon cut will be increased over last year from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000, unless we should have several recurrences of the late thaw. All the railroad sawmills are running full time and are full of orders for special bill stuff, and prices for the same are firm with an upward tendency.

HUMBOLDT, Ia., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Mason Hanna, a Humboldt County farmer, raised 108 bushels of corn to the acre this season on ground that has been continuously cropped for nineteen years. Mr. Hanna always raises big, sound corn. He brings to bear his best thought, experience, and observation, and finds that it pays a farmer to think.

DES MOINES, Ia., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Burglars made a Christmas call early this morning upon the queensware-store of Perkins & Gray. They did a very clever job of safe-cracking, removing the bolt and opening the door without attracting attention. They secured over $200 in cash, leaving a larger amount of drafts and negotiable paper.

MUNCIE, Ind., Dec. 25.—The water-works were recently completed, and the same company owns the gas plant. James Boyce, now putting in an electric-light plant for himself and others, Tuesday refused to pay the exorbitant water-rent, when the works shut off his water, and last night the Council granted him a franchise to lay mains. There is a prospect, therefore, of another water-works.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—Business among the Minneapolis coopers continues very quiet, sales being made for the greater part from accumulated stock. The mills used 50,000 barrels the last week, a falling off of 1,000 from the corresponding week last year.

ADOLPH MENZEL.

THE CELEBRATION OF A GREAT GERMAN PAINTER'S 70TH BIRTHDAY.

BERLIN, Dec. 8.—This was a red-letter day in the history of German art, as well as of the worship of human merit, which is rapidly rising in this country to the rank of a religion. The Pantheon of German genius is already pretty well crowded, but a conspicuous place in it will always be held by Adolph Menzel, whose 70th birthday was celebrated here today with great public honor and ceremony, as that of "Pictorum Germanorum qui nunc sunt facile princeps," to quote the words of the diploma by which the University of Berlin conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor.

A painter's fame, during his lifetime at least, must necessarily to a great extent be local or national; but the name of Menzel must surely be known in England in connection with the engravings which have recalled and preserved so vividly the military memories that centre round the person of Frederick the Great. It is on his magnificent illustrations of the works and times of Frederick the Great that Menzel's fame will mainly repose; but his productiveness in kindred fields and methods of art has been prodigious, and the exhibition of some of his works that was opened today by the Crown Prince and Princess formed in itself a goodly picture gallery of historical paintings in oil and water-colors, etchings, drawings, and every other variety of pictorial art, though by no means giving a complete idea of the extent of their author's creativeness.

Menzel is entirely a self-made, and to a great extent also a self-taught, man, and to what a hight he has risen in the estimation of his countrymen was evidenced today by the piles of praise offerings that were laid at his feet; by the serenading which began the day and the public banquet which closed it; by the autograph missive of congratulation from the Emperor to the septuagenarian artist, and the felicitations that were personally conveyed to him by the Crown Prince, who donned his Silesian dragoon uniform in honor of the province whence Menzel comes; by the civic, academic, and artistic deputations from far and near, which kept tramping in to the painter's dwelling all day long; by the illuminated documents which conferred upon him the freedom of Berlin and Breslau—the latter his native city; by the bouquets and basketfuls of telegrams which set towards him in a steady incessant current for twelve hours; and by the gold medal and prize of 9,000 marks awarded him by a Frankfort foundation for "the best artistic productions of the last lustrum."

A SHARP BRIDEGROOM.

A Montreal hackman, who took a couple to church the other night to be married and quietly slipped off during the wedding-ceremony to earn a little extra money, was surprised on returning to hear the bridegroom boldly ask for the money he had made while away. The coachman, however, seeing a constable on hand, and not being desirous of becoming defendant in a lawsuit, handed over the cash and drove the newly-wedded pair home.

Fine and Cheap Goods.

On account of the great rush at Lipman's loan office, 99 Madison street, Thursday, a great many customers could not be waited on. Mr. Lipman wishes to say that he has still left some fine diamond ear-rings—one pair weighing 7⅞ carats, cost $1,500—diamond pins and studs, fine gold and silver watches, and jewelry, and opera glasses. All of these goods are of the best quality, whose owners have been unable to redeem them. It will be well to call at Lipman's before paying the exorbitant prices asked by regular jewelers at this time of the year.

Buck & Rayner's "Mars Cologne" has kept its prestige of the "very best" for twenty years.

MARRIAGES.

SHUTT—CLARK—In this city, by the Rev. Arthur Little, Dec. 24, Mr. James Shutt and Mrs. Rhoda A. Clark.

DEATHS.

FUNERAL TRAIN—Daily on Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, Polk-st. depot, to Mount Greenwood and Mount Olivet at 12 m.

Graceland and Calvary Funeral Train of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway leaves Union Depot (Madison and Canal-sts.) daily at 1:00 p. m.

ABEAL—At Home for Incurables, Dec. 25, 9 a. m., Waldo Abeal, aged 68 years and 9 months, formerly connected with the Northwestern Railroad.
Funeral at 10 a. m. Saturday at the Home. Burial at Madison, Wis.

BELZ—Christmas Eve, Willie Borner, eldest son of F. W. and A. E. Belz, aged 13 years 7 months and 10 days, of typhoid malaria.
Funeral (private) Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1 o'clock, from parents' residence, No. 647 North Robey-st. (Wicker Park), by carriages to Rosehill.

MEEHAN—At the residence of her parents, 97 Sigel-st., Elizabeth Genevive Meehan.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

STORY—Dec. 24, Ella E., infant daughter of Miner L. and Carrie Story, aged 7 months.

SMITH—Dec. 24, at the residence of her brother-in-law, V. C. Turner, Esq., No. 383 Dearborn-av., Phœbe L. Smith.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

WOOD—Dec. 24, Caroline E. Wood, daughter of George and Emma Wood, aged 4 years and 6 months, at No. 2449 Cottage Grove-av.
Interment at Philadelphia.
☞ Philadelphia papers please copy.

WHITE—Of pneumonia, Dec. 25, at 2:30 a. m., Abel Hanson White, aged 71 years 1 month and 23 days.
Funeral at 1 p. m. Sunday, Dec. 27, at No. 3454 Indiana-av.
☞ Barry (Mass.), Canton, and Nauvoo papers please copy.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY MEETS this evening at Apollo Hall, Central Music-Hall Building. Lecture by the Rev. E. P. Powell of New York. Subject: "Some Things Evolution Has under Contract." Prof. Rodney Welch and Mrs. Maria A. Shorey will be the leading commentators in the discussion following the reading of the paper.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

The United States Government

Places Dr. Price's at the head of the entire list.

(See National Board of Health Bulletin—*Supplement No. 6, page 33*, Washington, D. C.)

The Canadian Government

Places Dr. Price's at the head of the entire list.

(See report to the Commissioner of Inland Revenue Department, Ottawa (seat of government, Canada, April 3rd, 1883.)

It is the purest and strongest. Free from Ammonia, free from Lime, free from Alum, and is recommended for general family use by the Heads of the Great Universities and Public Food Analysts.

Persons doubting the truthfulness of this can write any of the Chemists named:
Prof. R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M. D., L. L. D., Bellevue Medical College, New York.
Prof. H. C. WHITE, State Chemist, University Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Prof. R. C. KEDZIE, Late President State Board of Health, Lansing, Mich.
Prof. H. M. SCHEFFER, Analytical Chemist, St. Louis, Mo.
Prof. CHARLES E. DWIGHT, Analytical Chemist, Wheeling, W. Va.
Prof. JAMES F. BABCOCK, State Assayer, Boston, Mass.
Dr. ELIAS H. BARTLEY, B. S., Chemist to the Dep't of Health, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Prof. CURTIS C. HOWARD, M. Sc., Starling Medical College, Columbus, Ohio.
Prof. M. DELFONTAINE, Analytical Chemist, Chicago, Ill.
Prof. R. S. G. PATON, Late Chemist Health Department, Chicago, Ill.
Prof. JOHN M. ORDWAY, Mass. Institute of Technology, Boston.
Prof. R. A. WITTHAUS, A. M., M. D., University of Buffalo, N. Y.
Prof. A. H. SABIN, State Chemist, Burlington, Vt.
Prof. JOHN BOHLANDER, Jr., A. M., M. D., Prof. Chemistry and Toxicology, College Medicine and Surgery, Cincinnati, O.
Profs. AUSTEN & WILBER, Profs. Chemistry, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N.J.
Prof. GEORGE E. BARKER, Prof. Chemistry University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Prof. PETER COLLIER, Chief Chemist for the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
Profs. HEYS & RICE, Profs. Chemistry, Ontario School Pharmacy, Toronto, Canada.
Dr. JAMES ALBRECHT, Chemist at the United States Mint, New Orleans, La.
Prof. EDGAR EVERHART, Prof. Chemistry, University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Prof. E. W. HILGARD, Prof. Chemistry, University California, Berkeley, Cal.

By GEO. P. GORE & CO.

AUCTION.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Tuesday, Dec. 29, 9:30 a. m.,

A Very Large and Well-Assorted Offering. Twenty-six Hundred Lots.

GEO. P. GORE & CO., Auctioneers.

FIRE SALE!

BY ORDER

FIRE UNDERWRITERS,

Wednesday, Dec. 30,

10 O'CLOCK A. M.,

At Stores, 131 to 137 W. Washington-st.,

CORNER UNION.

We shall sell to the Highest Bidder the entire

SALVAGE STOCK

From the late burning of Messrs. Rollins, Shaw & Co.'s Commission Warehouse. This Salvage covers

Twenty-five Thousand Horse Blankets,
Five Thousand Pairs Bed-Blankets,
Thirty-six Hundred Marseilles Quilts,
Twelve Hundred Sucker State Shawls (Selected Wool),
Three Thousand Pieces Indigo Blue Prints,
Thirty-six Hundred Plain and Braided Jerseys,
Five Hundred Pieces Blue Denims,
Twenty Pieces 6-4 Cassimeres (Tiffin Wool Mills),
Two Thousand Pieces Sail Duck,
Five Hundred Pieces Wagon Duck (Western State),
Five Hundred Dozen Assorted Knit Goods,
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WEDNESDAY, DEC. 30, '85,

AT 9:30 A. M.,

We will sell at Auction the balance of LOTS unsold, to close account of numerous consignors of

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Thursday, Dec. 31, 9:30 a. m.

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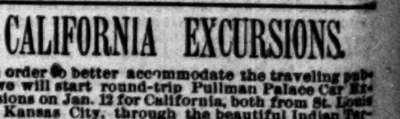
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A WOMAN'S CAREER.

DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT IN INDIA—A RESIDENT OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Fall River (Mass.) *News:* Mrs. Sarah Warburton, who died in Fall River Tuesday, was a woman of wonderful experience and remarkable character. She was born in Glasgow, Scotland; but, her father being a soldier, a private in the Twentieth Regiment, she was taken while in her infancy to India. Here her father was killed, and, her mother dying shortly after, she was adopted by the regiment and brought up by the Quartermaster, Darrington, who enjoys the distinction of having laid out the remains of Napoleon at St. Helena—the regiment, or a portion of it, being stationed at St. Helena at that time. She was first married, in 1836, to the Quartermaster Sergeant, Hulford, at Poonah, India, with whom she subsequently returned to England. She bore him five children, three of whom are still living, one of them being an overseer in the Arlington Mills, at Lawrence, and a daily sufferer from disease contracted during imprisonment as a Union soldier in a Rebel prison-pen. After returning to London she resided for some time in the Tower, and was living there when Queen Victoria was crowned. Passing her early life in India, she acquired the dialect of the district in which she lived, and it was once her pleasure to converse with a royal visitor from that country who was in London. "You should have seen his delight," she would say, "to find some one who could speak to him in his native tongue." A recital of her experiences and life in the Indies was thrilling and of extreme interest, and she willingly related them to always interested listeners. After her return to England misfortune came upon her, but with heroic self-sacrifice she parted with what little possessions she had left, and with the money obtained sent her brother to America. Meantime she struggled on, working as a warp-spinner in one of the mills—a labor at that time so difficult that few but men could follow the occupation—to keep her little ones together and out of the workhouse. She toiled on until at last her brother was able to bring her and her family to a comfortable home in this country. About twenty-six years ago she married, for the second time, James Warburton of Cresbrook Cottage, who survives her. To him she has ever been a helpmate and a sincere sharer in his trials and in his joys, and he, though but "a spinner of poor yarns," as he loves to speak of himself, has been the kindest of husbands to her. Their lives were humble, but in their honest way of living and in their mutual helping of and full confidence in each other they were very happy and worthy of imitation.

LITERATURE.

History of Russia, from the Formation of the Nation Down to the Year 1882.

Mrs. Herndon's Income—Dosia's Daughter—Character-Sketches from Dickens.

Studies of the Lord's Day—Evolution of Religious Thought—Fletcher of Madeley.

No State in modern times has risen so rapidly in power and influence as Russia. Its beginnings at Novgorod date back to 862, more than 1,000 years ago. But for nearly seven centuries it was only a petty State which, amid continued civil wars and Tartar invasions, barely maintained its existence. During the last three of these centuries it was subject to the Mongols, by whom it was cruelly oppressed. It was not until the last half of the fifteenth century that Russia entered upon that career of growth which has since been continuous and unprecedented. Ivan III. (1452–1505) and Ivan IV. (1533–1584), surnamed, respectively, Ivan the Great and Ivan the Terrible, consolidated, expanded territorially, and greatly strengthened the Empire. It remained, however, to a great extent a barbaric power—remorseless, cruel, and bloody. It was reserved for the genius of Peter the Great to drag his resisting nation away from barbarism and out upon the path of European civilization, on which it has ever since been moving forward and upward until now it is one of the mightiest, though not yet one of the most civilized, powers that have ever appeared in history. It extends its sway over a territory which reaches through 170° of longitude—nearly a hemisphere—and embraces one-seventh part of the land-surface and one-twenty-sixth part of the entire surface of the globe. The history of this nation, from its small beginnings in the forests of Novgorod to its present imperial greatness, is here traced by M. Rambaud, a French writer, who, though still young, has won an enviable fame as a historian. His work has been edited and enlarged by Nathan Haskell Dole, who brings the history through the Turko-Russian war down to 1882. M. Rambaud devotes the opening chapters of his history to a description of the geography and ethnography of Russia, to an account of its primitive people, the Slavs, their manners and customs, and to a record of the formation of the nation, and of the first expeditions against Constantinople. Next is sketched the history of the reigns of St. Vladimir (the first Christian sovereign of Russia) and Iaroslaf the Great, during whose reigns Russia was converted to Christianity. This is the chief event in the primitive history of Russia. Its Christianity was not, however, received from Rome, as in the case of the Poles and other Western Slavs, but from Constantinople. The separation between the churches of the East and the West had not at that time been fully consummated. That Russia received its type of Christianity from the Eastern rather than the Western Capital, and so was never included in the religious unity of the Romano-Germanic world, was doubtless to its advantage, since the religion it received was more one of the people, without pretensions of supreme spiritual rule; while the Roman Church, with its extreme assertions of such rule, subjected its adherents to intellectual slavery, and fostered a sharp division of society into higher and lower classes, the former of which wrote and spoke in Latin, while the latter spoke in the vernacular and were entirely without a literature. To the fact that it received the Byzantine type of Christianity is due in no small measure the extraordinary tenacity and expansiveness of the Russian nation, for thus it secured a national church which was wholly independent of foreign rule, and also the absolute dominance of the civil power over the spiritual, whereby the former was left free to work out, unhindered, the national development. There were, however, some counterbalancing disadvantages. Russia when in trouble could expect no sympathy and when in danger no help from Rome or from any of the nations over which Rome ruled. When she was overrun and overwhelmed by the Mongols and the Tartars of the Golden Horde she had no ally to help her throw off the hated yoke, but for three long centuries had to endure oppressions as cruel and pitiless as man ever visited upon man. The story of these conquests and oppressions, told by Mr. Rambaud, is one of deep and thrilling interest. Some of the lasting results of that long enslavement were the separation of Russia entirely from the West, making it a political dependency of Asia; the perpetuation of the Byzantine civilization, which was more and more clearly seen to be lower than the European civilization; and the creation of conditions which favored and led to the establishment of absolute power. Previous to these conquests, Russia, after the fall of Kief, was divided for a time into the Republics of Novgorod, Pskof, and Viatka. But, when the Novgorod yoke was thrown off, and especially during the reign of Ivan the Great, who was the author of Russian unity, absolutism was established as the form of government and has been ever since maintained.

In narrating the events of the reign of Ivan the Terrible, Rambaud does not cite any specific instances of his cruelty by which he fairly won his sobriquet. He is no doubt correct in saying that Ivan had real grievances against the nobles whom he put to death. They were enemies who, like the Nihilists of today, worked in the dark. "With their foreheads in the dust, they could still conspire." They were, too, as cruel towards their inferiors as Ivan was toward them. The weapons of their warfare were silent plots, secret and cunning attempts to poison or slay by magic, while the imperial object of their plots met them openly by using with remorseless energy the ax of the executioner. Naturally he came off best in the contest. It was during his reign that Siberia was discovered and partially subdued. He, too, introduced the printing-press into Russia; and in many ways, and with great ability, promoted the cause of civilization. And yet he was as cruel as Nero—cruel while at the same time, as if in horrible mockery, he asked the prayers of the church for each one of his victims. The document which contains this pious request exhibits a list of no less than 3,470 of his victims. One instance of his cruelty not given by Rambaud will serve to illustrate this trait of his character. It was connected with the Church of St. Basil the Blessed, which was quite original in design, and the most fantastic if not the most beautiful church in Moscow. He sent for the architect, whom he asked if he could build another like it. The architect replied that he could, whereupon Ivan ordered his eyes to be put out, that the church might remain forever unique.

Ivan did much to enlarge the domain and to strengthen the power of Russia. But, of all its rulers who labored more or less successfully for its aggrandizement, Peter the Great was by far the greatest. A man of imperious will, of violent temper, of indomitable energy, and of daring ambition, he struggled with the forces of the past and overcame them, dragging Russia along the path of progress. He was not the only great man—perhaps not even the greatest—of the seventeenth century. It was a century of remarkable men. Its beginning was heralded by Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. In the distance we hear the roar of the Norwegian lion, Charles XII.; while the crafty and polished Louis XIV. sat on the throne of France with his entourage of art and wit, and Colbert and Turenne appeared as uncrowned Kings, the former in statesmanship and the latter in war. But Peter was great equally in the camp and in the court, as a ruler at the head of a powerful nation and as a commander leading great armies. M. Rambaud is a fit historian of his great career and a just judge of his character, as Schuyler is a biographer of the man. He is not blind to his great faults, nor blinded by them to his rare powers and virtues. In a few chapters he presents lucidly, and with that calm, judicial temper which pervades the whole work, all the chief events and results of Peter's reign.

M. Rambaud deals gently, quite too gently, it may safely be said, with the character of Catherine II. Properly speaking, he does not deal with it at all, for he is silent concerning it and only presents the results of her reign. If she was the glory, she was also the shame of her sex; and it was due to the truth of history so to represent her. She united in a singular manner the cultivated intellect of the German literary class with the unbridled passions of the Muscovite nobility of the eighteenth century. As a woman she must be ranked with Olympias, Messalina, and others of the most odious types of Pagan Empresses. Her triumphs were to a great extent the triumphs of tyranny, murder, rapine, torture, imprisonment, exile, and of almost everything else that might serve as the symbol of human misery. When she was an old woman of 68, and older still in iniquity, she cherished the hope of entering Constantinople in triumph, and of being crowned there as Empress of the new Empire of the East, but death cut short her career. During her reign Russia exercised a direct and powerful influence on the politics of Europe. There was not a Power which did not court her friendship and alliance, nor one which did not dread her hostility. "No sovereign since Ivan the Terrible," says Rambaud, "had extended the frontiers of the Empire by such vast conquests. She had given Russia for boundaries the Niemen, the Dniester, and the Black Sea." And yet the verdict of history, which M. Rambaud does not distinctly pronounce, is, that she was a woman who was as profligate in life and as shameless in character as she was able in administration.

But the most unsatisfactory part of this history is the very meagre and utterly inadequate account which it gives of Nihilism and the Nihilists. The student who would understand the principles and the aims of these levelers and destructives will find nothing here to help him. Naturally the American reader desires to know something about them. It is probable that they may some time inaugurate a successful revolution or introduce a state of universal anarchy. That they would do either if they could cannot be doubted. That they can do neither is just as little to be doubted. In the first place, they are but a handful, and are formidable chiefly because of their entire readiness at any time to sacrifice their lives in the prosecution of their designs. "The majority of them," says Victor Tissot, a French author, whose work on "Russians and Germans" has been translated, "consist of students who have failed in their examinations, or whom poverty has driven from the universities, embittered schoolmasters, underpaid public officials who are dying of hunger, lieutenants and subalterns who have been disappointed in their ambitions. Pessimist ideas have invaded all these brains, and from pessimism to Nihilism there is but one step." The same writer says that the Nihilists are largely Jews, and, what is more remarkable, that the Jewish women, even young unmarried Jewesses of "remarkable beauty," are more prominent than the men in the Nihilist movement. But the whole number of Nihilists in all Russia, M. Tissot reckons at only "two or three thousand." The peasantry have never showed any sympathy with Nihilism. They have always been ready to aid the police in hunting down its adherents. The army, also, is thoroughly loyal; so that the prospects of revolution or anarchy are not bright. Indeed, it is the evident impossibility of a popular revolution that has made the Nihilists so desperate. Some fuller account of them one might reasonably expect to find in a history of Russia than is found in the work of Rambaud. But his work, if defective at some points and too much condensed as to the later periods of Russian history, is in the main eminently fair, candid, and able—the best, probably, which is accessible to English readers. He is not a Russophobist, as an English author might be, or a Hungarian, like Vambery; nor is he a Russophobist, who is blind to all which is not good. The character of the Russian is justly described, so that we see him not as a brutal warrior always thirsting for blood, but as one who is indifferent to military glory. The Russians are not, as doubtless many suppose, warlike or combative—not even in their drinking carousals. The peasant classes, and to a great extent all classes below the nobility, are ignorant of the outside world. Of territory they have more than enough. They defend their country with courage, but they are not covetous of blood. Military service is with them the result of absolute, blind, unquestioning obedience. They submit to it as to a law of nature, because they are docile and brave. But military service, as understood and enforced in Russia, is the primary obligation of life, and is a cruel form of slavery, for it converts the peaceful peasant into a bloodhound, a destroyer, and a victim. And yet it may be that by no agency less cruel or more humane could Russia perform the part which seems to be providentially assigned her as a conqueror and civilizer of races and tribes hitherto untamed and seemingly untamable. (History of Russia, from the Earliest Times to 1882. By Alfred Rambaud. Translated by L. B. Lang. Edited and Enlarged by Nathan Haskell Dole. Including a History of the Turco-Russian War of 1877–'78, from the Best Authority, by the Editor. Three Volumes. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.)

MRS. HERNDON'S INCOME.

Mrs. Campbell always writes with a purpose. This time her object is particularly laudable. "Mrs. Herndon's Income" is the story of an orphan girl who grows up, warmhearted and helpful, in a luxurious but loveless home. She marries, and soon discovers she and her husband have no sympathies in common. She joins a club for the promotion of ethical culture, "The Ultimates." The association so scathingly satirized under the fictitious name given will be readily recognized. She tires of its eternal posing, its profound estheticism, its purely theoretical humanity. She has joined it with glorious anticipations:

> Here culture would not have murdered simplicity; petty comment, fierce criticism, were never heard. Sets and cliques had lost their power; too aggressive personalities had rubbed down their angles, and all that life and thought had brought to all would be shared with every one who sought the gift. I held to my faith for three months. I refused to answer the interior questions that from meeting to meeting arose. Then came an evening when common sense spoke, and all the louder because I had long refused to hear. Ah, that evening! I saw a poet visibly strangling in the fuming incense burned before him by a knot of ecstatic worshipers; two historians wrangling loudly over some disputed point; a row of petty poets, novelists, good and bad, and essayists galore, and scattered among them the critics, triumphantly eying their victims, who sat, outwardly calm, inwardly deeply distrustful. And in the outer circle men and women, ambitious, discontented, uncomfortable, burning for individual recognition, and too eager for that to know that their allegiance was to a King whose title is plain—Literary Snob. Think of it! Three score men and women, almost all past their first youth, and many of them with kindly faces, yet all so dominated by the evil spirit that reigns here, all so bent on saying some sharp thing worthy of being handed down as a club aphorism, that all natural speech and thought died once for all in this rarified and breathless atmosphere of criticism and culture.

During her married life she is denied the gratification of aiding those less financially fortunate than she; so, when with her supposed widowhood comes liberty, she begins a systematic investigation of the various charitable institutions. She is amazed at their scope and number, while appalled at the suffering and destitution existing without their walls. The income which she desires to devote to the alleviation of want will prove but a crumb among so many struggling thousands. She retires to a smaller house, and brings two old maiden cousins to live with her. And she begins to do the work which comes nearest to her hand. Step by step is her progress followed—her endeavor, her unselfishness, and the blessed results of both. One of the principal characters is Berthold Lessing, a German Socialist. Gentle, equable, and wise, he is a contrast to the majority of his brethren who gather in his shop to drink beer and denounce monopoly. The reader is treated to a scene in a New York tenement, an attempted suicide, a burglary, and a revivalist meeting in the slums. Accurate and softly-finished as photographs by Sarony are the portraits of Herbert Longshore and his wife.

Mrs. Campbell has attacked her subject boldly. Her pen is keen and trenchant; her sentiment never degenerates into sentimentality. But the plot is ill-constructed, the style rambling and diffusive. The humor is forced and rather ghastly. However, one can ignore these errors, recognizing the sincerity and wholeheartedness of the work and the loftiness of its aim. (Roberts Bros.)

DOSIA'S DAUGHTER.

Henry Gréville—pen-name of Mme. Alice Marie Durand, who is at present visiting this country—dedicates her latest novel in graceful words to her American friends, and puts it forth in the form of a translation made by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement. "Dosia's Daughter," as the story is named, gives one a superficial glimpse of domestic life in Russia, with here and there some pretty bits of description of scenery. The tale itself is so thin in interest and so weak in dramatic fibre as almost to impress one as frivolous, were it not that the method shows lightness of touch, a nice sense of artistic proportion, and—what is rare in female writers—a rainbow gleam of humor in a misty sky of sentiment. The heroine is a pretty girl who gets the sulks because her destiny is not that of St. Theresa, runs away from a happy home and a devoted lover, and finally returns to forgiveness and a fatted calf, instead of bread and water and a dark room. Very nicely the writer inculcates the moral that the faults of parents are inherited by the children, and that often a mother punishes in her own child the passionate instincts which that mother had neglected to curb in herself. The book illustrates in many passages that naive French style of novel-writing which ignores common sense in seeking the ideal. Take this passage, for instance, from page 145. The lover is speaking to his willful little mistress, before whom he has abased himself:

> "What I mean to say is, that I am wanting in poetry, in imagination; perhaps—I am simple, too simple."

It seemed as if he begged pardon for his simplicity. She looked at him a moment, a little puzzled, disposed to take what he said as a reality—feeling at the same time, confusedly, that this extreme modesty was in itself an indication of uncommon merit.

Extreme modesty, forsooth! Why, if the young man knew he was simple, it was the clearest proof in the world that he was subtle. Perhaps, however, such criticism as this is hypercritical. It remains to be said that Mrs. Clement's translation preserves to a great extent what one may imagine to be the Gallic charm of the original. (Ticknor & Co.)

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

In a brand-new winter overcoat Frank Stockton's crisp and clever "Rudder Grange" claims recognition. Mr. Frost has added to the attractiveness of the book by his humorous illustrations. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

J. T. Trowbridge contributes to the holiday press one of his characteristic stories for boys. "The Satinwood Box" is a pleasant if not an exciting tale, and points a healthy moral. (Lee & Shepard.)

"We Two Alone in Europe" describes the travels of a couple of American girls in the Old World. The book is evidently a first effort. The reader tamely traverses again very well-beaten paths. Miss Ninde gushes in schoolgirl fashion over historical cities and memoried ruins. It is amusing to turn from her reverential description of Westminster Abbey to the disrespectful assertions regarding it of her countrywoman, Miss Freddie Bogart. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.)

Mr. Percival Lowell's account of Corea, "Choson: the Land of the Morning Calm," which Ticknor & Co. have just issued, is in many respects an important book. Mr. Lowell was for a time the guest of the King of Corea, and the illustrations are from the first dry-plate photographs ever made in that country. The binding is of a novel design, after models by native artists.

The many admirers of a great novelist will be glad to welcome the third series of "Character-Sketches from Dickens," just published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The illustrations are in the form of photogravure from the original drawings by Frederick Barnard; and to name the subjects is to recall the familiar names of Wilkins Micawber, Betsy Trotwood, Captain Cuttle, Uriah Heep, Dick Swiveller, Bob Cratchit, and Tiny Tim. Each picture is faced by a leaf, which bears the description embodied by the artist in the drawing. A work like this will recall many delightful hours, and will be an ever-present memento of books which perhaps years ago have been pushed far back upon the library shelves.

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

"Eight Studies of the Lord's Day" is a volume by an anonymous author who need not have concealed his name. It is a fresh treatment of an old subject. The Sabbath of Paradise, the Mosaic Sabbath, and the Christian Sabbath are considered with rare discrimination and thoroughness. The writer at considerable length discusses the peculiar and temporary features of the Mosaic Sabbath. The Fourth Commandment he regards as not strictly Mosaic, having been given in the Decalog directly by God Himself, and in words that fit it equally for literal application under the Mosaic and the Christian economies. He shows that, after the Mosaic features were stripped off, the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment remains; and that the seventh day after six days' labor is the same whether the holy day begins or ends the week-reckoning, while there must be a good reason for any change in the mode of reckoning backed by the sanction of the Lord of the Sabbath. The only serious defect in the discussion is the lack of a careful attention to the treatment of "days," and especially of "the Sabbaths" in the Apostolic epistles. The author cuts short his discussion at the close without reaching this difficult part of the subject except by a few indistinct allusions. The volume is one of the best that have been written of late on the Sabbath and the Lord's Day. It is learned and liberal towards opponents. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Evolution of Religious Thought" is a volume by Count Goblet d'Alviella of Brussels. The translator is J. Moden. The writer reviews the progress of speculative philosophy in its relation to religion. He regards the Positivism of Comte and the Transcendentalism of Hegel, Theodore Parker, and Ralph Waldo Emerson as having had their day. He looks with more favor upon the religion of Evolution as taught by Herbert Spencer and John Fisk, while he does not distinctly indorse their Agnosticism. He names Henry Ward Beecher as among the teachers of evolutional religion. J. Minot Savage he deems a leader in these inquiries, which he seems to expect will overthrow Christianity, and introduce a religion of Humanity that will rule in the near future. The synthetic movement in this direction, as traced by him, has developed thus far only a few scattered fruits. He does not notice the fact, confidently claimed by Christians, that their religion was never before so vigorous and aggressive as at the present hour. A careful historical and statistical comparison just here might lead to important conclusions. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"A Strong-Minded Woman" is a new story by Dr. William A. Hammond. He has published several novels before. This one is scarcely equal to the others. The writer is evidently not carried away with the "Woman's Rights" movement. This appears from the results to which he brings his heroines, one of whom is arrested in her professional career by the discovery that she has been misled by a deceiver; and the other of whom falls in love and is married, so retiring from active life. At the same time the doctor does not wish to see any restrictions upon the educational privileges of women. But he does not believe that many of them desire professional occupations. The story is largely made up of diffuse conversations and is not well sustained to the end. It is, however, readable, and will be to many highly interesting. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"Fletcher of Madeley" is another volume of the "Heroes of Christian History," now in course of publication. This biography was prepared by the Rev. Frederic W. McDonald of Birmingham, Eng. John Fletcher was a contemporary of John Wesley, the father of Methodism, who greatly esteemed him, and wrote a life of him shortly after his death. He was regarded not only by Wesley, but most others who knew him, as one of the purest and most pious men of his time. He was a Swiss by birth and education, having been born in 1729, at Nyon, about fifteen miles from Geneva, and educated there and at Geneva. He was upright and devout from his childhood onward. He could never subscribe to the Calvinistic faith. About 1750 he went to England, where he became greatly interested in the Methodist revival, and was afterwards one of the chief helpers in that remarkable work. After acting for a season as a co-laborer with the Wesleys and one of the chaplains of Lady Huntingdon, he was settled as vicar of the Parish Church at Madeley, where he spent the remainder of his life in useful labors. His influence was widely felt, not only among the working classes, to whose spiritual interests he devoted himself with special earnestness, but among the friends of experimental religion at large who highly prized his efficient support. He was probably less intellectual than John Wesley, but more powerful as a teacher and exemplar of personal religion. He died peacefully at Madeley in 1785, 100 years ago. His writings were to some extent controversial, but always designed to subserve the interests of true piety. Among his opponents was the celebrated Dr. Toplady, whose views Fletcher deemed closely bordering on Antinomianism, and whose spirit in controversy was certainly less amiable and gentle than that of his Arminian antagonist. This volume will be read with interest, especially by Methodists. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

"Outline of Christian History" is the last of the small volumes on this subject by Prof. Joseph Henry Allen of Cambridge, formerly of Harvard University. His previous volumes are: "Early Christianity," "The Middle Ages," "Modern Phases," and "Fragments of Christian History." The present volume was designed as an outline for the use of students. It is, however, a convenient summary for the help of all readers in the way of general review. Dr. Allen is a careful writer, and his statements afford evidence of candor at every point. He is a Unitarian, wo judge of the liberal school. (Roberts Bros.)

"The Thought of God" is a small volume of hymns and poems by Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett. Some of the pieces are very beautiful and express high devotional sentiment—for example, "The Thought of God," "The Mystery of God," "Found," and "In Sleep." The title of the volume well indicates the general character of the poems. They are thoughts of God. They will be admired both as poetry and sentiment. (Roberts Bros.)

The *Andover Review* for December closes Volume Fourth. In this number the "editorials" on "Progressive Orthodoxy; or, The New Theolgy" are concluded. In these editorials, beginning with May last, will be found a full exposition of the peculiarities of the new departure at Andover, which has awakened so much interest in various quarters. Among the book reviews and notices is one by Prof. Warfield of Allegheny Seminary on fine editions of the "Teachings of the Twelve Apostles," by several different editors in America and England. This extended notice is discriminating and worthy of attention. The next volume of the *Review* will be enlarged, and the price will be increased to $4. Subscriptions will be received, however, till January, 1886, at $3. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The *Homiletic Review* for December is at hand. It contains, among other articles, an additional one in the Symposium of Prohibition, by Herrick Johnson, D. D. Dr. J. takes strong ground in favor of National Prohibition and a National Prohibition party. He discusses The Ground of Prohibition; Its Object; The Right of Prohibition; The Right of Prohibition in Politics; The Method of Prohibition in politics. The political part of this essay is the weakest, although some previous parts are not well fortified. The doctor, as usual, is very confident in his positions. But it remains to be considered whether after all his theories will work in practice. Several other articles in this number of the *Homiletic Review* are deserving of attention. (Funk & Wagnalls.)

MISCELLANY.

Gen. Beauregard will give a history of the Shiloh campaign in the January number of the *North American Review.*

Canon Farrar has an article on "The Church in America" in the January number of the *North American Review.*

The January *Atlantic* contains a charming paper in the New Portfolio Series by Dr. Holmes, called "A Cry from the Study."

"Broken Bonds" is the title of a new society novel, by W. A. H. Stafford, just published by Messrs. Andrew F. Underhill & Co., of New York. The author is a son-in-law of ex-Mayor Schroeder, of Brooklyn.

George Saintsbury's volume of "Specimens of English Prose Style" is to be published in this country by Jansen, McClurg & Co. This American edition will be printed in London from the English plates.

"The Garroters—a Farce," by W. D. Howells, which formed one of the most popular contributions to the brilliant Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*, has just been published in book form by Harper & Bros.

Understanding that a renewed effort is to be made to induce Congress to remove the tariff upon works of art imported into the United States, the editors of the *Critic* devote their issue of Dec. 19 to a crusade against the law as it now stands.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued Mr. Story's poems in two tasteful volumes (the first entitled "Parchments and Portraits," the second, "Monologs and Lyrics"). Mr. Story's new novel of Italian life, "Fiammetta," is also published by the same firm.

It is to be regretted that Mr. A. F. Christiani, the author of "The Principles of Expression in Pianoforte Playing," did not live to see the success of his book, which would have been a most gratifying reward for the years of thought and labor devoted to its preparation. The work has created a sensation in musical circles.

The London *Standard* commits itself to this remarkable statement concerning Tennyson's new book: "We have read these poems with great delight, because they not only show no falling off in the Laureate's powers, but, in our opinion, a distinct improvement, which, at the age of 74, as Lord Tennyson tells us that he is, is something to be observed with admiration."

The New York Shakspearean Society is about to make its report on the supposed autograph of Shakspeare now in the possession of C. E. Gunther of Chicago. The report is to be accompanied by full detail photographs of the folio, the autograph, and the various memoranda, signatures, and inscriptions on the book and bindings; and will be printed in the regular series of the society's publications.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POEMS. By Marion V. Dudley. Milwaukee: Thomas S. Gray.

A LONG SEARCH. By Mary A. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

JOHN MAIDMENT. By Julian Sturges. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.

THE GOLDEN SPIKE. Fantasie in Prose. By Edward King. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

TIME FLIES. A Reading Diary. By Christina G. Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS. A Fairy Story. By Robert Grant. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

TIRESIAS; and Other Poems. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. London: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

BROKEN BONDS. A Novel. By W. A. H. Stafford. New York: Andrew F. Underhill & Co. $1.25.

WHAT WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT SHAKSPEARE. By Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.

THE RECORD OF A MINISTERING ANGEL. By Mrs. Mary J. Clark. Chicago and New York: Belford, Clarke & Co.

RECEPTION DAY. No. 4. Dialogs, etc., for Public and Private Schools. New York: E. L. Kellogg & Co. 25 cents.

THE ART OF THE OLD ENGLISH POTTER. By L. M. Solon. Illustrated by the Author. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ORGANIC SCIENTIFIC PHILOSOPHY. Scientific Theism. By Francis Ellingwood Abbot, Ph. D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

HUMOR IN ANIMALS. A Series of Studies in Pen and Pencil. By W. H. Beard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

JAPANESE HOMES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS. By Edward S. Morse. With Illustrations by the Author. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

MARIUS, THE EPICUREAN. His Sensations and Ideas. By Walter Pater, M. A. Second Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. $2.25.

SERMONS. By T. De Witt Talmage. Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Second Series. Second Edition. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

VIEWS OF RELIGION. By Theodore Parker. With an Introduction by James Freeman Clarke. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.

ANTHROPOID APES. By Robert Hartman, Professor in the University of Berlin. With Sixty-three Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CHOSON. The Land of the Morning Calm. A Sketch of Korea. By Percival Lowell. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A HANDBOOK OF WHIST, and Ready-Reference Manual of the Modern Scientific Game. By "Major Tenace." New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE SHAKSPEAREAN MYTH. William Shakspeare and Circumstantial Evidence. By Appleton Morgan, A. M., LL. B. Second Edition. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION; or, The Principles and Practice of Teaching. By T. Tate, F. R. A. S. With an Introduction by Edward E. Sheib, A. M., Ph. D. New York: E. L. Kellogg & Co.

THIRD SERIES OF CHARACTER-SKETCHES FROM DICKENS. From Original Drawings by Frederick Barnard. Reproduced in Photogravure and Printed by Goupil & Co., Paris. New York: Cassell & Co.

BRAIN-REST. Being a Disquisition on the Curative Properties of Prolonged Sleep. By J. Leonard Corning, M. D. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. No. XXXI. Ericsson's Destroyer and Submarine Gun: Being a Consideration of Their Application to Naval Warfare. By William H. Jaques, Lieutenant U. S. N. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HISTORY OF PAINTING. From the German of the Late Dr. Alfred Woltmann, Professor at the Imperial University of Strasburg, and Dr. Karl Woermann, Professor at the Royal Academy of Arts, Düsseldorf. Volume II.—The Painting of the Renascence. Translated by Clara Bell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE USE OF AND EXPERIMENTS WITH PHYSICAL APPARATUS. A Practical Guide to the Use of Physical Apparatus. Illustrated with Upwards of 380 Diagrams and Engravings. With an Appendix on the Equipment of the Chemical and Physical Laboratory. By W. F. Edwards. Chicago: National School Furnishing Company.

A FLORAL CLOCK.

HOW A NEW ORLEANS JUDGE TOLD THE TIME BY THE BLOOMING OF FLOWERS.

San Francisco *Call:* The Judge's house was over in the French quarter of New Orleans, unattractive outside, but as soon as you got into the broad hall a cool breeze struck you, laden, without exaggeration, with the balm of a thousand flowers. The hall led right through the house, and opened into a regular fairyland of flowers, a garden the like of which I had never dreamed of. It was surrounded by a high wall and had plants in it from every country under the sun. The white-haired old gentleman and a group of grandchildren hanging about him took us about, and the first thing we stopped at was a large oval plot, set out with small plants around the edge. "This," said the Judge, "is my clock. What time is it, Clara?" he asked one of the children. The girl ran around the plot and said it was 4 o'clock, and so it was. The four o'clock was in bloom. "In fact," said the story-teller, "the clock was made up of flowers." In the centre was a pair of hands, of wood, covered with some beautiful vine, but they had nothing, however, to do with the time-telling.

The plan was this: The Judge had noticed that at almost every hour in the day some plant bloomed, and working on this principle he had selected plants of different hours and placed them in a circle, twenty-four in number, one for every hour. For example, at the top of the earthern clock, at 12 o'clock, was planted the portulacca, and he told me it would bloom within ten minutes of 12, and rarely miss. At the hours of 1, 2, and 3 he had different varieties of the same plant, all of which bloomed at the hour opposit to which it was planted. At 4 o'clock he had our common plant of that name, and you all know how you can depend on that. At 5 the garden niotago come out, at 6 the geranium triste, and at 7 the evening primrose. Opposit 8 o'clock he had the bona nox, and at 9 the silent noctiflora—all these blooming at or near the time given. At 10 o'clock, if I remember rightly, he had a cactus, at 11 another kind, and at 12 the night-blooming cereus.

Half of the year some of the plants don't bloom at all. The plants opposit 1 and 2 in the morning were cacti that bloomed about that time, and at 3 was planted the common salsify, and at 4 the chicory, at 5 the snowthistle, and at 6 the dandelion.

All our physicians recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for hoarseness and colds. 25 cents.

SENATOR BECK ON SILVER.

He Opens Fire on the Gold Bugs—Hot Review of the Bondholders' Policy.

A Conspiracy Alleged to Compel Government to Pay Them Gold—Strong Plea for Bimetallism.

The Entire Subject Discussed in All Its Bearings Both Upon This Country and Europe.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the following resolution submitted by Mr. Beck the 18th inst.:

> WHEREAS, The laws of the United States require that all duties on imported goods shall be paid in coin; and
>
> WHEREAS, It is provided by Sec. 3,694 of the Revised Statutes that "the coin paid for duties on imported goods shall be set apart as a special fund, and shall be applied as follows: First, to the payment, in coin, of the interest on the bonds and notes of the United States; second, to the purchase or payment of 1 per cent of the entire debt of the United States, to be made within each fiscal year, which is to be set apart as a sinking fund, and the interest on which shall in like manner be applied to the purchase or payment of the public debt, as the Secretary of the Treasury shall, from time to time, direct; third, the residue to be paid into the Treasury";
>
> *Resolved,* That the Committee on Finance be instructed to inquire whether the laws above stated now are or have heretofore been obeyed; and if they have not, to report by bill, or otherwise, such measures as will secure their enforcement.

Mr. Beck—Mr. President, no man will deny that the laws passed by Congress are as imperative on the highest executive official as on the humblest citizen, whether they approve them or not. I venture to assert that no man will contend that the laws recited in the preamble to the foregoing resolution either are now or have for many years past been obeyed. All sorts of excuses may be and have been offered for their violation, still the fact remains that the laws of the land have been disregarded by our executive officers, and the legislative power has been subordinated to the will of men whose duty it is to submit to them and to execute them as they exist. They have no right to decide whether a law is good or bad, politic or impolitic; so long as it is law they must be compelled to render implicit obedience to it. They have officially informed Congress for years past that they neither require coin to be paid for duties on imported goods, nor do they set apart the coin or its equivalent so received as a special fund to pay the interest on our public debt or to procure bonds for the sinking fund. On the contrary, they admit that as the existing laws do not coincide with their views of what is politic they disregard them. I deny their right to do so, because I believe many of the evils the country is now afflicted with grow out of the disregard of the plainest provisions of law by our Treasury officials. I have no faith in the remedies which are now and have for years past been proposed for the evils they allege to exist. That the country is not as prosperous as it ought to be I admit, but I insist that the remedy is not to be found in striking down our silver coinage or the currency based upon it, but rather in requiring our public creditors to take it as the law and the contracts they required us to make demand.

I do not propose to find fault with much that is recommended by our executive officers; indeed, upon all questions, except that of coinage and the payment of our public debt, I heartily indorse what they advise. No Secretary of the Treasury has ever, in my opinion, expressed more enlightened views in regard to our present system of tariff taxation than the present Secretary, and I assume that he has but elaborated the views of the President. No more intelligent and statesmanlike message, taking it as a whole, has ever emanated from the Executive Mansion since I have taken part in public affairs: but I disagree with the President and his officials as to the management of our currency and our coinage, and I propose, respectfully but plainly, to state the reasons why and to point out the remedy I recommend as a substitute for changes proposed in the message and official reports.

EQUALITY OF GOLD AND SILVER COIN.

I believe that it can be demonstrated that gold and silver coin, and the paper representatives of both, stand on an absolute equality before the law, and that three-fourths of our present troubles grow out of the refusal of our officials to pay the money received at our custom-houses to our public creditors in the manner and for the purposes prescribed by the laws of the United States. Therefore, I have recited these laws, which are plain and simple, in the preamble; and in the resolution have asked the Committee on Finance to tell the Senate whether they have been executed or not; and if not, to report measures which will secure their enforcement. I admit that even when that is done other combinations must be broken up before we can become a prosperous commercial people, but as all measures for tariff and tax reform must be originated at the other end of the Capitol, I am content to await the action taken there, being confident that the Executive is in full sympathy with all proper efforts in that regard.

There can be no dispute as to the fact that there must be something wrong in the management of public affairs when the ports of great nations like Germany, France, Austria, and other countries are arbitrarily closed against our cattle, hogs, and other food products, without, as the President tells us in his message, "present prospect of reasonable change." It is not a healthy condition of things when wheat, hogs, and other farm products, debarred from foreign markets in retaliation because of our protective tariff, sell at home for prices which will barely pay the cost of production. As to them, certainly protection does not protect. The great American agricultural industries, which give employment to more than half of the workers for wages, whose welfare is held up (properly so) as the highest aim of legislation, and whose products constitute at least 80 per cent of our exports, receive no real consideration here and are not even ranked among the industries of the country over which Congress is asked or expected to throw its protecting arm.

These great interests are the unorganized, unequipped, and, therefore, neglected militia, whose strength cannot be brought to bear with half the efficiency of a single regiment of thoroughly-armed veterans fighting for special interest. This is illustrated here and now by the zeal everywhere displayed by the combinations of bankers and bondholders and their able and well-paid press to maintain their bonds at a premium of 24 per cent, or rather to increase that premium to 30 or 40 per cent, at the expense of the already impoverished masses of taxpayers. It seems as though it was thought to be the duty of Congress to see to it that the rich should be made richer by making the poor poorer. Why should we be in hot haste to strike down our silver currency for fear of a fall in our outstanding bonds below 24 per cent premium? Have the representatives of the people any interest in maintaining, far less in increasing, the premium on bonds bearing 4 per cent interest beyond 24 per cent when we must soon become the purchasers of them at any premium, or else contract our currency at ruinous rates by locking up in the Treasury all our surplus revenue, as reduction of taxation seems to be impossible, by the passage of laws which will still further depreciate the prices of farm products, now so low that producers cannot raise them and pay wages to their laborers on which they can live?

When fat hogs sell at $3\frac{1}{4}$ cents a pound, and other things in proportion—when all the world is combined to exclude our agricultural products from their markets in retaliation against our protective system, which prohibits our farmers from buying what they must have with the proceeds of what they must sell, unless they pay 46 per cent on the average more than they are offered them for, in order to enrich a few organized combinations of manufacturers, who seek no markets abroad and refuse to sell their products in competition with so-called paupers with whom the farmers must compete, our condition is not satisfactory.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST SILVER.

But I agree that the Senate cannot inaugurate measures to relieve the country from oppressions of that character; therefore I propose to seek relief in the treatment of our circulation, not by destroying it, but by extending its usefulness. The present crusade against silver is only another evidence of the audacity of the organization of wealth; they have always secured all they demanded, however unjust their demands: they have succeeded in alarming the President and the Secretary of the Treasury as they have done several preceding Administrations; they threaten to use the power which our laws give them over our currency, of withdrawing from circulation among the people and, if need be, from the country, the gold they control, and thus derange, even if ruin follows, the business of the people. Every concession increases their audacity and adds to their power. A stand must be made somewhere by the representatives of the taxpayers or an absolute surrender of all the monetary interests of the country into their hands must follow. A mere reference to the past legislation of Congress on this subject proves what I say. When it was first asserted, in 1868, by the bondholders, as the time approached when the United States could lawfully pay off the 5-20 6 per cent bonds, and when the outstanding principal of the public debt exceeded $2,600,000,000, that the honor of the country demanded that the principal as well as the interest on the bonds should be paid in gold or silver coin, a cry of indignation was raised all over the land against such a demand by all honest, disinterested men.

They were told, and told truthfully, that all the bonds they held had been purchased with legal-tender notes at par; that for each $100 in greenbacks they paid to the Government they had received a bond for $100, bearing 6 per cent interest, payable in gold or silver coin; that the greenback when they exchanged it for the bond, was only worth 50 cents on the dollar in coin, and that it was an outrage in the face of the contract they had made, with the privileges given to many of them in addition as National bankers to have currency issued for them to loan out on the security of their bonds equal to 90 per cent of the bonds deposited, to demand that the principal of their bonds should be paid in coin. They knew—everybody knew—that the claim was false. The legal-tender notes have and continue to have an indorsement on their back that "This note shall be receivable at its face value for all debts, public and private, except interest on the public debt and customs dues," so that there could be neither doubt nor dispute either as to the law or the fact. Nobody denounced the impudent demand of the bondholders more emphatically than the present presiding officer of the Senate (Mr. Sherman). He said in his letter to a friend in 1868:

> "*Dear Sir:* I was pleased to receive your letter. My personal interests are the same as yours; but, like you, I do not intend to be influenced by them. My construction of the law is the result of careful examination, and I feel quite sure an impartial court would affirm it, if the case could be tried before a court. I send you my views as fully stated in a speech. Your idea is that we propose to repudiate or violate a promise when we offer to redeem the 'principal' in legal tenders.
>
> "I think the bondholder violates his promise when he refuses to take the same kind of money he paid for the bonds. If the case is to be tested by law, I am right; if it is to be tested by Jay Cooke's advertisements, I am wrong. I hate repudiation or anything like it, but we ought not to be detained from doing what is right by fear of undeserved epithets.
>
> "If, under the law as it stands, the holders of the five-twenties can only be paid in gold, then we are repudiators if we propose to pay otherwise. If the bondholder can legally demand only the kind of money he paid, then he is a repudiator and extortioner to demand money more valuable than he gave. Truly yours, JOHN SHERMAN."

Every word he said was true, and remains true to this day. The pledge is on the back of every greenback now that it shall be receivable at its face value for every debt, public and private, except interest on the public debt and customs dues. The men who demanded more were repudiators of the public faith and credit, as he truthfully and indignantly said. Mr. Stevens, then the leader of his party, denounced their claim still more fiercely and threatened to abandon his party and join the Democracy, even with "Frank Blair" on the ticket, rather than countenance such an outrage on public decency.

The subsequent legislation by Congress only proves the truth of Macaulay's observation that if large pecuniary interests were concerned in denying the truth of the attraction of gravitation that most obvious of physical facts would be strongly and ably disputed.

It seems to me that any set of men who would deny the fact that the legal-tender note, indorsed as it was and is, which had purchased the bonds at its face value, should be received again by the bondholder in payment of the principal of the obligation he held, would not hesitate to deny the truth of the attraction of gravitation.

PAYMENT OF BONDS IN COIN.

Yet these men not only denied it, but in 1869 procured the passage of an act of Congress, against the vote and protest (I am happy to say) of every Democrat in both Houses, declaring that the principal of the bonds should be paid in coin—in gold and silver coin, as both are named. Legal-tenders were only worth 50 cents on the dollar in coin when the bonds were bought; they were worth from 68 to 70 cents when this act was passed. The act was simply legalized robbery. The bondholders and their attorneys in and out of Congress knew it, and knew that no court would sustain such a law. The indorsement could neither be erased nor sworn off the back of the legal-tender note, and nobody could plead ignorance either of the law or of the fact that it was to be received at par in payment of the principal of all our bonds.

Therefore they caused the act of July 14, 1870, to be passed, extending the time of payment, reducing the interest, and exempting the new bonds in express terms from all taxation, State, Federal, or municipal; and to prevent all mistake or misapprehension as to the character, quality, and weight of the money in which payment of the new bonds should be made, they caused to be printed on each bond as part of its obligation, "that it shall be paid in coin of the standard value prescribed by law on the 14th of July, 1870." The present gold and silver coin are both of the standard value prescribed by the law of July 14, 1870, and were then as now both full legal-tenders for all our obligations. All the bonds that mature in 1891 and 1907, amounting to about $1,000,000,000, stand today unchanged, and payable as required by the act of 1870. The remnant of those payable now have been changed, the interest has been lowered and the time extended, but the same provisions govern them and the same conditions are written out as part of the contract in all of them.

In the face of these facts it is simply absurd for anybody to assert that they are payable in gold alone, or that the taxpayers of the country are under any obligation, express or implied, either to demonetize or stop the coinage of the silver dollar, which is of the standard value required by the act of July 14, 1870, or to increase its weight to thirty, forty, or any other numbers of grains, because England, to whom we have ignominiously surrendered the carrying trade of this country and the world, with her 200,000 of serfs in India and elsewhere, and Germany, after extorting $1,000,000,000 of gold from France, have combined in the interest of their money-changers to depreciate silver or put up the market price of gold 20 per cent.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL UNIT OF VALUE.

If the gold mines of California and Australia had continued to produce abundantly and the Comstock lode and the Leadville mines had not produced silver, so that the market value of the two metals as bullion in London had been reversed, the argument could be made quite as plausibly that the silver dollar was the constitutional unit of value in 1870, which the bondholders have a right to demand. There is not an outstanding obligation of the United States, nor of any State, municipality, corporation, or individual which cannot be legally and honorably discharged by the payment of the present standard silver dollar. What right has Congress to deprive the debtor of that right by adding more silver to the coin than he agreed to pay, or by stopping its coinage so that he cannot obtain it? It is as palpable a violation of a contract to increase the obligation of the debtor as it is to impair or reduce the standard value of the coin which the creditor stipulated in his contract should be paid to him. When Congress has once coined money and regulated the value thereof, and contracts are based upon it, the right to pay according to its terms cannot rightfully or justly be taken from the people, and Senators and Representatives who deprive them of that right will have unpleasant explanations to make to the men whose burdens are increased by their vote. It is simply an attempt to repeal the legislation of 1869, and the same pretenses are made now that were made then. An honest dollar for the laboring man was then, as now, held up as the patriotic object of those who repudiated the greenback, as higher wages to labor is claimed to be the prime object of all the patriotic combinations of monopolists and machine-owners, who tax us all 46 per cent under the present protective tariff and yet hire the cheapest pauper labor they can import. It is the wolf guarding the lamb, the spider the fly, and the hawk the sparrow.

I propose to test this question in the light of the facts furnished us by our Treasury officials. We are, of course, as good judges of the value of the facts they furnish and as competent to draw correct conclusions from them as they are. The last report from the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, relative to our foreign commerce for the fiscal year 1885, proves that there is no such condition either in our trade or exports of metals, whether of coin or bullion, as to render it necessary to strike down our silver coinage. It shows (page 1) that our total exports for 1885 were $726,682,946, and for 1884, $724,964,852, while our total imports for 1885 were $577,527,329, and for 1884, $667,697,693.

It will thus be seen that while the value of our exports in 1885 exceeded those of 1884, our imports were more than $90,000,000 less. The same report shows that for 1885 our exports of gold were $8,477,892, and for 1884 $41,081,957, or over $32,000,000 less for the last fiscal year than for the year before. Our exports of silver for 1885 were $33,750,633, and for 1884 $26,051,426, or nearly $8,000,000 more last year than the year before, while our imports of gold last year exceeded those of the year before nearly $4,000,000. These facts falsify the clamor that gold is fleeing from our country, and proves that all the (pretended) evils of a single depreciated silver standard are myths.

Nor is it true that our silver coin has depreciated since July, 1870, when tested by any other standard than the market value of bullion in London.

The report above referred to (pages 5 and 6) gives the New York or export prices in currency of the commodities which constituted over 80 per cent of our exports, nearly all agricultural products, in 1870 and 1885; from which it will be seen that the silver dollar, which it has become fashionable to malign and denounce in aristocratic circles, will now purchase from 25 to 30 per cent more of all that the toiling millions of this country labor to produce, and of all that men need money to obtain, than it would in July, 1870. To avoid all dispute as to these facts I quote the language of the report, as follows:

The following table shows the annual average export price in currency of the articles of domestic product named and for the years indicated:

Articles—	Year ending June 30, 1870.	1885.
Indian corn, per bushel	$0.92.5	$0.54.9
Wheat, per bushel	1.28.9	86.2
Wheat flour, per barrel	6.11.2	4.89.7
Cotton, per pound	23.5	10.6
Leather, per pound	28.5	19.8
Mineral oils, refined, per gallon	30.5	08.7
Bacon, hams, per pound	15.7	09.7
Lard, per pound	16.6	07.9
Pork, salted, per pound	13.2	06.8
Beef, salted, per pound	07.3	07.5
Butter, per pound	29.3	16.8
Cheese, per pound	15.5	09.3
Eggs, per dozen	39.3	21.5
Starch, per pound	08.2	04.0
Sugar, refined, per pound	12.6	06.4
Tobacco, leaf, per pound	11.8	09.9

In the face of these official facts and figures as to our trade, and exports and imports of gold and silver, and the comparative purchasing power of the silver dollar now and in 1870, I repeat: Why should it be stricken down, or its purchasing power further increased 20 per cent, by adding 40, 50, or any other number of grains to its weight? In other words, why should every producer and debtor have to give 20 per cent more of the products of his labor to obtain either a new silver dollar or gold coin with which to pay his debts than he does

now, when he is already paying his obligations according to the terms of a contract in a coin which will procure for its owner much more of all he needs than it would in 1870? It is only another phase of the constant struggle of the rich to grind the face of the poor, and of the favored few to enrich themselves by class legislation.

GOLD AT A PREMIUM.

While no one can deny that every obligation of the United States and every contract within our borders can be discharged honorably with the present silver dollar, we are told that our foreign obligations and relations are such that gold will be at a premium very soon, and we will be on a basis of degraded silver at once if we do not increase the weight or stop the coinage of silver; that all Europe is horrified at our stupidity or dishonesty, or both. Even England, whose gold is said to be used so freely to buy Senators and Representatives to vote for revenue tariffs against protection to monopolies called American industry, is held up now by the gold monometallists as an example worthy of all imitation; her financial policy is lauded as the perfection of human wisdom. Fortunately the official reports overthrow all the reckless assertions of the gold worshipers. The Register of the Treasury (see report for this year, page 4) shows that out of $1,071,460,262 registered bonds of the United States outstanding only $11,927,900, or a little over one-tenth of 1 per cent, is held abroad, and of those which can be paid before 1892 foreigners hold only $34,150, which is less than the interest on the money now lying idle in the Treasury for one day at 3 per cent per annum.

These facts, coupled with the fact that our exports of goods exceeded our imports $130,000,000 this year, and our imports of goods exceeded our gold exports $18,213,804, an amount greatly exceeding all our bonds held abroad, settle the question. The falsity of the clamor about foreign complications or gold premiums is made too apparent for any sensible man to be deceived by it.

The press is filled with articles day by day which seek to make people believe that all other nations have ceased to coin silver, and that we alone are stubbornly persisting in forcing it upon this country after it has been abandoned everywhere else.

I propose to disprove these allegations by officially-stated facts. The Director of the Mint in his last report shows (pages 131, 132) that for the year 1884 the world's production of gold was $95,392,669; of silver, $115,147,678; and that $99,459,240 of gold was coined, while the coinage of silver last year amounted to $90,089,443, of which the United States coined $33,991,756 of gold and $28,534,866 of silver. Other nations, therefore, coined in 1884 $61,554,577 of silver, showing that we are far from being alone in the coinage of that metal. England coined $3,204,824 of silver last year and $6,201,517 the year before, to add to her stock, while she has been accumulating for generations; while she has coined silver for India in the last three years to the value of $68,234,000.

FOREIGN SILVER COIN.

The workers for wages in England today get their pay in silver coin, and the question is never mooted by them as to the comparative bullion value of the silver and gold coin of that country. Even Germany, notwithstanding she pretended to have demonetized silver twelve years ago, coined in 1882 $6,497,157 of it to add to her vast stock on hand; her laborers are paid in it now. No complaint is made anywhere, here or in Europe, about silver coin, except by the holders of our bonds, who seek to increase largely the purchasing power of gold, or, which is the same thing, reduce the value of all our property from 25 to 50 per cent below its present value when tested by the single standard of gold, which they claim shall be paid by us to them, and to them alone. They do not seek to establish the single gold standard, they say; they are bimetallists. They agree that silver is a legal tender for all debts and obligations of the Government, except those held by them. It is good enough to pay the laborer, the soldier, the sailor—in short, all who work for the United States—but they insist that it is dishonest in us to pay it to them, although their bonds and obligations all show on their face that it is a legal tender in payment of them all so long as it is coined of the standard value fixed by law July 14, 1870, as it is now and always has been.

Our dollar is more valuable than that coined by most of the other leading nations, France included, theirs bearing the relation of 15½ to 1 with gold, while ours is 16 to 1. I need not repeat in detail what the official reports show in regard to the gold, silver, and paper currency of the several countries. It is sufficient to prove by them that while the difference in the market value of gold and silver in London operates to degrade their silver coin more than it does ours, France and other countries maintain their silver and paper in all transactions, public and private, at par with gold under far greater difficulties than we have to contend with, no matter from what standpoint the comparison is made.

DUTY OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

No Secretary of the Treasury can mistake his duty under the law; no public creditor can complain when the interest on his bond is paid in the coin which is set apart as a special fund, first for the payment of the interest due to him. Yet millions, hundreds of millions, have been paid for duties on imported goods since 1878 in silver coin and silver certificates, which is only a convenient form of handling silver, as the coin they represent is ours when the certificates are paid to us; yet not one dollar, so far as I am advised, has ever been paid in silver as interest on the public debt or in the purchase of a single bond for the sinking fund, though it has been recognized as a coin which constituted the special fund created by law by its acceptance in payment of duties on imported goods. The public creditors have unjustly demanded gold for the interest on their bonds without any semblance of right, and every Secretary of the Treasury has disregarded the law and acceded to their demands. Our officials have thus aided and abetted the organization of the most powerful body of capitalists in the United States against silver coinage—men who control the currency of the country, and hold the obligations of all its business concerns; men who can inflate or contract the circulating medium on which all our commercial transactions depend; men who hold $737,742,850 of bonds of the United States maturing in 1907, on which they now demand a premium of 24 per cent, and seek, by striking down silver, still further to increase their premiums.

They hold also $250,000,000 of our bonds payable in 1892, which they seek to enhance the value of even beyond the 12 per cent premium they now command. These men control boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and the best talent of the press; they can crush all who are in debt if they dare to dissent from or object to the demands they make; the reports of their conventions and speeches are laid before us with a parade and semblance of authority equal to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury or the message of the President.

I shall not be surprised if they dominate this Congress, but it will be after I have entered my protest against it and have given to the country my reasons for so protesting.

If the managers of the finances of France had treated her silver coinage as our officials have ours, she would have been prostrated, financially, at the feet of England and Germany long ago.

Why have the holders of the dishonored trade-dollar been importuning Congress for years to give them in exchange for it a standard dollar containing 412½ grains, while it contains 420? Simply because one is a legal tender and will pay the debts of its owner, and the other will not. Yet tested by the bullion value the trade-dollar is worth the most. When our Treasury officials yielded to the clamor of the bondholders and violated the law by admitting their right to refuse silver received at the custom-house in payment of the interest or principal of their bonds, they degraded our standard silver dollar by depriving it of its most important function as a legal tender; and now, having captured the executive branch of the Government, the bondholders and their attorneys are besieging Congress to enforce their demand for gold alone in the settlement of their claims, all law, justice, and equity to the contrary notwithstanding, by striking down the silver of the standard value of July, 1870, which they then demanded and inserted in the face of every bond they hold as one of the coins in which the bonds should be paid. It is hard to do justice to their audacity in temperate language; I hardly think I am equal to the task and will not attempt it. I can, however, get the facts before the people.

The last report of the Treasurer, page 35, shows that the receipts at the New York Custom-House for the fiscal year 1885 were paid as follows:

United States legal-tender notes	$36,161,000, or	28.9 per cent.
United States gold coin	1,544,000, or	1.2 per cent.
United States gold certificates	42,779,000, or	34.1 per cent.
United States silver certificates	44,660,000, or	35.6 per cent.
United States silver coin	158,000, or	0.1 per cent.
Total	$125,302,000, or	100 per cent.

It is fair to assume that the payments at the other custom-houses were made in substantially the same character of money. It will be observed that more of the customs dues were paid in silver and silver certificates than were paid in gold and gold certificates; all of it is by law a special fund which cannot legally be paid or covered into the Treasury till the interest on the public debt is paid out of it, and the bonds for the sinking fund are purchased or redeemed.

SILVER HELD IN THE TREASURY.

These, together, required about $108,000,000, yet not a dollar of silver has been so applied; it is paid into the Treasury and held there, and a clamor is raised that it cannot be again got into circulation. If the law was obeyed and the bondholders required to take the same proportion of silver dollars that the Government receives through its custom-houses, the bondholders would have no difficulty in getting them all into circulation; and when it is made their interest to maintain and support the silver they own we would hear no more about its being dishonest money. The Secretary says (page 14 of his report) that the balance in the Treasury has been increased from the 4th of March, 1885, to the 1st of November, 1885, $58,858,798.77, yet there has been no reduction of the interest-bearing debt (and that is the only debt that is a burden on taxpayers) since November, 1884, certainly not since March, 1885. The monthly reports show $194,000,000 of 3 per cent bonds then outstanding and precisely the same amount in November.

How is the surplus silver coin to get out of the Treasury if the Secretary refuses to pay it out for interest and refuses to call in the bonds which are now payable?

There is no more effectual or pernicious method of contracting the currency than by collecting by taxation a large sum in excess of the needs of an economically administered Government and locking it up in the Treasury. Every dollar needlessly taken from the taxpayer wrongfully deprives him of that much capital, which he needs and labored to obtain, and when it is locked up the circulating medium which all the people want is wrongfully withheld from them. The thief who steals and squanders an unneeded surplus locked up in the Treasury vaults would inflict less injury on the country and its business if the money he stole was put in circulation than a Secretary who holds and hides in vaults currency which the people want, and refuses to use it to pay the debts, especially interest-bearing debts, which the men who own this money owe. It is easy to raise a clamor about a surplus, but it will be more difficult to explain to the people why such vast amounts of money they have been so heavily taxed to furnish is lying idle in the overloaded Treasury vaults and they deprived of its use, while interest is running against them on bonds that can be and ought to be paid. The idle money, when paid out for interest on bonds, would at once be released and restored to circulation.

Speaking of circulation, we are constantly told that there is now a great abundance of it outstanding; indeed, we are officially advised that the legal-tender notes and the silver certificates should all be withdrawn—I presume because of the superabundance of currency. Let us look for a few minutes at the effect of these recommendations if carried out and see how far these certificates are now used as currency.

It was the avowed purpose of the advocates of both gold and silver certificates, and I was one of them, to furnish a safe, convenient paper currency, every dollar of it could be used just as the coin paid for it could be, and which would be secured by the deposit of an equal amount of coin in the Treasury. No better security could be asked or given. It was not thought desirable to have the coin of either metal exposed to the risk of loss or reduction of value by the abrasion which necessarily accompanies its active use. The transportation of both was known to be dangerous and expensive; all the expense and risk, as well as the deterioration of the coin, were avoided by the use of the paper substitutes, while the United States was sure to be amply compensated for all the expenses incurred for vaults, custodians, and everything else.

WORN-OUT PAPER MONEY.

We—I mean by we all the people—received a coin dollar for every paper dollar issued. We only pay out the coin on the paper brought back to our agents. All of it that is lost or destroyed by fire, flood, or the thousand accidents that all transitory things are subject to is our gain. We had experience in operations of that sort and knew that they were profitable. Forty-five millions of dollars of fractional currency was issued. We afterwards called it in for cancellation, and we now know that $15,000,000, or one-third of it, has been lost or destroyed. We made $15,000,000 out of that issue, as we received a full consideration for the whole amount issued. We only redeem such National bank notes as are returned, and the amount now known to be lost is so great that the Controller is devising all sorts of ingenious plans in his report to get it away from us for the benefit of the banks. None of them lost any of it. The people who borrowed it or worked for it, after the banks got value received for it, were the sufferers; yet the Controller wants it all for the banks. I expect they will get it. They have as much right to it as to have their interest and principal paid in gold alone, or to have our silver stricken down. I have no idea that $300,000,000 of the $346,000,000 of greenbacks charged in the report as outstanding could be returned if they were called in today. All lost is clear profit to the Government. It is a sufficient answer to all the clamor about expense and vaults that the coin is preserved from loss and from abrasion, and that our gain from the loss of the outstanding paper, if it is kept in denominations in which it will circulate, as it ought to be, will amply compensate the United States for all the expenses of its safe-keeping.

The object we all had in view by keeping in actual use paper substitutes for gold coin to the extent of the coin deposited has been grossly perverted. The coin is locked up and four-fifths of the certificates issued are of such high denominations that they are of no sort of use as currency.

The Treasurer's report, Page 23, shows that on the 30th of June, 1885, the outstanding gold certificates amounted to $137,760,860, of which all but $33,360,000 were in denominations of $500 and upward, more than $55,000,000 of them being for $10,000 each. It is obvious that the people get no benefit in the form of currency when bills or certificates exceed $100.

The director of the mint, on Page 29 of his report, speaking of these paper substitutes, says: "As these certificates represent coin in the Treasury, which coin can only be used in their redemption, they really form a part of the active coin circulation of the country." The director, perhaps, did not know that $55,000,000 of them were for $10,000 each, as it would be absurd to speak of such notes or certificates as forming part of our active circulation.

The Treasurer's report (Page 24) shows that June 30, 1885, silver certificates amounting to $139,901,646 were outstanding, and that $103,758,091 were in $10 and $20 bills, in about equal proportions. None were higher than $1,000; so that the only real currency furnished to the people in the shape of certificates is that based on the deposit of silver coin. Yet the dollars so deposited are held up as useless incumbrances, performing no function of value, and all our officials join in the crusade against them and the certificates that represent them, and urge Congress to withdraw the one and stop the coinage of the other. I do not propose to do either unless better reasons are given why it should be done than any I have yet seen or heard. I would, however, amend the law so that no certificate should be of a higher denomination than $500, and not more than 25 per cent of the amount outstanding at any time should be of denominations higher than $50. The legal-tender notes, too, are attacked. It seems as though every form of currency which costs nothing and enriches nobody is condemned.

GOVERNMENT CREDIT.

It is assumed that the Government has no right to use its own credit or to furnish any part of the currency the people need. Legal-tender notes are denounced as a forced loan, as rag-babies, shinplasters, indeed every opprobrious epithet has been hurled against them by those who insist that they must be vested with the sole right to issue currency to loan at a profit to themselves, and to dictate through their organization how much or how little it is most profitable to them to keep in circulation. But the people and their representatives have so far sustained the greenbacks, and while they have always been repudiated to the extent that they could not be legally paid at the custom-houses for duties on imports, and that is the law now, over $47,000,000 of them was received for duties last year in New York alone by executive orders in plain violation of law. The majority of the Senate refused last year to make them receivable for duties, and yet we permit $47,000,000 of them to be so received. I have a bill now before the Finance Committee making it legal to receive them for custom dues, as I believe they ought to be; yet I insist that no executive officer ought to be allowed to do anything in violation of law, or to be placed in a position in which he feels authorized or compelled to disregard it.

Congress, by the act of May 31, 1878 (see Statutes at Large, Vol. 20, Page 87), made an effort to retain what was then left of the legal-tender notes and to preserve them in such shape that they would be currency in the hands of the people. We provided, in substance, that whenever legal-tender notes are received at the Treasury from any source they shall not be retired, but shall be reissued and paid out again and kept in circulation, and that new notes of the same denomination of those returned because too much mutilated for use shall be issued in their stead. It is obvious that Congress did not intend to allow any increase of the denomination of the legal-tender notes above what existed when the act was passed; yet the table on Page 29 of the Treasurer's report shows that bills of the denomination of $500 have increased in the last year nearly $10,000,000, while those of smaller denominations have been proportionally decreased.

There can be but one purpose in this attack all along the line on everything except gold and National-bank notes, and that is to transfer to the holders of our bonds absolute power over the currency, which means over the business of the country. . . .

NOT WARRING ON BANKS AND BONDS.

I desire to state with great distinctness that I am not making war on bondholders or National banks or bankers. I voted to renew their charters, to repeal all taxes on their capital and deposits, and will cheerfully vote for any and all measures necessary to add to their usefulness, either by increasing their circulation to par with the bonds deposited, or, if it can be done with justice to their competitors in business, reduce or repeal the tax on their circulation. But I would require them to take the same coins, both gold and silver, that all other creditors of the Government receive. I shall always oppose the grant or recognition of any superior rights or privileges in them or in the obligations they hold over those of other citizens. I would divorce them from politics and deprive them of power to control or influence legislation by contracting or expanding or by threatening to interfere with our currency, as was done when they obtained President Hayes' veto on a memorable occasion. I would require them to obey the law and receive the coin which we take at the custom-house and set apart as a special fund for their security and payment. When we say by law, as we have done, "that no National banking association shall be a member of any clearing-house in which such (silver) certificates shall not be receivable in the settlement of clearing-house balances," I would forfeit the charter of any bank that dared to disobey the law, as I would fine and imprison any officer of any of them who would certify checks when the funds were not actually in the bank at the time.

In short, no set of men should be allowed to exercise privileges prohibited by law, nor have rights given to them in regard to the character and quality of the coin in which their debts shall be paid which are denied to all other equally meritorious creditors; and no set of men should ever have power to regulate or control, as their private interests may be affected, the currency or the business of the people. If that power is yielded or conceded to them, with legal-tender notes and silver certificates withdrawn and gold paid to them, and to them alone, for their interest and bonds, Congress would be powerless to resist any demands our bondholders and bankers might make. I know their power and appreciate the adroitness with which they can have their claims presented. Even the President in his message has been induced to say that up to the present time only about 50,000,000 of the silver dollars we have coined have found their way into circulation. He modified that statement by showing that a large amount of silver certificates was outstanding.

But the press of the country have taken up the first statement, leaving out all the qualifications, and parade it before the country as conclusive evidence that too much silver has already been coined, and that all of it is an incumbrance except about $50,000,000. They utterly ignore the fact, which the official reports show, that at the close of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1885, out of a total coinage of $203,000,000, $140,000,000 in round numbers was in active circulation in the form of silver certificates, in addition to the coin in the hands of the people, of which certificates $44,600,000 was paid to the Government for customs dues during the last fiscal year at the port of New York alone—more than was paid in gold and gold certificates combined. Why is not the coin represented by these certificates as much in active circulation as if it was passed from hand to hand as often as the certificates are? I ask, is it fair to complain of the silver held in the Treasury as being expensive and useless under such circumstances, and yet not utter one word of complaint in regard to over $127,000,000 of gold coin locked up at the same time and in the same way, represented by the same sort of certificates, most of them in a far less useful form? If our officials would unlock the Treasury vaults and pay our interest-bearing debt with the money they are complaining of being overwhelmed with they would be doing their duty more satisfactorily than by the course they are now pursuing.

ADMINISTRATIVE EFFORTS.

The President says:

"A special effort has been made by the Secretary of the Treasury to increase the amount of our silver coin in circulation."

Let him make one more effort and pay out the $60,000,000 or $75,000,000 he received for customs dues, and which he has no use for, in payment of interest and in the redemption of the bonds now redeemable, and the ordinary expenses of the Government will keep the vaults reasonably clear of all not represented by certificates or bills, which the people have a right by law to demand on making a deposit of coin. No public creditor other than the bondholder has ever complained when payment is made to him in silver or silver certificates. All other creditors are entitled to the same consideration as the holders of our bonds. We as a taxpaying people are not interested in keeping our bonds 24 per cent above par when we must soon buy them with our surplus revenues.

It must not be forgotten that all the gold coin deposited for silver certificates became at once the property of the United States; it was not held in the Treasury for their redemption. An equal amount of silver coin took its place for that purpose at once. Men who owned gold all over the South and West, in Louisville, Indianapolis, Nashville, and other places, as well as those cities named in the report, sent their coin at their own expense to the Assistant Treasurer in New York in order to have silver certificates delivered to them for use as currency at home. Yet during all this time the bullion value of gold in London was at least 15 per cent more than silver, and the country was being periodically alarmed and Congress advised by our officials that gold was leaving the country, that silver was a degraded standard of value, and that its coinage must be stopped or its weight increased, or ruin would speedily be upon us because of its depreciation in the London market.

The facts I have stated overthrow all the speculations of the theorists. Our business men gladly exchanged their gold coin for silver certificates, and did not ask better security for the paper they took than the silver dollar deposited in the Treasury. So far from hoarding gold because of its greater bullion value in a foreign market, they sent it to a distant depository to get the paper we are advised is dishonest money because it is depreciated 15 or 20 per cent below gold in London. I have thus imperfectly outlined the reasons why I cannot sustain at this time a policy which seeks to withdraw either our legal-tender notes, the silver certificate, or stop the silver coinage, and I see no propriety in increasing the weight of our silver coin beyond the standard value fixed by law July, 1870, under and by which all our outstanding bonded indebtedness is regulated. I am convinced that we can no longer look with safety to the National banks to furnish the country with a stable currency.

I insist that every creditor of the Government is by law entitled to be paid in the same coin, and that our Treasury officials should be required to pay silver as well as gold when received for customs dues to our bondholders, as they do to all others who have legal demands upon the Treasury; that done there will be no need, at least for years to come, to strike down silver in any form. The country is now rallying from a long period of depression. All railroad securities recently fell 50 per cent on the average in eighteen months. Wheat, cotton, cattle, hogs, all farm products, are even now so depressed that they leave no profit to the producer, even after he pays the lowest wages for which he can obtain labor in their production. Foreign nations are closing their ports against our leading exports and throwing all obstacles possible in the way of our commerce.

Our carrying trade is gone and is in the hands of our foreign competitors. We need to use all our resources of both gold and silver, and their paper representatives, to enable us to regain our lost prestige and to develop our resources in the most economical way. Contraction or destruction of any part of our means is, in my judgment, fatal to our laboring and especially to our debtor classes. So believing, I am opposed to it.

Mr. President, I will only add that I have no interest in the silver question other than my conviction in regard to the best interest of the country. I never owned a dollar's worth of stock, directly or indirectly, in any silver or other mine. The people I represent here are not specially interested in it. We are in the central portion of this great continent and our prosperity depends on the prosperity of every section. If hereafter I ascertain that I am wrong and that the public good requires me to change my views I hope I will have the courage to do so and state the reasons therefor as frankly as I have given the reasons for my present convictions.

NATIONAL DEFENSE.

THE STATE MILITIA AND REGULAR ARMY—GEN. McCLELLAN'S SCHEME AS DEVELOPED IN HIS LAST PAPER.

The paper by the late Gen. George B. McClellan in *Harper's Magazine* for January on "The Militia and the Army" has a somewhat wider scope than its title may indicate. It discusses, in fact, the possible causes of our future wars and civil disturbances as well as our military resources for meeting them. It tells us, for example, that the day will come when we shall ask "by what right a foreign nation holds a cordon of fortified naval stations commanding so many avenues of approach to our shores, and enabling it to cut off our vessels in the event of war":

Halifax, the Bermudas, Nassau, and Jamaica are important to England not so much for purposes of self-protection, not so much for her own commerce, as they are for bases of operation against us. In the late War, if Bermuda and Nassau had been in our possession, the contest would have been shortened two years, for blockade running would have been well-nigh impossible.

In the Panama Canal, "should it ever be completed," in the Nicaragua Canal, whose "inevitable construction in the near future" Gen. McClellan predicts, and in our relations with Canada, Mexico, and Cuba, he finds sources of possible trouble, though the continuance of friendly relations is to be hoped for. He does not think that we should desire, at least for a long time to come, the acquisition of Cuba; "but we should and would go to war rather than allow that key of the Gulf to pass into the hands of any other European Nation."

For the army Gen. McClellan urges a much improved staff system, with "a large and thoroughly trained staff corps." He would also increase the number of enlisted men 15,000, making 40,000 in all. He would bring the cavalry up to seventy-five privates and the artillery to seventy-five or 100 privates per company, and make the infantry alone include 20,000 men in peace and 35,000 in war. He would also increase the number and strength of the batteries, and would instruct a portion of the National Guard (State militia) in seaboard States in artillery duties. Altogether, he would have the regular army strength 37,000 to 89,000.

The great body of the National Guard Gen. McClellan would organize and instruct as infantry. He would have their arms, ammunition, clothing, equipments, armories, and camp and garrison equipage furnished to them free of cost by the National Government.

Of heavy artillery there should be, he thinks, on the ocean and Gulf coasts, twenty-eight to thirty National Guard regiments of twelve batteries each. The infantry would be divided geographically into seven groups, including the New England and Middle States, a second Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, and so on. The total volunteer National aided infantry force, in regiments of two battalions each, would be 222,300. The State of New York would have 27,200 infantry in all. The battalions, according to locality, would vary from 700 to 1,000 strong. Of cavalry there would be twenty-two companies of regulars, mostly in the Territories and in Texas and California. The whole force of National militia and regulars would be 260,500. Congress, in making its National Guard appropriations, would exact compliance with certain conditions, such as furnishing *at least ten days of camp instruction each year*; and regular troops should, when possible, be assigned to duty in these camps for the benefit of their example, and to establish good relations with the militia.

It need hardly be said that very wide differences of opinion will exist in regard to many of these suggestions. Yet the paper has none the less interest, nevertheless, as in some sense the last message of Gen. McClellan to his countrymen on military affairs.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WANTS A DIVORCE.

MRS. LYDIA F. DOTY ALLEGES DRUNKENNESS AND DESERTION AGAINST HER HUSBAND, THE JUDGE.

CENTRALIA, Ill., Dec. 25.—[Special.]—A bill in divorce has been filed with J. B. Lewis, Clerk of the Circuit Court. It is the case of Mrs. Lydia F. Doty against her husband, Judge Jackson C. Doty, and she alleges that desertion and drunkenness on the part of her husband are the causes of her action. Mr. and Mrs. Doty married in Urbana, O., in 1854. Judge Doty was once Prosecuting Attorney of Champaign County, Ohio. He also held the office of City Clerk of Urbana, and taught school in the academy of that city. The couple moved to Illinois some years ago and settled in Centralia. Later on the Judge's appetite for strong drink got the better of him, and in 1883 his wife refused to live with him because he would not support her. The case will come up at the February term of the Circuit Court.

An Architect's Opinion.

"Probably never before in the history of architecture has a building been put up that was so elegantly and strikingly finished, both externally and in the interior, and which yet was so remarkably harmonious in coloring as the Chapman Building, at Milwaukee." This is the opinion of an architect.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The Preparation of Simple but Toothsome Viands for Every-Day Use.

Creamed Eggs and Brown Muffins—How to Make Clam Chowder—Salads and Jellies.

Something About Curtains and the Little Contrivances That Go So Far in Furnishing the Home.

EVERY-DAY BILLS OF FARE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy Boiled with Milk.
Creamed Eggs. Fried Mush.
Brown Muffins. Maple Sirup.
Tea. Coffee. Fruit.

Hominy Boiled with Milk—One cupful of small hominy, one quart of boiling water, salted. One cupful of milk, salt to taste. Wash the hominy in two waters and stir it into the boiling water. Cook half an hour (in a farina kettle, of course), drain off all the water that will come away, add the milk, already heated, and cook half an hour. Eat with cream, and, if you like, sugar.

Creamed Eggs—Break as many eggs into a buttered pie-plate as it will hold without crowding each other. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and put a bit of butter on each. Have ready a cup of hot milk in which has been cooked for one minute a teaspoonful of corn-starch, or, better yet, of arrowroot, wet up with cold water. Pour this, a spoonful at a time, about the raw eggs, and bake in a quick oven until the eggs are fairly set. Five minutes should do it. Send to table at once in the pie-plate.

Fried Mush—One heaping cup of Indian meal, one quart of boiling water and one cup of cold, in which stir a teaspoonful of salt—a full one. Stir the meal, wet up with cold water, into the pot of boiling water and cook for one hour, stirring up from the bottom once in a while. Wet muffin tins in cold water and fill with the mush, over night. In the morning slip the stiffened shapes out, flour them well, and fry in hot dripping.

Brown Muffins—Three even cups of Graham flour, one even cup of white flour, four cups of milk, four tablespoonfuls of yeast, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. Rub butter and sugar together; add the milk; sift the flour, white and brown, with the salt; make a hole in the middle, stir in the milk and then the yeast; beat well, set to rise over night, and bake in small tins in a good oven. Let the batter stand in the tins in a warm place twenty minutes before going into the oven.

LUNCHEON.

Bread and Butter.
Barbecued Ham.
Cream Toast. Baked Potatoes.
Steamed Apples. Marmalade Cake.

Barbecued Ham—Fry slices of cold boiled ham; keep warm while you stir into the gravy left in pan four teaspoonfuls of vinegar, mixed with a teaspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of catsup or Chili sauce, and a little pepper. Boil up once and pour on the fried ham. This dish is sometimes called "deviled ham," and is a good spur to appetite.

Cream Toast—Eight or ten slices of stale baker's bread. Cut off the crusts. Two cups of hot milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, whites of two eggs, boiling water, salted. As each slice of bread is toasted dip in a saucepan of salted boiling water, kept on the range; pile in a deep covered dish. Put on the top of the dish when all the dipped toast is in, and make the sauce. Heat the milk to scalding, add the butter, and when it is melted, the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth. Pour upon the toast, lifting the lower slices to let the dressing get at them, cover and keep hot for five minutes before sending to the table.

Baked Potatoes—Select fine, fair potatoes, wash and wipe, and bake them in a moderate oven until the largest yields to a vigorous pinch of thumb and finger. Line a dish with a napkin and serve them without peeling.

Steamed Apples—Wash and wipe sweet apples; dig out the blossom end and the upper part of the core with a sharp-pointed knife, and lay them close together in a baking pan. Half submerge in cold water, cover closely and cook tender. Let them get cold, still covered, in the juice, serve in a glass dish, and eat with sugar and cream.

Marmalade Cake—One cup of prepared flour, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful milk, three eggs, marmalade or jelly (sweet) for filling. Work butter and sugar to a light sauce; beat the eggs light. Whip the beaten yolks into the creamed sugar and butter, add the milk, the whites, and the flour. Bake in three jelly-cake tins and spread marmalade, sweet jelly, or jam between.

DINNER.

Clam Chowder.
Boiled Chicken in Rice.
Stewed Celery. Mashed Potatoes.
Lettuce Salad.
Crackers and Roquefort Cheese.
Coffee Jelly and Cake.
Fruit. Coffee.

Clam Chowder—Two quarts of long clams, chopped; two quarts of tomatoes (or one quart can); a dozen potatoes, peeled and cut into dice; one large onion, sliced thin; eight pilot biscuits; half a pound of salt pork, minced; twelve whole allspice and the same of cloves; as much cayenne pepper as you can take up on the point of a knife. Salt to taste. Fry the chopped pork crisp in a pot, take the bits out with a skimmer, and fry the minced onion until it is colored. Now put into the fat and onion tomatoes and potatoes, the spices tied up in a bag, and the pepper. Cook steadily four hours. At the end of three hours and a half add the clams and the pilot bread. This last should be broken up and soaked in warm milk. Some consider that the chowder is improved by stirring in five minutes before serving a tablespoonful of butter cut up in browned flour. It is delicious with or without this final touch.

Boiled Chicken on Rice—Prepare the fowl as for roasting, bind in a piece of mosquito net; put into a pot of boiling water and cook twelve minutes to the pound. Half an hour before taking it up dip out a cupful of liquor from the pot, strain it, and set in ice-cold water to throw up the grease. Skim this off and season the cup of broth with pepper and salt sharply. Have ready two cupfuls of rice which has been boiled ten minutes and then drained. Mix this with the skimmed broth and cook in a farina kettle until the rice is tender. Shake the kettle now and then, but do not put a spoon into the rice. When all the broth is absorbed stir in very lightly a tablespoonful of butter and a little minced parsley with a beaten egg. Cook one minute and take from the fire. Spread the rice two inches deep in the bottom of a hot platter and settle the boiled chicken in the middle. For gravy heat another cupful of sugar, strain and add a tablespoonful of butter cut up in one of flower, and when it thickens salt and pepper, a beaten egg and minced parsley. Cook ten minutes and send to the table in a boat.

Stewed Celery—Scrape and wash the celery, cut it into inch lengths, and cook ten minutes in boiling salted water. Turn this off and cover with cold water. As this reaches the boil, drain it off and pour in a cup of milk, dropping in a bit of soda not larger than a grain of corn; heat, and stir in a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, pepper and salt, and stew gently five minutes longer. As you scrape and cut the celery, drop each piece into cold water to keep it white.

Lettuce Salad—Wash the lettuce faithfully, and pick out the best pieces—i. e., the whitest and crispest leaves for the table. Do this just before dinner is served and leave in ice water until it is wanted. Line a salver with a small napkin and pile the lettuce on it. Tear the leaves into smaller pieces daintily, and lay in the salad bowl. Scatter salt, pepper, and white sugar over and among them; when they are ready for seasoning pour in two or three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and double the quantity of vinegar; toss, still daintily, with a salad fork and spoon until the dressing is impartially distributed, and pass the bowl at once. Salad dressed in this way and eaten before the crisp succulence of the lettuce is destroyed by the vinegar is quite a different thing from the wilted greens often passed under the much perverted name. It should never be touched with the knife in preparing and in eating. You may send around crackers and cheese with it.

Coffee Jelly—One package of Coxe's gelatine, soaked for four hours in cold water enough to cover it an inch deep when it is put in; two cups of clear black coffee, two cups of white sugar, two cups of boiling water. When the gelatine has soaked long enough put it with the sugar into a large bowl and let them stand for half an hour. Stir in then the water, actually boiling, and when the gelatine is dissolved, strain. Add the coffee, strain without pressing the flannel bag, and set in a wet mold to form. When you are ready to serve it turn out carefully on a flat dish and heap whipped cream about the base.

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CURTAINS AND CONTRIVANCES.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

The difference between the artistic appointments of houses at the present day and those of twenty-five years back is, perhaps, shown more clearly in the matter of draperies than in any other one item of furnishing. The young couple who a quarter of a century ago bought the plenishing of their first home never thought of enumerating portières, mantel lambrequins, and double window-curtains among the "must haves" in their list of purchases. If they possessed a fair share of this world's goods the parlor and bedroom windows were draped simply, but when their means were modest they were content with white or buff shades, brightened with gay cords and tassels, and comforted themselves with the reflection that they fared as well as the majority of their neighbors.

When, as sometimes occurred, their tastes were rather florid, they selected muslin representations of cathedral stained glass, or pictures of gorgeous Swiss or Italian scenery to shut out the gaze of passers-by, and thought proudly that no amount of wealth could give them more. Nor could it have done so, probably, in point of brilliancy of coloring and ambitiousness of design.

In extenuation of the perpetrators of these horrors it may be pleaded of them, as did Peter of the Jew, "that through ignorance they did it." Esthetic tints and art needlework were still of the future. It may be doubted whether even they would have exercised a softening influence if they had recommended the elaborate and toilsome designs prescribed by some of the household columns and house decorative notes of today. A large proportion of housekeepers have neither time nor money to expend in embroidering plush in intricate patterns with silver and gold thread. The result of such labor is unquestionably satisfactory to the eye, but there is too often an accompanying twinge of the pocket nerve.

Yet draperies have become almost a necessity even in the cottage home. The lucky creatures who have cherished as heirlooms old damask curtains, purchased by their mothers or grandmothers for the state drawing-room of forty, fifty, or sixty years ago, may now exult as they disinter the long-buried treasures from the depths of the camphor trunk or cedar chest where they have lain unused for so long. Let those mourn and repent themselves who, in impatience at the space required by the bundles for which they thought to have no further use, sold them to the old clothes man or cut them up for carpet-rags. It seems almost sacrilegious to hint at such a disposition of these and similar relics, but what cannot be believed in a century—nay, even in a decade—in which an intelligent woman will boast of having exchanged a pair of old brass andirons formerly belonging to her grandmother for 60 cents' worth of tinware from a peddler?

But to return to the draperies. To those who can boast neither ancestral legacies nor a long purse pretty hangings are not out of the question. The woman who has leisure for embroidery and skill with her needle can attain richer effects than are possible to the one who has to rely upon what she can buy readymade—unless such purchases are permitted to amount to a pretty high figure. But if satin, plush, or tureoman cannot be procured there are inexpensive substitutes for these that look immeasurably better in their places in the home than when contrasted with more costly materials in the shops.

Colored canton flannel was a standby for several years, but its day of popularity has departed. It is woven now only in widths of seven-eighths of a yard and cannot be used for portières except by joining two breadths. A new variety is figured on one side selling at from 25 to 50 cents a yards, while the plain costs even less. One drawback to the usefulness of this fabric is its inflammable nature. A single spark from a match or a cigar is enough to send a whole curtain into a light blaze, not easily extinguished. For this reason it is not advisable to hang it near an open fire or a gas-burner. In other localities there is no more danger than with lace or scrim draperies, if due caution is observed. The canton flannel, or "fashion drapery," as it is called among upholsterers, possesses the advantage of being the same on both sides. The reason given by merchants for reduced sale of this fabric is its tendency to fade on the edges, so that the brighter shades begin to look dim in a short time. It can be renovated, however, by dyeing it a darker tint and still look well.

Fashion drapery has been to a great extent superseded by felt. This comes two yards wide, and costs from $1 to $1.25 a yard. It hangs in graceful folds, and is heavy enough to be used without bands, if preferred. It harbors and shows less dust than the canton flannel, nor is it as combustible as the latter. Enriched by bands of plush or raw silk, curtains of this material are handsome and serviceable. A very pretty effect can be produced by the addition of appliqué work—species of fancy work which, perhaps, makes as much show for a minimum of labor as any other mode of ornamentation. Designs cut from silk, plush, velvet, or even cretonne tacked upon the curtain itself or upon bands to be added to it, then outlined in buttonhole stitch with filoselle of a contrasting color, produce a more attractive result than would be prophesied from the comparatively small amount of toil involved. Work of this kind, kept on hand to be picked up in odd minutes, consumes less time, taken day in and day out, than one would suppose, and the complete performance certainly confers as great gratification as would an indefinit number of tidies, pincushions, or catchalls.

New materials are constantly being introduced, and there is a wide choice among them. The French tapestry, in rich, sober hues, brightened with gold and silver thread, makes an elegant curtain without either bands or embroidery. The width, fifty inches, is quite sufficient for a portière to a single door, and in price it ranges from $2.25 to $4 per yard. A beautiful design can be purchased even for the smaller sum. Crape cloth, handsome and durable, is of the same width and sells for $2.50 the yard, while the old-fashioned damask of unlimited wearing power, with which our ancestors covered their furniture and hung their windows, appears as a novelty under the high-sounding name of Renaissance drapery, costing from $2 to $4 a yard.

So one may go on through an apparently endless variety of stuffs, the prices steadily growing higher. Besides, there are the invaluable cretonnes, selling for from 25 cents a yard up. For lighter window draperies are seen scrim, Madras, and, daintiest of all, China silks. The last are perhaps less serviceable than a wash goods, but used as inner curtains, with outer ones of scrim or white Madras, they produce a beautiful effect and are not liable to fade. They retail at 60 cents to $1 a yard. Cheese cloth, unbleached muslin, white canton flannel, silesia, turkey red, momie cloth—the name is legion of the unlikely goods that have been utilized as draperies, and it may be said without hesitation that almost any one of them is preferable to that long-standing affliction—Nottingham lace. There may be some excuse for using this fabric when the housekeeper is so unfortunate as to be already provided with window draperies of it, but there are no palliating circumstances for the offense of deliberately laying in a fresh stock of a material sacred to cheap lodgings and showy hotel apartments.

Pretty and inexpensive sash curtains may be made of pale-blue cheese cloth, and, to save the purchase of a rod, they may be run on ribbons of the same color. The cheese cloth costs only six cents a yard, and five yards is an ample provision for two windows of moderate size. A lace edging may be added if desired.

The fact that hangings are of preëminent service in imparting to a room a furnished and homelike look is taken into account by the modern house-decorator. The most unlikely spots are chosen for their display. A bit of drapery back of a statuet or cast, a scarf thrown across the corner of a picture-frame, another softening the outlines of an easel or mirror, all these are manifestations of the prevalent tendency. The low book-shelves that have superseded the unwieldy glass cases that used to lumber up one whole side of a room are adorned by draperies that protect the volumes from the dust. Apartments of limited size, where space is required for the opening and shutting of closet doors, may be perceptibly enlarged by removing the doors and hanging portières in their places. White marble mantels, those monuments to departed ideas of elegance, may be concealed by fastening to a slender rod secured under the mantel shelf a pair of curtains of plush, felt, or tapestry that can be slid back when a fire is needed or drawn together to shield an empty grate or an unsightly summer front. A board covered with material like the hangings and edged with fringe or tiny pendant balls may be laid over the mantel shelf. A pretty addition is a little curtain about eighteen inches deep, run on a rod fastened that distance above the mantel. It gives a good background for ornaments, and increases the artistic appearance of the room.

The old-fashioned bed curtains will probably never be popularly revived, but a graceful substitute may be arranged at small expense. A square frame, made by a carpenter and attached to the headboard by two uprights, may hold a drapery formed of a pair of thin curtains, joined at the top, and then swept back and tied on either side with bright ribbons.

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AGRICULTURE.

How Attention to Small Economies on the Farm Gives Large Profit.

"Listing" Corn on Arid Soils in Kansas—Surface Culture in the "Corn Zone."

The Selection and Management of Dairy Stock—The Way to Make Good Cheese—Farm and Stock Notes.

HUSBANDRY.

SMALL ECONOMIES ON THE FARM.

The small economies of the farm are by no means insignificant. The small economies—saving either of labor or of material—are often what make the profits in every department of business, and perhaps in no less degree in that of the farmer. There is a right and a wrong way to do everything, and the right way is the easy way, because the best and most economical. Take the preparation of fuel. Is it wood? Sawed, split, and piled green, with air-passages through it, especially near the bottom, and seasoned under cover, it is worth 50 per cent more than if burned green or from the log lying out of doors, and for the reason that, seasoned, 50 per cent of water is dried out of it. If seasoned in the fire during combustion the heat required to evaporate this moisture is absolutely wasted, so far as any practical purpose is concerned, to say nothing of the misery entailed upon the housewife over a simmering or smoky fire. If this fuel is to be hauled long distances the evil is still further enhanced. In this case the wood should be cut into four-foot lengths, carefully piled, and covered to shed rain for at least one summer. You thus save half the cost of hauling.

Suppose the fuel is bituminous coal. If exposed to the weather for six months it weakens and slacks down, and is often practically ruined. If dumped down out of doors and saturated with water, although fresh, it is practically in the same condition as green wood. The water must be evaporated by the heat of the fire. Coal should be kept under cover until dried out, for as taken fresh from the mine it is often fully saturated with water. True economy in all fuel, whether peat, coke, anthracite or bituminous coal, or wood, consists in the fact that it is cheaper to season it by means of air than by the burning of a part of the fuel.

Have you a workshop on the farm? If not, why not? Many jobs can be done on the farm in less time than it would take to order them of some person, perhaps miles away, and then wait for them, or perhaps make another journey after them. Every farmer is not handy with tools, but he may soon become so by their handling, at least to such a degree as to perform jobs sufficiently well to compass the end. Nowadays any repair about the farm may be had already shaped and only needing fitting. If you are distant from where such things may be bought, when in the woods look out for crooks that will make a plow-handle, or timber that will split into plow beams, harrow frames, wagon tongues, cross pieces for a hay rigging, a log for a roller, or any other material needed. The broken implement will serve as a pattern to hew or otherwise work by. When found, prepare roughly and pile in a loft, where the wood may become thoroughly seasoned against a time of want. Many a job may be nicely done in the workshop in inclement weather, especially in winter. Provide a few necessary tools and a stove to keep the shop warm. At odd times make duplicates of articles or parts of implements likely to break. Many minor implements are now more cheaply bought new than repaired or made on the farm. Handles to any of the implements, rakes, etc., are among the number, and when they may be bought ready shaped they are cheaper than to hew them down from timber. It takes little labor to fit these properly to their places.

In the workshop broken harness may be mended by means of rivets or stitching. Many implements of use or convenience in the family may be easily made. Here the children will make play in learning to become handy with tools. The hired men will also take kindly to this work, since it is sure to keep them out of the storm.

With a good stock of timber poles may be prepared for making sheds. Lumber may be fitted for pig-pens. Posts may be prepared by boring or hewing. Rails may be sharpened, mangers may be fitted, feed-boxes prepared, stanchions made ready for fitting together, and tools and implements may be sharpened. These are a few of the uses to which the workshop may be put and the ingenuity of the master and man exercised. If they prevent a visit to the village grocery for drink and card-playing when time drags heavily, the small economies will carry joy to the household, honor to the head of the family, and money into the purse against a rainy day.

LISTING CORN.

The noise of the "lister" is heard in the land. The lister is a double mold-board plow, sometime with a subsoiler attached and sometimes also with a planting attachment. It throws the earth both ways, and the corn is planted in the furrow, the earth from the sides being gradually poured back in the process of cultivation, leaving the soil once more live when the corn is finally "laid by." In the more arid regions of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, etc., this plan of cultivation seems to enable the corn to utilize all the moisture of the soil and produces good crops, whereas by the ordinary system of cultivation—planting near the surface, as practiced in the true corn zone—the crop could not be perfected for want of moisture. The Kansas plan would seem to be another of the wise devices by which corn cultivation may be extended into regions not adapted to it by the usual methods. Where there is too much rain the corn is listed on ridges. In dry regions it is listed in the bottom of four or five inch deep furrows. But what is wise practice in one part of the country would not be so considered in another. Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, and Ohio farmers probably will not soon give up the system of cultivation which has made the States named the four greatest corn-raising States of the Union; but in the more arid region west, where the summer rainfall is light, the system of planting in rather deep furrows by means of double-mold board plows, and gradually bringing back the earth in the process of cultivation, thus moving the whole soil eventually, and in the end leaving the earth level, will certainly consume what moisture may remain in the soil, and best preserve it from drying out.

PREMIUM FOR DESTROYING OUR FORESTS.

The undulating and majestic meadows which reached from the west bank of the Missouri River to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, when Kansas and Nebraska were first opened to settlement in 1854, contained in all their millions of acres not a single forest. The soil, good and fat in food for all plant-life, responded to the labor of the home-building pioneers with abundant and generous crops. But the shade and beauty of trees were everywhere absent, and so—just as the coming winter tells the provident man to lay in fuel—our conditions impelled us to plant trees, stimulated us to evolve laws encouraging forestry and conserving timber lands, and, finally, to originate and establish Arbor-Day, to make it an anniversary for setting out orchards and forests, and to consecrate it by statutory enactment a legal holiday, and award premiums to those who best celebrate it by putting out the most trees in its observance. It has worked well in Nebraska, and we have growing in that State today more than 700,000 acres of trees which have been planted by human hands.

But while we have local laws to protect forests and conserve timber lands, the National laws stimulate destruction of forests and protect the denuders of timber lands by a prohibitive minimum duty of $2 a thousand feet upon all foreign forest products. What single act of legislation can do so much immediate and effective service in behalf of forests in the United States as the absolute repeal of the high duties upon imported lumber of every variety? And why should Congress delay such legislation a single day? Protective duties for the lumber lords of Michigan and Wisconsin are destructive drains upon all the forests of the timbered States and upon all the pockets of the prairie States. What can a forestry congress do to preserve forests more effectually than to demand of the United States Congress the immediate and complete annihilation of those high and exorbitant duties upon foreign lumber which now stimulate forest destruction in every portion of the Union?

Observe the inconsistency of our National legislation upon this vital question. By the present tariff we pay a bounty for the cutting down and manufacturing into lumber of almost every variety of tree. And by the Timber-Culture act we pay bounties in millions of acres of the public domain every year for the sham planting of counterfeit forests—forests which no more resemble in value, in beauty, and in sanitary influences the primeval pines and oaks which we tariff to their destruction than a five-cent nickel resembles a $20 gold piece. And if such repealing legislation be not enacted—if the present duties on lumber be continued—how long will it be before the treelessness of the whole country shall so environ all the people that every American shall be stimulated by surrounding conditions, by those climatic changes, those constantly recurring swelling floods of great rivers—such as Cincinnati has so recently experienced in the Ohio—by long-continued drouths and by cyclones careering over the shorn earth, each year with more and more frequency and more destructive force—how long, I say, before every citizen shall curse the giant system of legalized spoliation which the the existing tariff has vitalized and energized against the woodlands of this fair and fertile country? While we on the prairies make miniature forests, you in the older States, by your daily consumption of forest products, make mighty and magnificent wastes and sustain tariff taxes in Congressional enactments which render impossible any amelioration by the importation of foreign lumber, and hasten inevitably and resistlessly the calamitous end of woodlands.—*J. Sterling Morton in Outing for December.*

FARM NOTES AND COMMENT.

Last season there were grown in Kansas 116,511 acres of sorghum.

Cornstalks cut, crushed, and salted will keep the stock quiet atween meals on the cold winter days.

Broom-corn has advanced $90 per ton in Iowa since the 1st of September. The price is now $180 per ton.

Maine is one of the States in which great trees grow. A spruce was cut in Caribou, Aroostook County, lately, which at a distance of 105 feet from the ground measured fourteen inches in diameter.

The United States imported seeds this year to the value of about $4,500,000. It would seem that a country tropical, sub-tropical, and temperate, as is its climate, might raise the seeds required for general planting.

The last Legislature's oleomargarine law has been effective, says the Massachusetts State Board of Health. Less of the stuff is sold and much of that is distinctly labeled as oleomargarine. Massachusetts is improving.

A California farmer sent twenty-eight tons of mustard seed to New York in one shipment. The probability is he raised it as a special crop. The average farmer raises his mustard in wheat, oats, rye, and barley and gets nothing for it.

In 1881 it is stated that the number of horses exported from Canada was 22,000 and the value $2,094,000. In 1884 there were 11,598 horses exported and the value was $1,617,889. The value of horses increased from $95 to $140 in three years.

This season 2,200 barrels of apples and 1,000 bushels of plums were raised by an orchardist at Woodstock, N. B. Most of the fruit was shipped to St. John and Boston. And yet New Brunswick is not considered an excellent fruit county.

New York dealers are about to inaugurate auction sales of Florida oranges. The present Florida production of oranges is 1,000,000 boxes. Of the foreign oranges nearly 2,500,000 boxes are received yearly in New York City. The Florida orange is larger and sweeter than the foreign orange, but does not keep so long, probably from want of experience in packing.

London *Garden* says that "the sooner the notion is dispelled that roses, in order to make them grow vigorously, must be cut back to mere stumps, showing two or three buds, the better." The florists of the United States long ago ceased to cut close, as they have ceased the pruning of trees into the thin, umbrella form supposed to suit the moist climate of England.

Florida was the only Southern State that availed itself of the offer of the General Government to share the expenses of an official census in 1885, and the result shows a gratifying increase of population. The population is 341,000, being an increase of 26 per cent since 1880. Florida is agricultural and horticultural or nothing, and this item shows that its people are alive to their interests.

Burn all old rubbish, prunings, etc., about the garden, vineyard, and berry patches. Loose materials lying about will afford a harbor for insects, many of which but for this would freeze. Anent this, Mr. Samuel Edwards of Illinois, who knows something about killing insects, says a little kerosene applied before lighting the fire is an excellent aid in burning damp brush or other refuse.

The sugar and molasses consumed in the United States cost $103,884,760 annually. Of this we produce $19,893,805 worth of cane sugar, $5,004,642 worth of maple, $9,036,[illegible] worth of sorghum, $102,626 worth of beet sugar, and $9,000,000 worth of glucose, or a total of $43,037,408, leaving $63,747,352 as the cost of the imported article consumed in the country.

If manure is to be used in the orchard it should never be fresh, or such as will quickly ferment. That which has been thoroughly composted, or well decomposed, is best. Wood mold, mixed with lime and ashes, has been found excellent, and the better the manure in fineness of condition and freedom from decomposing matter the less liability of the trees to disease.

The *Western Farmer* says a farmer near Seymour, Wis., averaged nearly 200 bushels of corn per acre; that an Adams County farmer averaged 103 bushels of clover-seed from fourteen acres; that a farmer near Baraboo raised 100 bushels of potatoes from a barrel of tubers, and that a farmer near Mount Hope thrashed an average crop of thirty-five and one-quarter bushels of wheat per acre.

Mr. A. S. Fuller of New Jersey, a good horticultural authority, and originally a Western man, in relation to keeping fruits says: "The thin-skinned sorts as a rule are poor keepers, while the thick may be kept in fair condition for several months by simply packing in boxes and then storing in a dry, cool room or very dry cellar. Persons having properly-arranged fruit-houses do not find it at all difficult to keep such varieties as Catawba, Delaware, and Iona until January or February, and sometimes a month or two later."

A communication from Evansville, Ind., reports that the acreage of wheat of Vanderburg County shows an increase of nearly 5 per cent above that of last year, the number of acres sown being 33,154, against 31,954 last year. The condition is reported good, the plant having escaped entirely the ravages of pests, and should the weather prove favorable Vanderburg County will raise the largest crop known in her history. Perry County reports the increase in the acreage 12 per cent, and Warwick County reported larger than that of last year. The condition of the plants in both counties is reported good.

The reports before the Butter, Cheese, and Egg Convention in Chicago shows that Indianapolis holds first rank in these products. During the year ending Nov. 1 the amounts handled were: Eggs—Receipts, 3,690,860 dozen; shipments, 2,084,860 dozen; average price paid, 15½ cents. Butter—Receipts, 4,122,200 pounds; shipments, 136,441 pounds; average cost per pound 10 7-12 cents. Poultry—Receipts, 7,000,000 pounds; shipments, 5,576,396 pounds; average price paid, 8¼ cents.

Aged and able old horses are the result of human care and usage. This is exemplified from an English source as follows: "A gentleman had three horses, which severally died in his possession at the ages of 35, 37, and 39 years. The oldest was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but was carried off by a spasmodic colic to which he was subject. A horse in use at a riding-school in Woolwich lived to be 40 years old, and a barge horse of an English navigation company is declared to have been in his 62d year when he died."

LIVE STOCK.

DAIRY CATTLE.

A synopsis of three prize essays at the Minnesota Butter, Cheese, and Dairy Stock Convention, held recently at Red Wing, will be found to contain the cream of what is to be known about dairy-stock handling, butter-making, and the manufacture of cheese. In relation to dairy stock, Mr. W. K. Pullman of Red Wing said two general methods were followed. One by those who buy their cows, feed them high for milk, and turn them off when fat. Another class follow mixed farming, raise their stock, and sell milk to the middleman or the cheese-factory. If we procure an Ayrshire bull, and breed to some of our best native cows, we shall probably have a grade that will be good milkers and easily fitted for beef. In regard to feeding a mixture of grasses was preferred. Red clover is apt to get too rank. Three things are requisit for a good pasture—a good supply of grass, pure water, and shade where the cow can chew the cud without fear of being molested by dogs or boys. In building the barn, seek a plan convenient for filling and for feeding the stock. Cleanliness from beginning to end is one of the essential requisits of successful dairying. It is very difficult to secure this when the cows are kept in the basement of the barn.

If we draw from the cow twenty pounds of milk daily at the temperature of 100°, we must in some way furnish her with the means of

restoring the caloric to the system. In building a barn for a herd of thirty cows, I should advocate one 120 feet long and forty feet wide, instead of a building 150 feet long and thirty feet wide. Where barley and oats can be raised with little manual labor it is not wise to buy much feed from the mill. When we have good fine hay it does not pay to chop it.

Breeding from immature stock has a tendency to degenerate the offspring. The heifer that drops her first calf when she is 2 years old should not be allowed to drop her next until she is 3 years and 6 months. For the first fifteen months after she has dropped her calf she should be carefully milked and well fed to develop her secretive organs. Then she may rest to strengthen her constitution. The feeding of heifers for the first years determines value. It is easy to spoil the best bred one by high feeding or rough treatment. Grass and roots, bulky food, that has a tendency to enlarge the intestines and strengthen the digestive organs, are much better for heifers than rich concentrated food. Any one who treats his heifers as mere machines will fail to develop their full capacities. To some extent we must treat them as companions and so handle them that they will not fear us. If we can keep the calf constantly growing, from birth to maturity, and never compel it to grow poor; if they never nurse, the natural instinct that binds a calf to its mother is in a measure transferred to the hands that feed it, as the cosset lamb often transfers its attachment from the sheep to the cow. It is easier to make pets of them and accustom them to being alone a family cow.

The comparative cost of making milk in summer or winter is a matter that often becomes one of practical importance to the dairyman. When we can open the pasture gate, turn the cow in to do her own mowing and return with her bag well filled at night, this is the cheapest time to make milk. The general impression among those who have had the best means of testing it is that a cow will give the most in the year when she drops her calf about the 1st of October, but it will cost more to keep up the flow of milk than it does when she drops her calf about the 1st of April, and gives a large quantity when the feed is good in the pasture, and but little in winter.

THE WAY TO MAKE CHEESE.

Mr. F. D. Holmes of Owatonna, Minn., in a prize essay at Red Wing on "Cheese-Making," held that to make good cheese it is necessary to have good milk to begin with, and good milk cannot be got from poor, half-fed cows. One bad mess of milk may spoil a whole vat of cheese. Care and cleanliness, if the cows are healthy and have proper food, will insure good milk always.

After the milk is all in the vats the heat may be started at once and raised to about 82° or 84°, as to the condition of the cheese-room. If we set the milk below 82° the rennet works too slow; if set above 82° it works too fast while the temperature is being raised. The rennet should next be added until the temperature stops rising. Enough rennet should be stirred in and agitated at least fifteen minutes, and coagulation should begin in about twenty minutes. The stirring after the rennet is in is to prevent the cream from rising and wasting. If you want a quick curing cheese more rennet should be added than one to be cured slow and kept some time. As a rule, the more rennet used the lower the temperature should be at which the milk is set and curd worked. There should be no raising of the temperature after the rennet is added and the milk comes to a standstill until the curd is cut fine. The curd should be cut as soon as it will break clean across the finger when placed in it and raised gently upward. Early cutting is very necessary. The clearest whey is always obtained by cutting early. The curd should be cut with both a horizontal and perpendicular knife.

The cutting done and the curd settling, turn on the heat and stir the mass to keep the curd from packing together, and keep a more even temperature through the vat. As the heat rises the harder the curd gets, and the less liable to injury; but keep up the stirring until the curd is heated to 98°, where it should be at least one hour after the heat is turned on. This temperature should be kept until the curd is cooked, because the action of the rennet is more perfect than at any other degree. Before the curd is done cooking some of the whey may be drawn off, as it is more easy to handle the remainder in the vat. After the curd is cooked the whey should be drawn off before the acid generates, as this takes off with the whey the finest part of the cheese. Have the curd cooked before the acid comes on, and be sure and dip the curd sweet. If you do not have a curd-mill salt at once. If you have a curd-mill let it lie until the acid comes on—only stir once in a while to expose to the air. After the acid comes on grind and salt, and put to press at about 80°—as at this heat you will get a good face—and press well together. Let it stand twelve hours in the press, then remove to the curing-room.

Seventy degrees to start with is about the right temperature for the curing-room. After ten days the room should not be over 65°. If cured in a dry, well-ventilated cellar at 65° cheese cures slowly, but is all the better for it.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.

Miss Mina Holmes of Owatonna, Minn., received the prize at the Red Wing Convention for her essay on "Buttermaking." The synopsis presented is on the good, old-fashioned way that produces butter that will keep a year. The essayist said the way to have good, toothsome butter is to have a good pasture for cows in summer and plenty of good hay, good feed, and pure water in winter. Give them straw for bedding and make them as comfortable as possible. Have the milking done in a clean manner. Don't let the milkers dip their hands in the milk pail and wash off the cow's bag with milk, but rub it off with a cloth in dry weather, and wash it off with water in wet and muddy weather. See that the milking utensils and cans are carefully washed, scalded, and aired before using. Strain the milk as soon as drawn from the cow; the less it is agitated the better the cream will rise. Strain into cans and cool down with water to 50° or 55°. The water in the tank should be changed once a day, and oftener if the morning's and evening's milk is set in the same tank. Let it stand twenty-four hours before skimming, and if convenient thirty-six is better. Skim the cream off instead of draining off the milk at the bottom of the can.

In winter, the day before churning warm the cream up to 70° by setting a pail of cream in warm water and stirring until it is the required heat. Then it will cool down to 62° by the next morning. Stir the cream often while cooling and souring. Cream will make the most and best flavored butter when, after warming it, let it stand until slightly sour. In summer commence churning at 58°. When you churn, pour the cream into the churn through a strainer made of perforated tin; then if there is any sour milk that is not mixed with the cream it will not be in lumps in the churn. Commence churning slowly at first, until the air is all expelled; then churn faster, say about fifty revolutions a minute.

When the first signs of granulation appear, pour into the churn one or two pailfuls of water, at about fifty-five degrees, according to the size of the churning; then churn it until the butter is the size of wheat kernels. Draw off the buttermilk and pour in water enough to wash it good, the temperature being about fifty-five degrees. Draw this off and wash it in a weak brine. Let it drain dry; then take the granulated butter out of the churn, weigh it and put it on the butter-worker. Do not let the butter stand in the water or brine any length of time, as it makes it salvy to work or salt. Weigh out the salt, an ounce to the pound; use the best English salt and sift on the butter a little at a time, and stir with a small paddle until thoroughly mixed. Then press gently with the lever. Work it as little as possible, never giving it a drawing or rubbing motion, but just enough to work it dry and free from streaks.

Pack in a tub a little at a time, beginning in the middle with each layer and pressing toward the sides. Never smooth it off, as it gives it a greasy appearance. Put on the cloth, cut it around the edge of the tub with a sharp knife, pour on a little water, and sift on some salt. This will form a paste that will help to exclude the air. Fasten on the cover with strips of tin, nail the tin on the cover, then bend the tin over the nail, and bring it down on the side of the tub and nail again. If you are not ready to ship the butter put the tub in a cold, dark place, never in a damp cellar, as it soon spoils the flavor of the butter. The flavor is improved by airing the cream while souring, also by feed. I used to think if a cow had enough to eat, no matter if it was wild hay, there could be no difference in the butter; but by experimenting, cornstalks and pumpkins make the best flavored and finest butter; next is clover-hay, and for feed cornmeal, ground oats, and bran mixed together.

STOCK NOTES AND EXPERIENCE.

The connection between good grass and good butter is very close, and it matters not how good a breed of cattle is used it is impossible to make good butter with poor pasturage.

The great Volunteer, the sire of St. Julien and a host of stout performers in the 2:30 list, now lags superfluous on the stage. He is verging on 32, and his procreative powers are gone.

The Boston *Cultivator* thinks that the Guernsey breed of cattle have been overshadowed by the greater popularity of Jerseys, but are well worthy of equal attention, and that, giving as rich milk as the Jerseys, they yield a larger mess and are considerably larger themselves.

Anent gray horses the *Live-Stock Journal*, London, says gray is a color which is promising to become fashionable among draft-horse breeders; that the gray horse is the favorit horse of art, also of the general public; and the *Journal* would like to see it better esteemed in the show-ring.

THE COURTS.

DIVORCES—NOT TO BE FROZEN OUT—A NOVEL LIBEL SUIT—ITEMS.

Judge Moran Thursday noon heard the divorce case of Flora A. Parry against John Parry, the charge being desertion. The complainant, who is an attractive-looking young woman, told, with many tears, the story of her troubles. She was married Sept. 3, 1879, at Alida, Ind., and followed her husband around as he changed his residence from place to place. He was of a roving disposition, and they lived in several places in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. He deserted her in September, 1883, in Brooklyn, and she came to Chicago in August, 1884. After staying here the required year to give her the right to bring suit, she went to Indiana to stay with some friends, and was there when the bill was filed. Her husband was at one time employed in Commissioner Fink's office. He was very jealous, and constantly accused her of being unfaithful to him. He squandered $1,600 of her money while they lived together. The Judge said it was very doubtful whether the court had any jurisdiction, as she had apparently left the State in September last, when she went to Indiana with the intention of staying there, but after a long cross-examination she showed that, though she was now only wanting to get a divorce and then probably would go back to New York, yet when she went to Indiana in September she had the legal intention of remaining here and of living here on her return. The case was continued for more evidence.

Laura S. Jansen filed a bill against her husband, Henry Jansen, asking for a divorce on the ground of cruelty. She was married to him Dec. 8, 1884, but before many months passed he began abusing her. In February last she says he choked her, and in April following he struck her a heavy blow in the mouth, and also broke one of her fingers, so that she has lost all use of it. At another time she was confined to the house two weeks on account of a beating he gave her. In September last he had her arrested on a charge of insanity, and while she was locked up carried off some of her furniture. She was immediately discharged by the County Physician as soon as he saw her. Several times, she alleges, her husband, from pure malice, has cut up the carpets or sofas or chairs in her house, and last Saturday attacked and cut her with a knife. She dares not live with him any longer, and asked for an injunction to prevent him from entering her house or annoying her, so that she may spend the holidays in peace. The injunction was granted by Judge Garnett.

Robert H. McC. Potter brought a bill against George F. Kimball and Alexander O. Bradley to restrain them from doing anything to dissolve their partnership with him in the business of manufacturing and dealing in mirrors, plates, frames, and metal work at Nos. 18 and 20 River street. He and Kimball pooled their issues last January. Kimball put in $15,000, and Potter managed the business. In August Bradley was taken into the business, the capital of which was then increased. Last week Kimball and Bradley served notice upon him to dissolve the partnership. Potter protests that it cannot be dissolved in this offhand fashion, and prays an injunction. He offered to sell out for $5,000, but they would only give him $1,000.

James R. Paul, a life-insurance agent living at Englewood, began a suit against the Ætna Life-Insurance Company and its general manager, Ira J. Mason, to recover $25,000 for alleged libel. Paul had a policy in the company which it failed to pay on the ground of alleged misrepresentation. He has recovered a verdict twice and the case has been in the Appellate Court three times, one of the decisions there being against him. He charges the company or its officers excerpted a sentence from the opinion against him and used it alone, thus breaking the connection and leading one who read the sentence alone to an entirely erroneous conclusion. This he calls a libel as much as though the statement had been false.

Judges Gary and Hawes will be in court today and Monday and Judge Prendergast will hear insanity cases Thursday. With these exceptions all the courts stand adjourned until Jan. 4.

Judge Collins issued a writ of habeas corpus to try the legality of the imprisonment of William J. Schaefer, who was arrested on a judgment for $506 obtained by John H. Meyer & Son. He claims that the judgment was not of a character to warrant imprisonment. Schaefer was brough in and admitted to bail in the penalty of $1,500.

THE RECORD.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT—NEW SUIT.

19,986—Consolidated Vapor Stove Company vs. Myers Manufacturing Company. Asst., $5,000. House & Fry, attys.

JUDGMENT.

JUDGE GRESHAM—800, Campbell Printing Press Co. vs. Garden City Type Foundry; judgt., $787.

SUPERIOR COURT—NEW SUITS.

100,622—Sweet, Dempster & Co. vs. Martin A. Driscoll. Confession of judgment, $684. McClure, Case & Hilliard, attys.

100,623—B. C. Webster vs. Same. Confession of judgment, $1,265. Same attys.

100,624—Laura S. Jansen vs. Henry Jansen. Bill for divorce for cruelty. John Lyle King, solr.

100,625—C. D. Osborn et al. vs. Martin A. Driscoll. Confession of judgment, $473. McClure, Case & Hilliard, attys.

100,626—Alexander Anderson vs. Sarah E. Tillinghast, C. M. Faskett, and E. C. Brown. Petition for mechanic's lien. S. G. Swisher, solr.

100,627—James R. Paul vs. Ætna Life Insurance Company and Ira J. Mason. Case, $25,000. E. A. Sherburne, atty.

100,628—Vernon W. Bullock et al. vs. Herrens J. and Henry Harrison. Asst., $4,000. H. B. Johnson, atty.

100,629—Jerome P. Bowes vs. Hanorah C. Fahey, C. H. King, P. J. Schreiner, and John Fahey. Bill to foreclose trust deed for $400 on sub-lot 50 of lots 10 and 11 in the sub. of the Circuit Court partition of the n. ½ of the s. ½ of the n. e. ¼ of the s.w. ¼ of sec. 4, 38, 14. Herbert B. Johnson, solr.

100,630—John M. Haslett vs. August Svensson, Frank R. Chandler, Mary T. Bowes, and David W. Storrs. Bill to foreclose trust deed for $400 on Lot 37, Block 1, Channing Sweet's Sub. of the N. E. ¼ of N. W. ¼ of S. E. ¼ of Sec. 9, 38, 14. Same solr.

100,631—Frank Amman vs. Sharpshooters' Building, Savings & Loan Association. Asst., $1,000. Theo. Schintz, atty.

100,632—Julius Plschke vs. John and Mary Stash. Asst., $1,000. Theo. Schintz, atty.

100,633—S. H. Moyer vs. R. Wice. Confession of judgment, $319. W. Peacock, atty.

100,634—Elizabeth Fish vs. Edwin Fish. Bill for divorce for drunkenness and desertion. M. A. De Lany, solr.

100,635—C. Kuhn vs. Norma Harris. Appeal.

100,636—DeWitt C. Weld et al. vs. S. F. Hanchett. Replevin, $600. Samuel E. Dale and Rufus C. Hall, attys.

100,637—Benjamin Lindauer et al. vs. M. A. Driscoll. Asst., $500. Flower, Remy & Gregory, attys.

100,638—Milton H. Wilson et al. vs. M. A. Driscoll and S. F. Hanchett. Replevin, $668. Flower, Remy & Gregory, attys.

100,639—F. P. Read et al. vs. George H. Parker and James K. Pumpelly. Asst., $2,000. Peckham & Brown, attys.

100,640—Citizens' Bank of Louisiana vs. Charles Cavaroc Jr. Asst., $6,000. Rich & Stone, attys.

100,641—Sarah E. Thomas vs. S. Guy Sea, James W. Kelley, and Belden Seymour Jr. Case, $5,000. Merriam & Whipple, attys.

100,642—Attcht. Suppressed.

100,643—In re petition of the Town of Lake View to open Robey street from the north line of Belmont avenue to the south line of Sulzer street. Thomas Shirley, atty.

100,644—Lisette Schenk vs. Philip Schenk. Bill for divorce for cruelty and drunkenness. Louis Kistler and D. W. Manchester, solrs.

100,645—In re petition of Town of Lake View for widening Evanston avenue from Surf street to the north end of Diversy. Thomas Shirley, atty.

100,646—Ellsworth Coal Company vs. Osgood & Wolfinger Manufacturing Company. Asst., $500. Flower, Remy & Gregory, attys.

Suppressed Wednesday—100,608, Elmore J. Dennison vs. L. Dow Kinney, Lemuel Moss, M. J. Cochrane, Alonzo Luse, A. N. Kemp, M. Whitacre, Amos Kemp, and the Arnold Automatic Cooker Co. Bill for injunction. Charles Mitchell, solr.

100,615—Abraham Kirschbaum et al. vs. W. F. Shaw. Assumpsit, $3,000. W. J. Durham, atty.

100,621—Catherine E. Middleton vs. George Middleton. Bill for specific performance. Thomson & Felsenthal, solrs.

VERDICTS AND JUDGMENTS.

JUDGE GARY—1,449, William K. Steele vs. James Breckenridge, Thomas J. Duffy, Andrew Rehm, F. D. McLean, Jacob Ketterer, Julius Gloecker, E. J. Riley, Joseph Shaw, Eric Larsen and Ole Forgeson; verd. plff. $500.

JUDGE ANTHONY—1,067, Helen N. Howe vs. Rezin Lancaster; verd. plff. $1,280.—861, Harvey Edgerton vs. David Preston and Samuel A. Kean; verd. plff. $719.

CIRCUIT COURT—NEW SUITS.

55,189—Goss & Philips Mfg. Co. vs. F. C. Shafford. Appeal.

55,190—Assumpsit. Suppressed.

55,191—Edward A. Driver vs. John O. Wells and Josephine S. Wells. Assumpsit, $500. F. H. Hood, atty.

55,192—Edward and Patrick Shea vs. Ann and Thomas Marsh. Appeal.

55,193—Assumpsit. Suppressed.

55,194—Catherine Daoust vs. Joseph Daoust. Bill for divorce for desertion. F. H. Trude, solr.

55,195—J. E. Fahlgren vs. Nicholas Johnson. Confession of judgment $89. N. N. Cronholm, atty.

55,196—Margaret E. West vs. John West, Margaret West, Mary McSweeney, Margaret West, and Mary West. Bill for partition. Doolittle & McKey and Weigley, Bulkley & Gray, solrs.

55,197—E. H. Brown, use of W. N. Alley, vs. George B. Fiersheim, William Barber, and W. B. Severn. Case, $2,000. F. S. Moffett, atty.

55,198—People, use of William J. Shaffer, vs. S. F. Hanchett. Petition for habeas corpus.

55,199—Patrick Riley vs. Mary Schweighofer. Case, $5,000. William R. Nicholson, atty.

55,200—Deere & Co. vs. C. F. Luce, James H. Gould, S. S. Gould Jr., and Frederick C. Austin. Creditors' bill, $287. McClellan & Cummins, solrs.

55,201—Joseph Lecky vs. A. N. Marquis & Co. Appeal.

55,202—Hodge & Homer vs. Trunkey & Co. Assumpsit, $500. W. S. Ellis, atty.

55,203—Thomas McFarland vs. Same. Assumpsit, $500. Same atty.

55,204—Hannah, Lay & Co. vs. Trunkey & Co. Assumpsit, $500. Same atty.

55,205—James N. Raymond vs. A. F. Irons & Co. Assumpsit, $500. L. Shissler & F. A. Moore, attys.

55,206—D. H. Howell vs. Lehman, Hucnberger et ux. Appeal.

55,207—John Sauber vs. Joseph Brown. Appeal.

55,208—Patrick Waite vs. John B. Nassum. Appeal.

55,209—James N. Raymond vs. Alexander Irons. Case, $1,000. Shissler & Moore, attys.

55,210—Henry Ashby vs. Joseph Mealor. Appeal.

55,211—George Sparling vs. Mike Martin. Appeal.

55,212—Charles Tolman vs. Daniel E. Brush. Appeal.

Suppressed Wednesday—55,183—Jens P. Anderson vs. George Struve. Capias, $463. Lund & Wood, attys.

55,184—Robert H. M. Potter vs. Alexander O. Bradley and George F. Kimball. Bill for injunction. Hodges & Shippen, solrs.

55,186—Louis Strasburge & Co. vs. Virgil, Liberman & Co. Attachment, $200. B. M. Shaffner, atty.

55,188—Same vs. Same. Case, $1,500. Same atty.

VERDICTS AND JUDGMENTS.

JUDGE COLLINS—4,274, Blacknes vs. Norris; jgt. on verd.—3,970, Kenzel vs. Manzy; jgt. on verd.—4,266, Cook vs. Clark; jgt. on verd.—3,080, J. A. Morlett vs. Lockie Horseshoe Pad Co.; jgt. plff., $23.

JUDGE ROGERS—7,271, Reuben Rubel vs. John W. E. Thomas and Fannie Brown; dflt. and jgt.; debt $600, das. $203.

DECREES.

JUDGE TULEY—1,776, Jane Nolan vs. Daniel Nolan; decree divorce for cruelty.—2,339, Stein vs. Schott; decree cfg. sale.

JUDGE MORAN—521, Bisbee vs. Foster; final decree.

COUNTY COURT—NEW SUITS.

6,407—Blair, Dunlap, & Hopkins to Frank M. Blair. Voluntary assignment. Flower, Remy, & Gregory, attys.

THE CALL.

JUDGE GARY—Saturday, motions. Monday, Nos. 1,602, 1,603, 1,604, 1,605, 1,606, 1,607, 1,608, 1,609, 1,654, and 1,657.

JUDGE HAWES—Saturday, motions and set cases. Monday, no call. No. 1,598, Bartow vs. City, on trial.

Judge Shepard's call for Monday—Nos. 510, 514, 517, 519, 523, 529, 531, 532, 534, 536, 540, 542, and 544.

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and exercises proper care. It allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

FINANCIAL.

ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY TO LOAN ON watches, diamonds, jewelry, etc. TOM N. DONNELLY & CO., Money Loan Office, 113 Dearborn-st., corner of Calhoun-place.

ANY SUM LOANED ON FURNITURE, pianos, etc., at rates you can afford; 2 to 12 months; pay as it suits. Illinois Mortgage Company, 70 La Salle-st., Room 5. Usual publicity avoided.

ADVANCES ON DIAMONDS, BONDS, watches, etc., at low rates. D. LAUNDER, 120 Randolph-st., Rooms 5 and 6. Established 18—.

ADVANCES MADE ON WATCHES, DIAMONDS, and jewelry at banking rooms of Chicago Mortgage Loan Co., 86 La Salle-st., first floor.

CHICAGO TRUST & SAVINGS BANK, 120 La Salle-st. Money loaned on commercial paper, warehouse receipts, mortgage notes, and available collaterals of all kinds.

CITY, COUNTY, TOWN, AND SCHOOL bonds of the Western States and Territories bought and sold by WM. O. COLE, 140 Washington-st., Room 5 Chamber of Commerce.

LOANS ON LIFE POLICIES (OVER TWO years old, no assessment companies) and same bought; send stamp. Real-estate bought and sold and loans on same. Loans on any good collateral. EDGAR HOLMES, Room 15, 163 Washington-st.

MONEY TO LOAN BY THE CHICAGO Mtge. Loan Co.—The only properly-organized Loan Co. in Chicago—Loans of from $25 to $10,000 made on furniture, pianos, organs, horses, wagons, machinery, warehouse-receipts, etc., without removal from possession of owners, without delay and in entire confidence. Our loans are so made that any part can be paid at any time, each payment reducing the interest in proportion. All loans renewed at original rates as long as desired. Advances also made on watches, diamonds, and jewelry which are stored in special vaults. Persons needing money should carefully consider with whom they deal, as so many new firms and self-styled loan companies are daily coming into existence. We have no brokers in connection with our office and save all commissions, giving the benefit to the borrower. Should you need money call at the Banking-Rooms of Chicago Mortgage Loan Co., 86 La Salle-st., first floor, opposite City-Hall.

MONEY TO LOAN WITHOUT COMMISSION at lowest current rates of interest on improved real estate, in sums of $1,000 and upward. R. PRINDIVILLE, Room 21, 79 Dearborn-st.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED REAL estate in Chicago at lowest rates of interest. PETERSON & BAY, 163 East Randolph-st.

MONEY TO LOAN—AT CURRENT RATES on improved real estate in Cook County. R. W. HYMAN JR. & CO., Room 9 Howland Block, Monroe and Dearborn-sts.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED CITY real estate at lowest rates. H. J. CHRISTOPH, 157 Randolph-st.

$23,000 WANTED—
Immediately on ample security for five years.
Six per cent semi-annual interest.
Address M 780, Tribune office.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—A $14.50 CASE OF fast-selling money-making goods sent free for examination to active men and women seeking permanent business anywhere in the United States or Canada. Our method of introducing these goods is so novel and effectual that success is assured from the start, and men and women are delighted with the result. A lady who cleared $18 on one street writes: "I am highly pleased with your plan; it saves talk and pays better than any agency I ever engaged in." A young man writes: "Your plan brings the money quickest of any I ever tried." Another writes: "I took 35 orders in the afternoon and 18 after tea." Our facilities for executing every variety of printing used by our agents are not excelled anywhere in this country. A variety of circulars, show-cards, blank orders, business cards and posters with name of each agent printed free of charge and forwarded with goods same day the order is received. Those on the lookout for something which will please the most fastidious should send for explanatory papers. Address, with stamp. MERRILL & CO., 27 North Clark-st., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—THROUGHOUT THE Northwest, for a work that in interest to the public and its selling qualities will rank next to Gen. Grant's book. Call on or address W. W. HAYNE, 159 State-st., Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL—PLEASE CALL AT MY OFFICE tomorrow at 1:30. G. B.

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

PERSONAL—FURS! FURS! FURS! Any lady wanting a fur garment should call and see UHLEMANN, 74 Madison-st.

PERSONAL—SEAL SACQUES REDYED AND made over and all fur work done in the best manner. UHLEMANN, 74 Madison-st.

PERSONAL—J. A. BISHOP, OF THE OLD firm of A. Bishop & Co., can be found at 74 Madison-st., where he will be pleased to see all of his old friends and patrons in want of first-class fur work or fine seal sacques.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BARGAINS IN PIANOS—
BARGAINS IN PIANOS—
For the next thirty days only we offer buyers the following splendid inducements:

Five second-hand square pianos, rosewood cases, 7-octave, etc., $100 to $200; fully guaranteed; terms, $25 cash and $10 monthly.

NEW UPRIGHTS..........$165
NEW UPRIGHTS..........185
NEW UPRIGHTS..........225
NEW UPRIGHTS..........250

Old pianos and organs taken in exchange; write for particulars if you cannot visit our warerooms.
REED'S Temple of Music, 136 State-st., near Madison.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND PIANOS FOR rent at 188 and 190 State-st. ESTEY & CAMP.

STEINWAY'S MATCHLESS PIANOS. | LYON & HEALY, State and Monroe-sts.
Beware of bogus instruments, both new and second-hand, represented as genuine Steinway pianos.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVANCE HOT-AIR FURNACES, WITH steel radiators. Send to manufacturers for illustrated circular. Chicago & Erie Stove Co., 171 and 173 Lake-st.

AGENTS FOR ALL TYPEWRITING MAchines. We buy, sell, rent, and ship everywhere on easy terms. A. B. REID & CO., 79 Dearborn-st.

GOOD HOME, AND STRICTLY PRIVATE, for ladies during confinement; reasonable terms. MRS. MUELLER, Doctress, 653 West Monroe-st.

NOTICE—SAFE—LIVERPOOL, DEC. 12—XX due in London 13th. Health improved, but severe headaches. Note time necessary to acknowledge letters. Your latest, Nov. 25 (Dickens), cannot reach your journal. Watch Tribune days named only. Hope you're well. Merry Christmas. Happy New Year. Expect London Times. No cards.

STORE & OFFICE FIXTURES.

D. M. SWINEY, 41 TO 47 SOUTH CANAL-st., manufacturer and dealer in store, office and household furniture.

FOR SALE—SIX SETS OF VAULT DOORS, 1,450 pounds each, at $50 each, at J. GREENHOOD & CO.'S, 84 Dearborn-st.

SAFES—BOTH FIRE AND FIRE AND burglar proof, new and second-hand, will be sold at astonishingly low prices the balance of this month to reduce stock. J. GREENHOOD & CO., Agents, 84 Dearborn-st.

CLAIRVOYANTS.

ATTENTION—CONSULTATION ON BUSIness, lawsuits, absent friends, love, marriages deaths; ladies specially invited; letters answered by return mail. MRS. FRANKS, 14 Laflin-st. Always at home.

CONSULT ZINGARA, THE GYPSY, AT 413 North Clark-st., top floor; unites the separated.

HEAR MRS. BROMWELL GUIDES PROPHecy; business points a specialty; fees $1 and $2. 433 Madison-st., second flat. Hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

ROOFING.

ALL KINDS OF TAR AND GRAVEL ROOFing done and old roofs repaired by J. WILKES FORD & CO., 91 and 93 West Washington-st.

STORAGE.

FIDELITY STORAGE WAREHOUSE, 79, 81, and 83 East Van Buren-st., established in 1875, for storage of household goods; private compartments.

STORAGE FOR FURNITURE, BUGGIES, etc.; cheapest and best in city; advances at low rates. GEORGE PARRY, 158 and 160 West Monroe-st.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

FOR SALE—A FINE ASSORTMENT OF new and second-hand sleighs, including some very fine speeding cutters but little used. Will be sold at a sacrifice. 50 small cutters and 10 two-seated sleighs. Cash or monthly payments. Cutters to let for the week or season. H. C. WALKER, 346 and 348 Wabash-av.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

CLOSING OUT PARLOR STOVES—SEVERAL desirable patterns at wholesale prices; real bargains. MACLEAN & RETTERER, 83 and 85 Wabash.

FOR SALE—LARGE-SIZED SQUARE WALnut extension table, seating twelve, for $20. Address W 11, Tribune office.

TRIBUNE BRANCH OFFICES.

SOUTH DIVISION.

2300 ARCHER-AV., corner of Twenty-second-st.—F. A. Leusman, Druggist.
3100 WENTWORTH-AV., southwest corner Thirty-first-st.—J. A. Braun, Druggist.
3501 COTTAGE GROVE-AV., corner Thirty-fifth-st.—F. Le B. Monroe, Druggist.
123 TWENTY-SECOND-ST.—J. & R. Simms, Booksellers and Stationers.
3037 INDIANA-AV., corner Thirty-first-st.—Judson S. Jacobus, Druggist.
3033 COTTAGE GROVE-AV., corner Thirty-first-st.—Smith & Hogey, Druggists.
3901 COTTAGE GROVE-AV., corner Thirty-ninth-st.—Hubbard & Gore, Druggists.
3640 STATE-ST.—Hale Bliss, Druggists and Chemists.
3358 STATE-ST.—Hugo W. C. Martin, Druggist.
3100 STATE-ST.—Wilson Young, Druggist.
517 WABASH-AV.—Thomas Lawrence, Newsdealer.
1734 WABASH-AV.—Soren, Mathieson & Co., Prescription Druggists.
4341 SOUTH HALSTED-ST., corner Gordon.—Ritter & Ackerman, Druggists.
2401 INDIANA-AV., corner Twenty-fourth-st.—H. W. Buchman, Pharmacist and Chemist.
629 THIRTY-FIRST-ST., corner Wallace—A. Kussman, Druggist.

WEST DIVISION.

180 WEST MADISON-ST., southwest corner Halsted—Ebert's Pharmacy.
276 WEST MADISON-ST., corner Morgan—Dell & Co., Druggists.
384 WEST MADISON-ST., corner Centre-av.—Geo. A. Moffett, Druggist.
490 WEST MADISON-ST., corner Loomis—Star Pharmacy.
572 WEST MADISON-ST., corner of Ogden-av.—Max Behrens, Druggist.
641 WEST MADISON-ST., corner of Paulina—H. F. Kraft, Druggist.
826 WEST MADISON-ST., corner Hoyne-av.—Chas. I. True, Druggist.
1002 WEST MADISON-ST., corner Western-av.—John Myers, Druggist.
802 SOUTH HALSTED-ST. } F. A. Druehl, Druggist.
422 WEST TWELFTH-ST. }
134 SOUTH HALSTED-ST., corner of Adams—James M. Kirkley & Co., Druggists.
581 OGDEN-AV.—Th. Sonnechsen, Druggist.
724 WEST LAKE-ST., northwest corner of Lincoln—Armbrecht Bros., Druggists.
628 WEST LAKE-ST., northwest corner Paulina—R. T. Sill, Druggist.
883 MILWAUKEE-AV. } Henry Schroeder, Druggist.
453 MILWAUKEE-AV. }
525 WEST VAN BUREN-ST., corner Laflin—C. L. Clancy, Druggist.
744 WEST VAN BUREN-ST., corner Robey—Charles E. Button, Druggist.
703 WEST HARRISON-ST., corner Marshfield-av.—C. J. True, Druggist.
372 WEST INDIANA-ST., near Noble—John Ritter Druggist.

NORTH DIVISION.

126 NORTH CLARK-ST., corner of Ohio—Gale & Blocki, Druggists.
445 NORTH CLARK-ST., corner Division—A. S. Cowar, Druggist.
675 LARRABEE-ST., corner Garfield-av.—F. M. Williams & Co., Druggists.
974 NORTH CLARK-ST., corner Webster-av.—Frank Schrage, Druggist.
420 LINCOLN-AV.—Bischoff's Pharmacy.
296 NORTH MARKET-ST., corner Oak; Hubachek & Buchman, Presciption Druggists.
351 NORTH CLARK-ST., corner Oak—L. Burlingham & Co., Druggists.
930 NORTH HALSTED-ST., corner Garfield-av.—C. W. McClellan.
722 LINCOLN-AV.—John A. Braun, Druggist.

SUBURBAN.

ENGLEWOOD.

CORNER WENTWORTH-AV. AND CHESTNUT-ST.—Englewood Eye Office.

EVANSTON.

GEORGE W. MUIR, Bookseller, Stationer, and Newsdealer.

LAKE VIEW.

EVANSTON-AV., near Diversy-st.—C. S. Wells, Post-Office and Druggist.
722 LINCOLN-AV.—John A. Braun, Druggist.

RAVENSWOOD.

W. H. BRYAN, Real Estate, Insurance, and General Merchant.

UNION STOCK-YARDS.

4341 SOUTH HALSTED, corner Gordon-st.—Ritter & Ackerman, Druggists.

HYDE PARK.

J. D. SHERMAN, Fifty-third-st. and Lake-av.

LOST AND FOUND.

FOUND—IN THE STREET-CAR ONE pocketbook. Call at Chapin & Gore's, 73 and 75 Monroe-st. and describe property.

FOUND—CHRISTMAS, ON EAST INDIANA-st., a lady's pocketbook. Call on Tribune cashier.

LOST—SORREL HORSE; RIGHT HIND foot white, white face; ran away on Thursday night on West Adams-st. Return to DAVID DOULD, 1276 West Van Buren-st. and receive reward.

LOST—HALF-BREED PUP DOG: RETURN to 272 W. Jackson-st. and receive $2 reward.

LOST—$2 REWARD—DEC. 24, LEATHER card-case, with cards, on Clark-st. Finder will receive above reward by leaving it at this office.

SITUATIONS—MALE.

BOOKKEEPERS AND CLERKS.

SITUATION WANTED—AS CLERK OR bookkeeper, by young man of good habits, age 22; reliable and trustworthy; good references; will accept small position and salary to start. Address W 45, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS bookkeeper expert in straightening up accounts wants evening work. Address W 21, Tribune office.

SALESMEN.

SITUATION WANTED—AS A SALESMAN, bookkeeper, entry or bill clerk, or anything. References. Address W 15, Tribune office.

TRADES.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN ENGINEER; has had 10 years' experience. 628 W. Madison-st.

SITUATIONS—FEMALE.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FAMILIES NEEDing good German or Scandinavian help apply at G. DUSKE'S, 158 North Halsted-st.

WANTED—MALE HELP.

BOOKKEEPERS AND CLERKS.

WANTED—IN A SMALL MANUFACTURing business, a competent bookkeeper; state salary. Address W 30, Tribune office.

WANTED—A STEADY, RELIABLE DRUG clerk; registered preferred; others must have two years' experience. Call, with references, at 3659 South Halsted-st.

WANTED—DRUG CLERK—A YOUNG man with some knowledge of the drug business. 1801 State-st.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED PRESCRIPtion clerk; one who will go West; an American speaking German preferred. Address, with references, DRUGGIST, Tribune office.

SALESMEN.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS SALESMAN TO sell a well-known brand of sewing silk in Michigan, where trade is already established; only men who have experience in the silk business, or else who are acquainted with the merchants in above State will be eligible for the position. Address, with full particulars, stating age, experience, references, and salary expected, W 26, Tribune office.

WANTED—A GOOD SALESMAN FOR wholesale cigar house to travel in southern Minnesota and Dakota over an old established territory. Must have A1 references, state experience, and for whom traveled, and where, and salary expected. Address CIGAR SALESMAN, Lock Box 328, Milwaukee, Wis.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED SALESman of notions, hosiery, white goods, etc., for Northern and Western Illinois. Address A. R. McCOWN & CO., 628 Market-st., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—AN ACTIVE CIGAR SALESman acquainted with the jobbing trade West and South to represent a large cheroot factory. P.-O. Box 247, Richmond, Va.

WANTED—SEVERAL FIRST-CLASS DRY-goods salesmen for the Western States to sell on commission for a leading Eastern mill; in connection with other goods a fine line of staple domestic hosiery. Call or address, with references, at Room 6 American Express Building.

BOYS.

WANTED—SMART, INDUSTRIOUS BOYS. 156 Washington-st., Room 13.

TRADES.

WANTED—AT OUR SASH, DOOR AND blind factory, corner Twenty-first and Brown-sts., a thoroughly competent door foreman; must understand laying off all styles of work, either from plans or otherwise, and be a good machine hand. Apply to the Hintze & Baker Company.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN ABOUT 18 years old, who can write and figure neatly and correctly to assist at office work in a wholesale house. Must live with parents and be willing to commence at small salary. Address W 28, Tribune office.

WANTED—ADVERTISING-SOLICITOR—A first-class man can get a position that will pay from $25 a week up the year round by applying at the office of the American Israelite, Room 7, 79 Dearborn-st.

WANTED—MERCANTILE AGENCY SOLIcitor; no other need apply; state experience and compensation expected. Address V 99, Tribune.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

DOMESTICS.

WANTED—A COMPETENT GIRL TO DO all the work for three persons on South Side. Call between 11 and 1 o'clock at 164 Washington-st., Room 29.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork. Apply at 920 West Adams-st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—STENOGRAPHER, LADY OR gentleman; $20 to $25 per week and permanent to good party. B Q 81, Tribune office.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO CROCHET work at home; work sent out of town. Western Lace Manufacturing Co., 218 State-st.

WANTED—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN city or country to take light work at their own homes; $3 to $4 a day easily made; work sent by mail; no canvassing. We have a good demand for our work, and furnish steady employment. Address, with stamp, Crown M'f'g Co., 294 Vine-st., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—LADIES AND YOUNG MEN TO decorate Christmas, New Year, and Easter novelties. For full information address Decorative Art Works, 17 Exchange-place, Boston, Mass. Post-Office Box 5148.

INSTRUCTION.

AT E. A. GILL'S SCHOOL OF ECLECTIC Shorthand and Typewriting pupils are fitted to fill positions with perfect satisfaction in 12 to 14 weeks for $35. Send for circular. Positions furnished. 308 North Clark-st.

BANJO AND GUITAR QUICKLY AND CORrectly taught by Chicago's champion banjoist, P. W. DENZEL, Weber Music-Hall, Room 7.

THE MUNSON SHORTHAND SCHOOL—A thorough shorthand and typewriting course, $40. First National Bank Building, MR. & MRS. HANNA.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

SOUTH SIDE.

FOR SALE—BY KINNEY & KIMBALL, 86 Washington-st.: Prairie-av. residence on corner. This is a very fine modern pressed brick and stone house, with 25 ft. lot; 3 new modern residences, corner Thirty-third-st. and Forest-av.; residence on Rhodes av., south of Thirty-third-st. This house is complete in every respect, and a decided bargain. Large brick residence, Ellis-av., has 12 large rooms, is completely and elegantly frescoed, also gas fixtures, furnace, etc., laundry, etc., in cellar; fine brick barn with apartments for coachman; lot is 50x180 feet. This property will be sold at a decided bargain. New modern residence on Washington-av., Kenwood; brick residence on Forty-eighth-st., Kenwood.

For investment, house at Oakland, rented to pay 12 per cent. $3,750.

We have a large list of desirable residences on all streets and avenues South Side and Hyde Park.

FOR SALE—
WABASH-AV., NORTH OF HARRISON-ST., NOS. 337 AND 339.
An east front lot, 48x165¼, to a 30-foot alley. The building is three stories and basement, with walls strong enough to carry two stories more at least. Both party walls are paid for. The south 20 feet of the building is 60 feet deep. The north 28 feet of the building is 120 feet deep, with a one-story extension on rear, 20x40. The building is in perfect repair and well rented. Price $80,000. Owner desires to sell within the next thirty days.
PERCY W. PALMER, 115 Dearborn-st., Rooms 36 and 37.

FOR SALE—BY KINNEY & KIMBALL, 86 Washington-st.:
33 feet, Vernon-av., south of 37th-st.; $1.50.
66 feet, Vernon-av., south of 35th-st.; $84.
50 feet, e. f., South Park-av., south of 31st-st.; $110.
200 feet, e. f., Wabash-av., south of 37th-st.; $65.
50 feet, Wabash-av., north of 30th-st.; $80.
195 feet, Forest-av., northeast cor. 32d-st.; $100.
79 feet, e. f., Stanton-av., south of 37th-st.; $65.
We have to offer several very choice lots on Drexel and Grand boulevards at low prices. Also a large list of lots, tracts, and corners on all avenues South Side and Hyde Park, and Oakland, Hyde Park, and South Park stations on I. C. R. R.

FOR SALE—LOVELY SUBSTANTIAL home, near Prairie-ave. and 30th-st.; blackstone front; hardwood throughout, including floors; beautiful staircase; bevel French-plate glass; porcelain bath; only $9,000. Call 164 30th (formerly Ganjo-st.).

FOR SALE—GREAT BARGAIN—153½X75 feet on the southeast corner of Thirty-fifth-st. and Wabash-av.; price, $16,250, which is one-half the price that a corner 320 feet distant from this end of the same size sold for a few weeks ago. This property will pay 20 per cent interest at once if properly improved. Apply to JACOB WEIL, 166 Dearborn-st., First National Bank Building.

FOR SALE—CLARK STREET LOT, IMproved, near Van Buren, at a great bargain. WALTER BUTLER, 94 Washington-street.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—A STONE FRONT business block; 100 feet square; on Thirty-first-st.; north front; 75 feet west of Michigan-av.; rented for $4,800, which is a low rental; price $55,000. Apply to JACOB WEIL, 166 Dearborn-st.

NORTH SIDE.

FOR SALE—A SPLENDID PIECE OF DOCK property, running from Elston-av. to the river, north of Clybourn-place; only $7,500; Webster-av. bridge will make this property double in value. GRIFFIN & DWIGHT, Washington and Halsted-sts.

WEST SIDE.

FOR SALE—NEW 6-ROOM BRICK COTTAGE 173 Moore-st., near Leavitt; price $1,600, on easy payments. J. W. FARLIN, 85 Washington-st.

FOR SALE—FOURTEEN LOTS ON CLIFTON Park-av., Lawndale; only 100 feet north of Ogden-av.; only $3,500 for the fourteen lots; easy terms. GRIFFIN & DWIGHT, Washington and Halsted-sts.

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS CORNER IN A rapidly improving district on West Side; lot 60x140 feet, with frame improvements, well rented; price $20,000. E. A. CUMMINGS & CO., southeast corner Madison and La Salle-sts.

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—NO. 4109 LANGLEY-AV., TWO-story and basement brick house in thorough repair; $4,000.

No. 4333 St. Lawrence-av., 2-story and basement brick house in thorough repair, 25-foot lot; $4,500.

Will sell for part cash, balance time, or will make liberal discount for all cash.

Apply to H. M. BOICE, at office of Cutler, White & Boice, west end Eighteenth-st. bridge.

FOR SALE—I HAVE HOUSES FROM $2,000 to $6,000 in the best locality in Englewood; water, gas, sewerage, and modern improvements; also lots in the most desirable locations in the town at reasonable prices and terms; will show parties at any time. JOHN A. BARTLETT, No. 21 Otis Block, No. 132 La Salle-st., or 6731 Perry-av., Englewood.

FOR SALE—AT FERNWOOD—TWO-STORY cottage, 6 rooms, and 50x125 feet; cheap; monthly payments. HENRY L. HILL, 21 Tribune Building.

FOR SALE—ENGLEWOOD AND SOUTH PARK—
We have new houses, with all modern improvements, that we are selling on easy payments; same as rent. O. M. WELLS & CO., 162 La Salle-st., Room 17.

FOR SALE—AT ENGLEWOOD—LOTS ON Fifty-eighth-st., near School; water-pipes and sidewalks have been laid; $400 per lot. J. W. FARLIN, 85 Washington-st.

FOR SALE—BY J. H. VAN VLISSENGEN & BRO., Pullman, Ill., and 94 Washington-st., Room 24, bargains in lots, houses, and acres at Pullman.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE FOR CHICAgo property, an improved farm of 188 acres near Lake Geneva, Wis.; good improvements, stock, etc. HENRY L. HILL, 21 Tribune Building.

TO EXCHANGE.

TO EXCHANGE—A CHOICE 320-ACRE farm in Cowley County, Kansas; 120 acres under cultivation; two large bearing orchards; 3½ miles from Cambridge on the Southern Kansas railroad. We offer this farm at the low cash price of $15 per acre in exchange for a general stock of merchandise or dry goods. An additional 320 acres alongside partly improved can be obtained at same figure and on similar terms. The American Financial Exchange, 75 & 76 Commercial National Bank Building.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

A HANDSOME RESTAURANT FOR SALE. Southwest corner Chicago-av. and Clark-st.

FOR SALE—VALUABLE CANNERY PROPerty in Southern Ohio; provided with latest and best machinery and appliances; Shriver's patent process kettles; capacity 30,000 cases per annum; a well established and popular brand; arrangements can be made for advances during canning season; this is a very desirable investment, and will be sold much below cost; the location is unsurpassed. For full information apply to WILBY & WALD, Attorneys, southeast corner Fourth and Main-sts., Cincinnati, or JAS. B. GALLOWAY, Attorney, 95 Clark-st., Chicago.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—LONG LEASE AND fixtures for a livery and boarding stable; the best location in the city; or will trade for real estate. V 37, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—IN PHILADELPHIA—FIRST-class ladies' boarding-house, newly furnished this fall. Established 12 years. A fortune to proper person. Sickness cause for retirement. For particulars address MISS NELLIE S. BEACH, 405 North Twelfth-st., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—A LIVE BUSINESS-MAN WITH $5,000 cash to be invested in an established manufacturing business; two young married men now comprising the firm, are experienced in their line of business and can furnish the best of references as to character and ability; money needed to enlarge the business, as the firm has just contracted with another house to take the entire output of factory; this is a safe money-making business; goods manufactured, soap, and kindred product; particulars only upon personal interview. Call for further information upon Paul E. Tabel Manufacturing Company, 243 State-st.; take elevator.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

SOUTH SIDE.

100 FRANKLIN-ST., CORNER WASHINGton—Board and room $7 a week; location, down-town, and first-class. Ogden House.

255 MICHIGAN-AV.—ONE FIRST-CLASS room, with board.

1714 INDIANA-AV.—HOTEL ROYAL—Rooms, furnishings, and table first-class.

NORTH SIDE.

68 RUSH-ST.—NEWLY-FURNISHED ALcove and other rooms, with board.

197 DEARBORN-AV.—ROOM AND board.

248 OHIO-ST.—LARGE FRONT ALCOVE room, with good table board.

DEARBORN-AV., NEAR CHICAGO-AV.—A few choice rooms, with board, suitable for gentlemen or gent and wife; furnace and grate heat, gas, bath, etc. Terms moderate. Reference given and required. Address V 78, Tribune office.

WEST SIDE.

NEAR UNION PARK—FRONT SUITE, SECond floor; same third floor; ladies preferred; good terms to right parties with references. Address V 63, Tribune office.

HOTELS.

ST. JAMES HOTEL, 118 FIFTH-AV.—THE best $2 a day hotel in Chicago; good rooms; good table; low rates to permanent boarders. Call.

WINDSOR EUROPEAN HOTEL, TRIBUNE Block—Is the largest and best European hotel in the city, having 162 rooms, ranging from 75 cents to $2 per day, according to location. Thomson's restaurant underneath. SAMUEL GREGSTEN, Prop.

BOARD WANTED.

BOARD—AND ROOMS WANTED BY TWO young men with private family, West Side, near Third Presbyterian Church preferred. References exchanged. Address V 96, Tribune office.

BOARD OF TRADE—ANY ONE HAVING A certificate of membership not being used can rent to a first-class firm, who will pay the annual dues and a fair price for use of same for one year. Address K 38, Tribune office.

MACHINERY.

FOR SALE—A SMALL ROTARY STEAM engine in first-class condition, about 3-horse power, cheap for cash, at 212 East Washington-st. WM. HAYTHORNE.

FOR SALE—15,000 FEET SECOND-HAND coil and 20,000 feet second-hand one-inch pipe, cheap; also new coils and radiators. SAM'L L. POPE & CO., 183 Lake-st.

PROFESSIONAL.

A. GOODRICH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 124 Dearborn-st., Chicago. Advice free; 18 years' experience. Business quietly and legally transacted.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—HANDSOME ST. BERNARD puppy. P. O. Box 80, Riverside, Ill.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

NORTH SIDE.

TO RENT—291 OAK-ST., NEAR DEARborn-av., 3-story and basement brick and stone front, 10 rooms, $60. SNOW & DICKINSON, 97 Washington-st.

TO RENT—FLATS.

SOUTH SIDE.

TO RENT—NEW AND ELEGANT 4-ROOM brick flats, good neighborhood, on Butterfield-st., between Twenty-first and Twenty-second-sts. $10 to $15 per month to good tenant only. C. L. JENKS, owner, 125 Van Buren-st., or branch office, corner Clark and Twentieth-sts.

TO RENT—192 MICHIGAN-AV.—ONE OF the finest 8-room flats in Chicago; furniture for sale; all new and good. Call at Flat D evenings and Sunday.

TO RENT—THIRTY-FIFTH-ST., EAST OF State—New flats of 5 and 6 rooms; all improvements; $25. GEO. G. NEWBURY & CO., 164 La Salle-st.

TO RENT—A BRAND-NEW 6-ROOM FLAT at 2226 Indiana-av., modern and complete. CHANDLER & CO., 110 Dearborn-st.

TO RENT—WARM 3-ROOM FLATS ON State-st., near Thirty-seventh; rent $10 to $15. D. HARRY HAMMER, 153 Washington-st.

TO RENT—233 MICHIGAN-AV.—SECOND and third flats to private family only.

WEST SIDE.

TO RENT—
NEW FLATS.
479 West Madison-st., 7 rooms;
467 West Madison-st., 6 rooms;
117 South Lincoln-st., 6 rooms;
119 Laflin-st., 6 rooms;
170 West Washington-st., 7 rooms;
42 South Halsted-st., 6 rooms;
43 South Carpenter-st., 6 rooms;
312 Throop-st., and others, by
GRIFFIN & DWIGHT,
Corner Washington and Halsted-sts.

TO RENT—NEW 7 AND 8 ROOM FLATS, neatly arranged, with closets, bathroom, separate halls, electric bells, store-rooms, etc.; corner Harrison-st. and Marshfield-av.; price $25 to $40 per month. BARNARD & CALKINS, 109 La Salle-st.

TO RENT—AT YOUR OWN PRICE UNTIL May 1, 2 to 6 room new flats, Van Buren-st. and Campbell-av. Go see them. TITUS, 172 La Salle-st.

TO RENT—BY KNIGHT & MARSHALL, Rooms 9 and 10, 97 South Clark-st.:
809 West Madison-st.—Flat of 6 rooms; cheap to May 1.

NORTH SIDE.

TO RENT—154 LA SALLE-AV.—THIRD flat, six lighted rooms, with bath-room, etc., in first-class order, only $30 per month. GRIFFIN & DWIGHT, corner Halsted and Washington-sts.

TO RENT—FLAT IN THE ELEGANT apartment building "Marquette," Rush and Ohio-sts.; every improvement.
J. W. HOWELL, 112 Clark-st., Room 82.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

SOUTH SIDE.

TO RENT—ALL OR PART OF THE UPPER story of a six-story building within a block of the Grand Pacific Hotel, containing fifteen good rooms; heated by steam, with two elevators; rent very low to the right parties. For terms and particulars address V 66, Tribune office.

NORTH SIDE.

TO RENT—TWO NICELY-FURNISHED front rooms, single or en suite; gas, bath, and heat; to gents only. 423 Oak-st.

TO RENT—FURNISHED FRONT ALCOVE; gas, bath off, stove heat. 204 Erie-st.

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, &c.

STORES.

TO RENT—FROM JAN. 1, ONE OF THOSE fine stores and basements and one loft in the Beidler Block, corner Washington and Wood sts., with power, heated by steam, and every convenience for light or heavy manufacturing. GRIFFIN & DWIGHT, corner Washington and Halsted-sts.

TO RENT—DOUBLE STORE, OR SEPARate, with living rooms in the rear, 535-537 West Madison-st., corner of Laflin. BAIRD & BRADLEY, 90 La Salle-st.

TO RENT—STORE AND BASEMENT, 231 Wabash-av.; possession given now; corner flat containing all modern improvements in "Newport," corner Pine and Ontario-sts. JAS. M. GAMBLE & CO., 40 Dearborn-st., Rooms 3 to 8.

TO RENT—HALF OF STORE, 94 STATE-st., Jan. 1. Inquire in the store, A. & W. Mfg. Co.

TO RENT—VERY LOW RENT FOR ELEgant new store, with living rooms, at 2228 Indiana-av. CHANDLER & CO., 110 Dearborn-st.

TO RENT—A NICE, LARGE STORE, ABOUT 25x90 ft., No. 1464 Wabash av.; large plate glass windows; very strong front; just put in excellent order; will rent cheap, either with or without large basement. Apply to W. S. HALL, Room 22, Ashland Block, corner Clark and Randolph sts.

TO RENT—CHEAP—MARKETMEN, ATTENtion—New store, 1041 West Van Buren-st.

TO RENT—GROCERS—NEW STORE, WITH shelves, fixtures, show-cases, etc., complete, for $30. 1039 West Van Buren-st. TITUS, 172 La Salle-st.

TO RENT—MISCELLANEOUS.

TO RENT—ROOMS, WITH POWER, DIvided to suit tenants; two elevators; good light. RICE, WHITACRE & CO., 42 and 44 West Monroe-st.

TO RENT—ROOMS, WITH POWER; WILL divide to suit tenant. Apply to ROTH, McMAHON & CO., corner Clinton and Monroe-sts.

WANTED TO RENT.

WANTED—TO RENT—A LARGE BARN, for forty or more horses; state location and rent. Address V 86, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A GERMAN DOCtor of the highest qualifications, residing on the North Side, with good practice, making gynecology a specialty, wants a suitable office on the South Side; co-occupation acceptable. Address H. Y., Tribune.

WANTED—TO RENT—OFFICE-ROOM about 20x30 on first or second floor, located on Lake-st., between Clark and Franklin. Address A 133, Tribune office.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

—EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS—†Saturday excepted. *Sundays excepted. ‡Monday excepted. §Daily.

WESTERN.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

For Maps, Time-Tables, Sleeping-Car Accommodations apply at 59 Clark-st., Grand Pacific Hotel, Palmer House, Canal and Sixteenth-sts., and the Union Passenger Station on Canal-st., between Madison and Adams-sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Downer's Grove Passenger	b 7:30 a m	b 9:45 a m
Aurora Sunday Passenger	8:30 a m	6:30 p m
Galesburg, Ottawa & Streator Ex	b 8:45 a m	b 7:10 p m
St. Paul, Dubuque & S'x City Ex	b11:00 a m	b 2:50 p m
Downer's Grove Passenger	b10:50 a m	b 1:40 p m
Council Bluffs Passenger	b11:50 a m	b 2:35 p m
Denver & Omaha Fast Express	a12:30 p m	a 2:00 p m
Kansas City & South Pacific Ex	a12:30 p m	a 2:00 p m
St. Joseph, Atchison & Topeka Ex	a12:30 p m	a 2:00 p m
Aurora Sunday Passenger	1:05 p m	10:15 a m
Downer's Grove Passenger	b 1:30 p m	b 4:45 p m
Aurora Passenger	b 3:20 p m	b 7:45 a m
Downer's Grove Passenger	b 4:30 p m	b 7:30 p m
Mendota & Ottawa Express	b 4:45 p m	b10:20 a m
Rockford & Rochelle Express	b 4:45 p m	b10:50 a m
Amboy, Rock Falls & Sterling Ex	b 4:45 p m	b10:50 a m
Aurora Passenger	b 5:15 p m	b 8:40 a m
Downer's Grove Passenger	b 5:45 p m	b 8:15 a m
Aurora Passenger	b 6:20 p m	b 8:40 a m
Downer's Grove Sunday Passgr	6:20 p m	10:00 a m
Downer's Grove Passenger	b 9:20 p m	b 6:45 a m
St. Paul & Sioux City Express	c10:00 p m	a 6:35 a m
Dubuque & Forreston Express	a10:00 p m	a 6:35 a m
St. Joseph, Omaha, Denver & California Express	a10:30 p m	a 6:55 a m
Des Moines Express	a10:30 p m	d 6:55 a m
Texas Express	c10:30 p m	a 5:45 a m
Kansas City Night Express	a10:30 p m	a 5:45 a m
Aurora Sunday Passenger	9:45 p m	2:30 p m
Aurora Theatre Train	b11:30 p m	

a Daily. b Daily except Sunday. c Daily except Saturday. d Except Monday.

St. Paul, Dubuque, and Sioux City trains leave and arrive from Central Depot, foot of Lake-st.

Illinois Central Railroad.

Depots foot of Lake-st. and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket Offices, 121 Randolph-st., near Clark, Grand Pacific Hotel, and Palmer House.

	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis & Texas Express	* 8:40 a m	* 8:00 p m
St. Louis & Texas Fast Line	§ 8:30 p m	§ 7:20 a m
Cairo & New Orleans Express	* 8:40 a m	* 8:00 p m
New Orleans Fast Express	§ 8:30 p m	§ 7:20 a m
Chatsworth & Bloomington Pass	* 2:50 p m	* 3:00 p m
Pontiac & Springfield Express	* 8:40 a m	* 8:00 p m
Gilman Passenger	* 4:25 p m	*10:00 a m
Dubuque & Sioux City Express	*11:00 a m	* 2:50 p m
aDubuque & Sioux City Express	§10:00 p m	§ 6:35 a m
St. Paul & Minneapolis Express	*11:00 a m	* 2:50 p m
St. Paul & Minneapolis Express	§10:00 p m	§ 6:35 a m

aOn Saturday night runs to Dubuque only.

Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway.

Depots, Polk-st., between Third and Fourth-avs., and Twenty-second-st. and Archer-av. State-st., Clark-st., Wentworth-av., and Hanover-st. cars pass within one block of Polk-st. Depot. Ticket Offices, 109 Clark-st., Palmer House, Grand Pacific Hotel, and Depots.

	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis, N. Orleans & Texas Ex	* 8:25 a m	* 7:30 p m
St. Louis, N. Orleans & Texas Ex	§ 9:00 p m	§ 7:25 a m
Peoria, Keokuk, Burlington, Des Moines & Ottumwa Express	* 8:25 a m	* 7:30 p m
Kansas City, Hannibal & Jacksonville Express	§12:30 p m	§ 2:50 p m
Peoria, Keokuk & Council Bluffs Ex	§12:30 p m	§ 2:50 p m
Peoria, Keokuk & Burlington Ex	§ 9:00 p m	§ 7:25 a m
Custer Park Accommodation	* 4:30 p m	* 9:35 a m

§Daily. *Daily, except Sunday.

NOTE—Pullman sleeping-cars, Mann boudoir-cars, and free reclining-chair cars, Chicago to St. Louis, Peoria, Jacksonville, Hannibal, and Kansas City.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad.

Depot corner of Van Buren and Sherman-sts. Ticket Offices, 104 Clark-st., New Opera-House Building, Palmer House, and Grand Pacific Hotel.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Davenport & Peoria Express	* 9:10 a m	* 5:45 p m
Council Bluffs & Peoria Fast Ex	*12:10 p m	* 2:10 p m
Kansas City, Leavenworth & Atchison Express	*12:10 p m	* 2:35 p m
Minneapolis & St. Paul Express	*12:10 p m	* 2:35 p m
Kansas City, Leavenworth & Atchison Express (Sunday)	†11:20 a m	† 2:35 p m
Peru Accommodation	* 4:45 p m	*10:00 a m
Council Bluffs Night Express	†10:30 p m	‡ 6:30 a m
Kansas City, Leavenworth & Atchison Night Express	†11:00 p m	‡ 6:30 a m
Peoria Night Express	†11:00 p m	‡ 6:35 a m
Minneapolis & St. Paul Fast Ex	†11:00 p m	‡ 6:35 a m

§Daily. *Daily except Sundays. †Daily except Saturdays. ‡Daily except Mondays. ¶Sundays only.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

—EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS—†Saturday excepted. *Sunday excepted. ‡Monday excepted. §Daily.

WESTERN.

(Continued.)

Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

For Maps, Time-Cards, Sleeping-Car Accommodations, apply at 62 Clark-st., Grand Pacific, Palmer House, and Depot, corner Wells and Kinzie-sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
San Francisco, Denver, Omaha & Council Bluffs	*12:00 m / †10:30 p m	* 3:15 p m / ‡ 6:30 a m
Dixon, Sterling, Clinton, Tama, Cedar Rapids, Marshalltown, & Des Moines	* 8:30 a m / *12:00 m / †10:30 p m	* 6:15 p m / * 3:15 p m / ‡ 6:30 a m
Sioux City & Northern Nebraska	*12:00 m / †10:30 p m	* 3:15 p m / ‡ 6:30 a m
Aurora, Batavia & Geneva	* 8:30 a m / *12:00 m / * 3:45 p m / * 4:15 p m / * 5:15 p m / * 6:15 p m	* 6:15 p m / * 3:15 p m / *11:00 a m / *10:30 a m / * 8:45 a m / * 7:45 a m
Freeport, Rockford & Elgin	* 9:15 a m / * 4:15 p m / *11:30 p m	* 3:00 p m / *10:35 a m / *11:15 a m
Rockford & Elgin	* 7:15 a m	[illegible]
St. Paul, Minneapolis, Beloit & Madison & Janesville	*11:30 a m / †10:35 p m	* 3:00 p m / * 7:00 a m
Huron, Pierre, Winona, and Madison, Janesville & Beloit	* 9:00 a m / * 5:00 p m	[illegible]
Janesville, Watertown, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Ashland, Washburn, Bayfield, Superior, Duluth	* 9:00 a m / * 4:45 p m	* 4:45 p m / *10:35 a m
Madison and Milwaukee	†10:35 p m / * 8:00 a m / x 8:15 a m / *11:30 a m / * 3:00 p m / * 5:00 p m / * 8:00 p m	* 7:00 a m / * 4:00 p m / * 4:00 p m / * 2:00 p m / * 4:00 p m / * 7:45 p m / * 4:00 p m
Waukesha, Racine, Milwaukee & Kenosha	x 8:15 a m / *11:30 a m / * 5:00 p m / * 3:00 p m / * 5:00 p m	* 4:00 p m / * 2:00 p m / * 7:00 p m / *10:30 a m / * 6:00 p m
Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, Green Bay	*11:30 a m / †10:35 p m	* 2:00 p m / * 6:30 a m
Milwaukee, Green Bay, Menominee, Marinetta, Ishpeming & Marquette	†10:35 p m	§ 6:50 a m
Ripon, Green Lake, Princeton, Sheboygan	*11:30 a m	* 2:00 p m
Central Dakota via Northwestern Iowa	†10:30 p m / * 7:15 a m	§ 6:50 a m / * 6:45 p m
Lake Geneva	* 3:15 p m / * 4:15 p m	* 8:00 p m / *10:35 a m

Reference marks: *Ex. Sunday. †Ex. Saturday. ‡Ex. Monday. §Daily. xSunday only.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Union Passenger Station, corner Madison, Canal, and Adams-sts. For Maps, Time-Tables, Sleeping-Car Berths, Through Tickets, apply at City Offices, 61 and 63 Clark-st., Palmer House, Grand Pacific Hotel, and at Depot.

Reference marks: a. Daily; b. Daily except Sunday; c. Daily except Saturday; d. Daily except Monday.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Milwaukee	b 8:00 a m / a11:30 a m / b 3:00 p m / b 5:00 p m / a10:30 p m	b10:30 a m / a 3:00 p m / b 4:00 p m / b 7:45 p m / a 7:00 a m
Racine, Freeport & Waukesha	b 8:00 a m / b 5:00 p m	b 7:45 p m / b10:30 a m
Racine & Waukesha	a11:30 a m / b 3:00 p m	a 3:00 p m / b 7:45 p m
Elgin & Rockford	b 8:00 a m / b12:05 p m / b 5:00 p m	b10:15 a m / b 3:50 p m / b 7:30 p m
Elgin	c10:40 p m	b 7:15 a m
Elgin	b 5:15 p m	b 8:45 a m
Elgin (Sunday only)	4:30 p m	10:00 a m
La Crosse local	b 8:00 a m	b 7:00 p m
La Crosse, Winona, Stillwater, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ortonville, and Aberdeen	a11:30 a m / a10:30 p m	a 3:00 p m / a 7:00 a m
Dubuque, Clinton, Cedar Rapids, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Denver, and San Francisco	b12:05 p m / c10:40 p m	b 3:10 p m / d 7:10 a m
Des Moines and Ottumwa	b12:05 p m / c10:40 p m	b 3:10 p m / d 7:10 a m
Beloit, Janesville, and Mineral Point	b12:05 p m / c10:40 p m	b 3:10 p m / d 7:10 a m
Janesville	b11:30 a m	b 7:00 p m
Madison	b11:30 a m / c10:30 p m	b 7:00 p m / d 7:10 a m
Green Bay and Menominee	b11:30 a m	b 7:00 p m
Fond du Lac, Neenah, Oshkosh	c10:30 p m	d 7:10 a m
Mason City, Algona, Mitchell, Owatonna, Faribault, St. Paul, and Minneapolis	b11:30 a m / c10:40 p m	b 3:00 p m / d 7:00 a m
Sioux City, Sioux Falls, Yankton, Chamberlain, Redfield, Aberdeen	b10:30 p m / c10:40 p m	b 7:00 a m / d 7:00 a m
Calvary and Graceland	b 6:20 a m / a 1:00 p m / b 5:15 p m / b 6:15 p m	b 6:47 a m / a 2:00 p m / b 7:00 a m / b 8:45 a m
Sunday only	5:30 p m	8:45 a m

Chicago & Alton.

Union Depot, West Side, corner Madison and Canal-sts., between Madison and Adams-sts. bridges, and Twenty-third-st. Ticket offices at Depot, 39 South Clark-st., Grand Pacific Hotel, and Palmer House.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Kansas City, Denver, Colo., N. M., Mexico, Ariz., & Cal. Fast Ex	*12:30 p m	* 3:00 p m
K. City, Colo., N. M., Ariz. & Cal. Ex	§11:30 p m	§ 7:00 a m
St. Louis, Springfield, Texas, New Orleans, & Southern Express	* 8:45 a m	* 7:30 p m
St. Louis, Springfield, Texas, New Orleans, & Southern Express	§ 9:00 p m	§ 7:30 a m
St. Louis & Springfield Night Ex	§11:30 p m	§ 7:30 a m
Peoria, Keokuk & Burlington Fast Express	* 8:45 a m / §11:30 p m	* 7:30 p m / § 7:30 a m
Chenoa, Streator, Lacon, Washington Ex	*12:30 p m	* 3:00 p m
Joliet & Dwight Accommodation	* 5:00 p m	* 9:25 a m

*Sunday excepted. ‡Monday excepted. §Daily.

Kankakee Line.

Depots foot of Lake-st. and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket-offices at depots and 121 Randolph-st., Grand Pacific Hotel, and Palmer House.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati, Indianapolis & Louisville Day Express	* 9:00 a m	* 4:45 p m
Do Night Express	§ 8:00 p m	§ 7:10 a m

Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad.

Ticket offices, 84 Clark-st., Palmer House, and Grand Pacific Hotel. Depot, Polk-street, between State and Clark-sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Danville & Terre Haute Mail	* 8:20 a m	* 5:55 p m
Evansville & Indianapolis Line	* 8:00 p m	* 7:20 a m
Nashville & Southern Fast Line	* 8:40 p m	*10:50 a m
Momence Passenger	* 5:15 p m	* 9:13 a m

EASTERN.

Michigan Central Railroad.

Depots foot of Lake-st. and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket Office, 67 Clark-st., southeast corner of Randolph.

Central Standard Time.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail (via Main Line)	* 6:50 a m	* 6:45 p m
Day Express	* 9:00 a m	* 7:40 p m
New York—Limited	* 3:10 p m	* 9:30 a m
Kalamazoo Accommodation	* 4:00 p m	†10:20 a m
Atlantic Express	* 9:05 p m	* 8:00 a m
Night Express	* 9:55 p m	* 7:00 a m

Via Chicago and West Michigan Ry.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Grand Rapids & Muskegon Mail	† 9:00 a m	† 6:45 p m
Grand Rapids & Muskegon Ex	† 3:20 p m	* 7:10 p m
Grand Rapids & Muskegon Sleep'r	* 9:55 p m	* 7:00 a m

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Chicago & Atlantic Railway.

Ticket Offices, 105 South Clark-st. and at Depot, Polk-st. and Fourth-av.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Lima, Marion & Columbus	† 8:30 a m	† 6:15 p m
New York & Philadelphia Exp'ss	* 3:30 p m	* 7:30 a m
New York, Boston & Philadelphia	* 8:15 p m	* 6:15 p m
Columbus, Cleveland, Mansf'ld	* 8:15 p m	* 6:15 p m
Pittsburg, Jamestown & Buffalo	* 8:15 p m	* 7:30 a m

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Baltimore & Ohio.

Depots, Lake-Front, foot of Monroe-st., and foot of Twenty-second-st. City office, 83 Clark-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Pittsburg & Baltimore Express	* 8:10 a m	* 5:45 p m
Pittsburg—Limited	§ 5:10 p m	§ 8:45 a m
Washington & Baltimore Limited	§ 5:10 p m	§ 8:45 a m
Pittsburg & Baltimore Express	§11:10 p m	§ 5:40 p m
New York—Limited	§ 3:10 p m	§ 8:45 a m
Detroit & Niagara Falls Express	§ 8:45 p m	§ 7:45 a m

§Daily. *Sunday excepted.

The 5:10 p. m. train is a Limited Express, running through in twenty-five hours. No extra fare required on this train.

Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway.

Depot corner Third-av. and Polk-st. Ticket offices 103 South Clark and at depot.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	* 9:10 a m	* 7:45 p m
Limited & Day Express	* 3:25 p m	* 7:45 p m
Atlantic & Pacific Express	* 8:40 p m	* 8:00 a m
Valparaiso Accommodation	* 5:20 p m	* 9:30 a m
Chicago Lawn Accommodation	* 6:25 p m	* 7:30 a m
Sunday Passenger (Sunday only)	1:15 p m	10:00 a m
Mt. Olivet, Mt. Greenwood—Spec	12:00 m	3:10 p m

§Daily. *Except Sunday. Central Standard Time.

Pennsylvania Lines—Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railway, "Fort Wayne Route"—Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburg Railroad, "Pan-Handle Route."

Express trains depart from and arrive at Union Passenger Station, Madison and Canal-sts. Standard Time. Ticket Offices, 65 Clark-st. and Union Passenger Station. Pan-Handle south-bound tickets also on sale at Grand Pacific Hotel and Palmer House Ticket Offices.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Via "Fort Wayne Route"—		
Day Express	† 8:00 a m	† 8:00 p m
New York Express	* 3:15 p m	* 6:30 p m
Limited Express	* 5:00 p m	* 9:30 a m
Night Express	* 1:30 p m	* 8:00 a m
Via "Pan-Handle Route"—		
Day Express	* 7:50 a m	* 8:00 p m
Southeastern Express	* 7:50 a m	* 8:00 p m
Eastern Express	* 9:30 p m	* 7:15 a m
Southern Express	* 8:30 p m	* 7:15 a m

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad.

Ticket offices at depots, Van Buren-st., head of La Salle, Twenty-second-st., and Forty-third-st. Ticket office under Sherman House.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail (via Old Road)	* 7:25 a m	* 8:00 p m
Special New York & Boston Ex	* 8:50 a m	* 7:40 p m
Limited Express (daily)	* 3:30 p m	* 8:00 a m
Atlantic N. Y. Express (daily)	* 7:45 p m	* 8:00 a m
Night Express (via Old Road)	*11:30 p m	* 6:50 a m
Goshen & Old Road Accommodat'n	* 4:45 p m	*11:00 a m
New York & Boston Fast Express	[illegible]	[illegible]

Chicago, Detroit & Niagara Falls Short Line.

Trains leave from and arrive at B. & O. Depot, Lake Front, foot of Monroe-st., as below. Ticket offices, 109 and 83 Clark-st. General office, 88 Randolph-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
New York & Boston—Limited	§ 3:10 p m	§ 9:00 a m
New York Fast Line	§ 8:45 p m	§ 8:30 a m

§Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

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SKETCHES.

"My Buffalo Coat"; or, How It Proved a Merry Christmas After All.

Fair Women at Lunch—The Banished Bang—A Curious Combination of Business and Faith.

The Story of a Kiss—Couldn't Stand the Test—Tattooed Cheeks All the Rage—Poetry and Humor.

THE TRIBUNE PRIZE STORY.

[THE TRIBUNE prize of $10 has been awarded this week to the author of the story printed below.

The conditions on which the prize may be competed for are: (1) That the story shall be not less than one nor more than two columns in length; (2) that it shall be written only on one side of the paper; (3) that the name and address of the author shall be written plainly on the first page; and (4) that postage shall be inclosed for its return if not accepted.

Under no circumstances will THE TRIBUNE undertake to keep rejected manuscripts "until called for" or "until sent for," but all manuscripts not accepted will be promptly returned by mail if postage is inclosed.

A check for $10 will be mailed to the successful competitor immediately before or immediately after the publication of the story.]

My Buffalo Coat.

Five miles such a night as this! Through drifts as high as fences in this rickety old thing! It's preposterous! All my better judgment is against it. I don't want to go—and even while I fume within myself against the folly of the thing I am stepping into the old band-wagon, on runners for the occasion, with its huge, unwieldy canvas-top and straw-bestrewn floor, and am seating myself on one of the narrow, uncomfortable seats which line either side, with a twitch of impatience at myself and every one else who is silly enough to go out in such weather as this, simply to celebrate Christmas Eve! Though I'm not going for that!

One "eve" is the same as another as far as I'm concerned, and those words, "Merry Christmas"—from the bottom of my heart I wish I might never hear them again. No, I'm going to please Genie, because she has always been my precious, truest friend, and for the last three years my only comfort—my darling sympathizer. Genie, the only person in the world who has known what I've suffered all this long, dreary time—who knows the whole story, and never once has said, "'Twas all your fault," but only, "Keep up your courage. Some day or other it's sure to come right."

Just as though a thing *could* "come right" after it has been shattered into a thousand pieces and scattered to the four winds of heaven. But she's a comfort, all the same, and I'd do for her what I would do for no one else on earth—take this wretched ride in this wretched conveyance on this wretched night, and go through with a wretched Christmas-Eve party, in a wretched frame of mind, all because Genie gives the party and Genie wants me to come. Was it any reason, because her engagement ended happily and mine unhappily, and because she is married to Win—that dear, splendid fellow—that we should stop loving each other and being friends just the same? We didn't think so, and Gene, how sweet she looked the other day when she was begging me to come and running on so artfully with: "Why, you simply must! I've set my heart on having you read something nice about Christmas to them, and it will spoil the party, for no one else can, and I won't have any one else anyway. And what if Rob is gone away and you've no one to come with? Don't you know every one of them, and can't you step right into the sleigh at your door and out of it at ours? And as for coming back that night, I shan't hear of it for a minute. And what if they are all married people but you, do you suppose I'm going to give a party without you on that account? And anyway, Jennie, there's this about it. Win insists on your coming, and if you don't he won't enjoy a minute of it—not one." And she looked so mournful that I had to say I would go, and twice as far to please her, and she was a darling to want me.

Of course I know her real object was to get me away from myself—to keep me from spending the lonely Christmas I was planning; and I know, too, that I vastly prefer my own company to that of the people invited. But does that make it any the less sweet in her to urge me or any less important that I should go?

So here I am, and what a lonesome old vehicle it is, to be sure; and what made the driver come for me first, I wonder? What if I do know every one that's going? Isn't it rather hard to have your only brother—all you have—gone away to Kansas to spend his Christmas with some one he loves better than you? And to have to take this dismal ride—but where are we going? And what are we stopping for? Is the driver crazy to bring me to the railway station? And what in the name of seven heavens is coming into the door of this thing?

A huge Buffalo Coat, with its high collar surmounted by a sealskin cap with an immense forepiece, stalks in and seats itself in the front end of the band-wagon, directly opposit my wondering self; but whether it contain demon, angel, or man—whether it is looking at me or the floor—in fact, whether there are any eyes in it at all are questions beyond my powers of solution.

However, a certain fear that it may be a man, and he might be watching me keeps me from staring too much, and finally, as we go jingling on, from wondering who it may be, I fall, with my eyes on the straw at my feet, to "reminiscing" and longing for days when, believing in all the dear old fairy tales, I could have classified this mystery in fur at once, because I would have known he was "Santa Claus"—couldn't be anyone else at this time of the year. What a child I was for such things, and how Rob did love to study—and I didn't! I suddenly find myself smiling to recall the daily dialog which took place all through the time we were studying Virgil. Rob would say, "Come on, Jen, let's study."

"W-e-ll," long drawn from out the depths of some fascinating story.

"Jen!" "Well," still lingering. "O, Jane!"

And then I would rouse myself and ask, "Well, got the brown?" "Yes." "The green?" "Yes." "The limpsey?" "Yes, do come on!" And we began our lesson.

"The brown," "the green," and "the limpsey" were the pet names which we had bestowed respectively on the old brown volumes—nearly all notes—which papa had pored over as a boy; the little green volume which we used in the class-room, and a poor dilapidated ghost of a Virgil with all the leaves out the notes torn out, which Rob had paid a nickel for the first of the term. By the time we had consulted these three authorities on every doubtful question in the lesson Rob understood it pretty thoroughly, and I? Sometimes, when I paid attention, I did, too.

Who would have thought then that Rob would ever be Professor of Languages in the Margrave College and I teacher of elocution in the same humdrum old university! And only to think that even this tedious state of existence will be changed for the worse pretty soon, when Rob brings home his wife and I become a "third." Pleasant prospect for me! Suppose I'm wicked not to enjoy contemplating my situation. Twenty-four years old, growing to look more like an angular spinster every day of my life, and——. But who cares if I am? *I* don't, much, and still less does pretty Mrs. Hollis, whose much befrizzled little head at this moment appears in the door of the band-wagon, which has stopped before her gate. She does not notice me at first, for with anxious eye she is watching her tall David, who, following, must needs bend low to get his lanky form within the doorway; but when he is safely seated beside her that vigilant eye—say, rather, both those vigilant eyes are allowed to rove and they fall on me.

"Ah, Miss Coulter!" she cries, cheerfully. (She is always cheerful, and tonight oppressively so, it seems to me.) "You here? And I thought only married people were invited! With your brother in Kansas, too. You are brave, indeed, to venture out alone, though perhaps, um—um"——and her voice subsided into an inaudible murmur of gentle curiosity as she spies the Buffalo Coat and looks from it to me, from me to it, while waiting for me to speak.

I know what she means. She means, "Did you come with that Buffalo Coat, and who is it?" But she has not asked me, so I cannot say "No," and "I do not know," nor do I care to enter into a long explanation of my motives—to Mrs. Hollis. Therefore I answer politely, if vaguely, "Yes," and say no more.

She is surprised, I see, and buries her pretty nose in her muff with the hope of whispering something, unobserved, to David. But alas! for human hopes! Man-like, he blurts out "What?" and inclines his head to listen, so that she, annoyed enough, must say it again, and I must know she is whispering. 'Tis hard to have our little schemes foiled like that, but she meets the emergency bravely, and, with the muff still higher, tells him again, only to be rewarded by having him respond, "O!" and then subside into a prolonged stare, which he divides impartially between the Buffalo Coat and me. Several moments of it and it grows embarrassing. Will he never look away? Still it is amusing to see even Mrs. Hollis' cheerfulness dampened by her husband's bungling actions. It fidgets her, so I can stand it, and I won't help her out. It's wicked, but I like to see her bothered.

And now we are stopping again. Another lady and her husband. Stout Mrs. Charles Allen is piloting her delicate little man into the wagon. They give us each a friendly nod. "Mrs. Hollis," "Mr. Hollis," "Miss Coulter," and then gimlet-like glances at Buffalo Coat, followed by more at me.

"O—um—I hear your brother is in Kansas, Miss Coulter?" says the female newcomer.

"Yes, he spends the holidays there this year," I answer.

"Ah"—a pause. "Fact is, my dear"—Mrs. Allen makes a bold charge—"I don't recognize your escort."

O, dear! Is it looking at me from under that forepiece? Can it see me blush? Very awkward I feel as I say, "I have no escort. I am alone."

Relief on Mrs. Hollis' face, amazement on Mrs. Allen's, a tinge of incredulity on both the men's, and still the Buffalo Coat remains immovable.

And still the sleigh-bells are tinkling away, and we are gliding swiftly over the snow, and the driver is pulling up his horses for two more passengers.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Grant have joined us. Jack has kept us waiting a long time while he shouted directions to the driver about a probable snowdrift about three-quarters of a mile this side of the Parmelees, and now he is drowning out everything with his hearty voice as he says: "Good evening, all! You see, I wanted to tell him, because I know every inch of this road so well. I'll stay by the door and watch, to give him hints what to do if anything happens, for he don't know much one way or the other; that's the size of it." And he laughs. He thinks he is funny. I don't like him tonight. I won't look at him—but there! He's speaking to me:

"Jen!"—how he shouts. And he always calls me "Jen." I call him "Mr. Grant."

"Jen"—what barbarous thing is he saying now?—"who have you got there bundled up like that?"

Lack of grammar and lack of sense! Before I can answer he has screamed it out again.

Do I imagine, or is the Buffalo Coat trembling as with inward laughter? My voice is as icy as I can make it. "No one, Mr. Grant. I am alone this evening." And while they all stare at the silent Buffalo Coat I feel that it is looking at me. My face is burning up! How I wish these odious people were at the end of the earth, and that tantalizing, mysterious Buffalo Coat were anywhere, I don't care where, only not opposit me. It is getting unendurable.

One more stop for one more couple, and now we are fairly off. Mrs. Prof. Millard is decidedly deaf, but she never forbears asking questions on that account, and I feel a wild desire to scream out before she has time to speak: "No, I didn't come with it! I don't know who it is."

By a great effort of will, however, I remain quiet and try to escape her notice, if possible, by shrinking more and more within myself. But though her hearing is blunted the acuteness of her eyesight is proportionately increased, and in an instant she has ferreted me out.

"O, there you are, Miss Coulter." I nod my head. It is all I can do. My whole being recoils from the thought of shouting as I must to make her hear at that distance.

"Is that your brother opposit you, Miss Coulter?" I shake my head.

"O, a friend. Excuse me."

Vigorous head-shaking.

"Won't excuse me?" Nod.

"O, not a friend. Dear me, how mysterious! Christmas secret, perhaps."

And then they all make feeble and attenuated jokes back and forth among themselves about "riding out with Santa Claus," and smile complacently at their wit. Now some one is arguing with some one else as to who said "Merry Christmas" first last year, and finally the men have floundered into a harrowing political discussion, which causes tall David to spring to his feet and knock off his hat because he forgets to stoop. Mrs. Hollis gently pulls him down.

And Jack is getting excited. He wants to do all the talking, as usual, and no one will listen. His face is flushed. He is forgetting to watch the road. He imagines he is making a point when—what? Who? How? We're not there?

Then why have we stopped stock still like this?

"I know," cries Jack. "Confound it, I forgot to tell the fellow," and he leaps out into the snow.

"Hi, driver!" he shouts.

"We're stuck!" comes in a muffled voice from somewhere up in front.

"We're stuck," says Jack to us, for some reason thinking we cannot hear, or perhaps for Mrs. Millard's benefit.

"In a drift," amends the driver.

"In a drift," echoes Jack. "Pretty bad?"

"Pretty bad," is the response, the driver himself turning echo this time.

"He says it's pretty bad," Jack tells us, with his head in the door.

"Guess the men better get out," sounds the funereal tone.

"Men better get out," from Jack, and the ladies begin to flutter.

"What did he say? Where are you going?" and Mrs. Millard clutches the Professor's arm in terror.

"We're going to lift it out of the drift. Better sit still." This reassuringly from the several husbands to their several wives, and now they clamber out amidst a chorus of "Dave, dear, remember your throat," and "Here's your comforter, Jack" (tossing it wildly through the air). "Don't lift more than your share, Charles," and "Dear, dear, the Professor isn't used to doing such things."

And through it all my Buffalo Coat (I say "my," for after being persistently coupled off with it for four miles and a quarter of the fifth, I, too, begin to have a strange feeling that, some way or other, we do belong to each other)—my Buffalo Coat, there, sits motionless and silent, never once offering to get out and help the men, when it looks as though it could lift the sleigh, people and all, in one of those great arms if it only took a fancy! It never stirs or lifts a finger. Has it no chivalry, or gallantry, or decency? Actually, I began to feel ashamed of it.

The men tug away to no effect, and Mr. Allen, perhaps reflecting on the impossibility of lifting his wife, gasps breathlessly, "The ladies better get out, I guess!"

"Did Charles say, 'Better get out'?"

Mrs. Allen starts for the door, and all except my Buffalo Coat and myself rise to their feet.

"What you talking about?" calls Jack in curt rebuke, and then to us: "Don't one of you get out! You'll just draggle your skirts and get your feet wet all for nothing. Better sit still."

Mrs. Grant reseats herself with an emphatic "Jack says, 'Better sit still,'" but Mrs. Allen, with wifely obedience, has sailed out into the snow.

"Where's Dave? What does Dave say?" questions Mrs. Hollis, excitedly.

To which her husband cheerfully responds: "Better sit still," and the Professor adds: "Yes, yes, better sit still."

More tugging. Some of the men mutter something under their breath. I peer out, but I see only Mrs. Allen's majestic form looming up against the winter sky, and a great desire to laugh sweeps away all my feelings of ill-humor. But I considerately refrain. The horses are deep in the snow and plunging furiously, but the sleigh moves not an inch.

Finally, "Better get out," advises the Professor at the door.

"Come, the Professor says, 'Better get out,'" and Mrs. Millard precipitately departs.

"Better sit still," from the other men, and bravely they work away.

We women are casting scornful glances at the Buffalo Coat. Do they penetrate through the fur? At any rate they have no effect, for it sits like a statue. How I long to say, "Better get out," but I dare not.

Hark! is that the voice of David saying in despairing tone, "Better get out"? Mrs. Hollis triumphantly chirps, "There, he says, 'Better get out,'" and sweetly obeys.

And now even Jack appears at the door with a disgusted "Well, better get out, just for a minute. We don't budge it!"

And I am alone with my Buffalo Coat. Why do I stay? I cannot say, but I feel with a weak, inward giggle that if *it* should say, "Better get out," I, with the exclamation, "Buffalo Coat says 'Better get out,'" should wildly rush for the door. As it is, some strange fascination keeps me here.

But now, joy, we are moving! The horses are almost free, I hear them say. The driver is yelling at them and trying his best to keep them quiet, while the men gather their forces for a final lift and push. It is done. We are out—but what is this?

The loud hurrah of the men acts like the lash of a whip on the half-distracted horses. The driver is powerless against them as they dash wildly off.

They are running away with my Buffalo Coat—and me. The road is rough and full of holes. We are tipping over! My side of the sleigh has gone down into a ditch! No, we are out of it again, but Buffalo Coat has been obliged to cling with both hands to the seat in order to keep its place. And wonder of wonders! it is speaking.

"Better sit still," it says in a way that makes me sure if it *has* eyes they are twinkling.

But all this time we are being banged along. The canvas top is swaying back and forth, and back and forth we would both be tumbled did we not hang on with all our strength and might. First on one runner and then on the other. This time we are gone; but no, we are hurled in the opposit direction. At one instant I expect an avalanche of Buffalo Coat. At the next I am all but thrown from my seat.

We are in danger. I know it, and in the face of it I begin to laugh. To save my life, I cannot help it, and the tears are running down my cheeks. I am getting weak—I shall lose my hold—I shall—I *am* cast violently forward. My head strikes the Buffalo Coat, and I am falling backward. I shall strike the floor. O, can't it—won't it—why don't it catch me?

And I must have been stunned, for the next thing I know I open my eyes, and where am I? Buffalo Coat's arms are around me. It is bending over me, and—O, am I dreaming? The hideous forepiece is pushed back, and those are Harold's eyes, full of tears, looking down at me, and this is Harold's face—the same dear, old, loving face, and—I'm not dreaming—it is Harold! But I cannot say a word. My heart will break, it is so full of joy.

It is one of those moments which sometimes come to us when our emotions are so intense—our feelings so exalted—that it seems as if even the loftiest and most soul-thrilling language on earth would never again be fit for us to employ, and when we suddenly surprise ourselves by saying, without the least intention of doing it, the most commonplace thing that could possibly be thought of. It must be a merciful providence that thus provides escape for our pent-up feelings, and I am more than thankful for it, for, just as I think I shall certainly smother with a desire to say something appropriate, and laugh, and cry, all at once I astonish myself by asking with a hysterical giggle: "Better get out?"

And then we laugh. Thus the solemn, tender moment of our meeting is profaned by commonplace actions, and now that we are let down from the high pitch of excitement of a moment ago we begin to realize that the driver again has the horses under control. The road is smoother—we are dashing swiftly along—we are turning in at Genie's gate—and, all alone, together, Harold and I are getting out at the door. And Genie is coming out to meet us, and what do you think that girl is saying? Instead of asking questions, or wondering, or exclaiming, she is actually trying to gather my Buffalo Coat and me both into her sympathizing little arms, as she cries, "O, Jen! Jen! Didn't I tell you it would all come right?"

And now Win has sent the driver back for the rest of the party, and we are gathering around the fire, and Genie is confessing to me her share in the plot that brought Harold home again; and perhaps—I shouldn't wonder—I really believe it will be a "merry Christmas" after all. G. C.

SATURDAY SELECTIONS.

Fair Lunchers.

"Women haven't mastered the mysteries of the lunch-counter yet, but I expect to see them come to it soon, and then we'll either have to lower the counters so that chairs can be used or else we'll have to devise a new kind of stool for their especial benefit."

The speaker was one of the proprietors of a New York down-town restaurant much patronized by business-men for their midday lunch. "Five years ago," he continued, "the patronage of women in these restaurants down here was so trifling as practically to amount to nothing, but today we all provide special accommodations and special dishes for them, and their trade is well worth catering for. Why, bless my soul! five years ago a woman at lunch down here was such a curiosity that every man in the place would look at her with as much wonder as he would today at a woman on the floor of the Stock Exchange."

And the speaker was about right. All the restaurants below the city-hall, which for years were frequented virtually by men alone, now count scores, and some of them a hundred, regular lunch patrons who wear dresses. Profitable for the proprietors, but rarely so for the waiters. The average woman who lunches down-town is American enough to believe that the proprietor should pay his waiters for their services, and not ask her indirectly to help him to do so. So the woman who "tips" the waiter in a down-town lunch-room is as great a rarity as the sister who "tips" the garçon in the "ladies' lunch" up-town in the shopping districts. The restaurant just under the roof in the Mills Building, Delmonico's Broadway establishment, Nash & Crook's, and the dairies on Broad street are the favorit resorts for the hundreds of young ladies who now daily refresh the inner woman at midday in company with other hundreds of bankers, brokers, lawyers, and clerks.

Who are the women lunchers and where did they come from so suddenly? is a question frequently asked by the old-time and long-time patron of these places, who observes, but doesn't stop to think. He likes to see their pretty faces and hear their vivacious gossip and the cheery laughter of a party of them, but he doesn't exactly know what has recently induced them to invade the precincts of the heretofore exclusive male lunching ground. The answer would be very easy if he would only stop to think a moment. The great mass of them are young women employed as private secretaries, stenographers, typewritists, telegraph operators, and copyists in the various down-town offices. It isn't to be wondered at that women have invaded the restaurant in the Mills Building, for instance, when it is known that 120 women are employed in clerical capacities in that building alone. In fact, some of them were virtually driven there by their employers. Many of the offices are handsomely and richly furnished. The woman who plays the piano at a type-writing machine or manipulates the key of a telegraphic instrument is, as a rule, possessed of just as much of an appetite as the capitalist in whose employ she is. It was in one of these handsomely-furnished offices not long ago that the private secretary of a railroad magnate was satisfying the cravings of her appetite from the contents of her lunch-basket. It may have been that he had the dyspepsia. It may have been that the fair secretary's lunch had a sandwich with odoriferous cheese in it. Whatever the cause, the man of affairs turned to his hungry secretary and remarked:

"I don't want to find fault, Miss A——, and I know you must have lunch. But I'd rather pay for your lunch than to have you bring one and eat it here. It annoys me and—well, it greases up the place."

Thereafter this particular secretary patronized the restaurant up next to the roof, and she was one of its first female patrons. Whether the same cause operated in other cases with the same effect the historian cannot say, but now many young ladies employed in the building enjoy their midday meal, perhaps the daintiest of the day, there.

As varied as are the personality and appearance of the women themselves are the tastes and appetites of the fair frequenters of the restaurants. Few of the regular patrons partake of the solid dishes that find favor with the men, especially those old-fashioned men who believe in a substantial meal at midday. Roasts they rarely call for. Steaks or chops never. Game as a rule finds little favor. Fish is a favorit dish with nearly every one. Many take only a dish of soup, while others indulge regularly in some entrée, or made dish, in which chicken or oysters figure as the principal part. Puddings, blanc mange, charlotte russe, and cakes, with ice-cream and berries in their season—and ice-cream seems never to be out of season with them—are favorit dishes with nearly every woman. Such a combination as clam-chowder and ice-cream or stewed-oysters and strawberries is by no means uncommon among the fair patrons. They are rarely hearty eaters at these midday lunches, and yet very few have a taste for the milk and cereals which form so frequently the only lunch of very many men. They invariably want a wooden toothpick, and very few ever ask for a finger bowl after their lunch is eaten. Some of the occasional visitors at these lunch-rooms are, however, blessed with formidable appetites, as the following incident which happened recently will tend to show:

She was a rather petite and attractive woman, with an air that indicated French descent, fashionably dressed, and the picture of perfect health. It was about 1 o'clock, and the restaurant was fairly well crowded. It was at one of "Jimmy's" tables, opposit the narrator, that she found a vacant chair. Having disposed of her wrap, she removed her gloves and displayed a collection of diamond rings that at least gave evidence of poor taste. Turning toward the diminutive Jimmy, she chirped sweetly:

"I want a real nice little lunch. Can you give me one?"

Jimmy's only reply was to hand her a bill of fare. She studied it a moment, and said:

"First, you may bring me some clam-chowder."

She didn't look like a clam-chowder woman, but rather resembled one who would toy with a small portion of Julienne. Appearances are sometimes deceitful. When the clam-chowder came she prepared for business, however, and added, to complete her "nice little lunch":

"You may bring me some rare roast beef, boiled potatoes, and some sliced tomatoes." She had laid aside the bill of fare. The waiter started to give her order: "O, waiter," she then added, "you may bring me some chicken-pie too, on a side-dish you know."

It was strange how that woman seemed to grow while she ate the chowder and to evolve from a sort of French chrysalis into a grub of the English matron order. She wasn't petite any longer, and seemed coarse enough to permit of wearing her diamond rings. When the waiter appeared with a loaded tray the chowder had entirely disappeared. Her "nice little lunch" made up a formidable sort of dinner for an average man. To her it was a trifle. She smiled as sweetly as such a woman could, and said:

"I see you have partridge. You may give me half of one broiled, on toast, and a dish of green peas."

Great Scott! That woman had grown absolutely formidable. It was noticeable, too, that she had rings on but three fingers of that flashing left hand. The thumb and that little finger seemed to need some. No woman but a Texas cattle queen could carry around such a lunch appetite as that. But then so large a woman as she needed to eat hearty lunches in order to sustain her vitality, and Texans always do have good appetites, especially such large ones. The beef and chicken pie, and partridge and vegetables disposed of she calmly remarked:

"Now, what can you recommend for a nice dessert?" But before the waiter could reply she said: "Baked apple dumpling; ah! that will do nicely."

The apple pumpling was brought, cut open by the seeker for a "nice little lunch," buttered and sugared, and sent back to the kitchen to be brought back steaming hot, with "a large cup of black coffee." And the woman actually ate the dumpling and drank the coffee, and then complacently remarked:

"That was a very nice lunch. Please give me my bill."

That "lunch" had actually seemed to make the petite and spirituelle woman who came into the restaurant develop into a sort of combination of the giantess Anna Swan and the fat woman Hannah Battersby. When she came to put on her gloves one couldn't help notiomg that she also had rings on two fingers of her right hand. As she moved away from the table it didn't seem as if she could ever leave the place by way of the small door by which she had entered. Perhaps it was only imagination about her having grown so rapidly while eating that "nice little lunch." She certainly left the place by the same door at which she had entered it.

A Famous Beauty.

It was about 1856 or so, writes Sig. Rindi in the *Domenica del Fracasso*, that my father was intrusted by the Marquis de Boissy, then a Peer of France, to purchase a large property at Settimello, some miles from Florence. Intended as a gift to a famous lady whom the Marquis had recently married, my father, who had received carte blanche, soon came to terms, and as the steward of the estate prepared everything for the new owner, who in the spring arrived from Paris with his wife, the Contessa Teresa Guiccioli (née Contessa Gamba), but, at the time of which I am speaking, the Marquise de Boissy. Preceded by an almost legendary fame for her exceptional beauty and adventurous life, the new padrona naturally excited not a little curiosity of the neighborhood, and especially the searching and feminine scrutiny of my mother, who was soon on terms of warm intimacy with the Marquise. Every year the Boissys passed three months at Settimello, every year the Marquise bringing handsome presents from Paris to my parents and to myself. Though still a boy, I knew of Lord Byron, and the strange appearance of the lady whose name is so associated with his had not unnaturally excited my curiosity, so that I can remember the Guiccioli well. She still certainly retained a more than ordinary beauty, though decidedly what may be termed mature. In hight a little under the average, and stout. Artificial to a degree, and with one sole aim in life, to increase as far as possible the fascinations of her beauty, every action was studied in order to increase her grace, and she certainly succeeded admirably, conscious as she was of the possession of many seductive charms. In fact, not a feature natural or a point neglected, in voice, gesture, and pose the artifice of a clever actress, her reception-room was transformed into a stage. She never in the house, or even on cold days, muffled herself up, but clearly took a pride in the display of the superb lines of her bosom and equally fine arms. Her hair, the warm, rich blonde of the corn ripened in the sun, she wore in long ringlets divided on her forehead; her cheeks, thinned by years, half hidden among the curls, showing in fact little else of her face than her slightly aquiline nose; a mouth exquisitly modeled, and two large gazelle eyes, unique certainly, and of an intense black, restless, languid, and with just from time to time the flash of something suggestive in their glance. As for her character, we never esteemed it very highly, and from all we saw and heard from the maids and servants—she brought with her the suite of a Princess—we always regarded her as vain and romantic to a degree, and in no way certainly one of those who would sacrifice herself, or who would inspire a deep and lasting passion, or really love for love's sake, with heroism, with sublime self-negation.

She never could bear either beggars or children. She lived entirely apart from her husband, who occupied another wing of the villa. She literally adored an ugly little dog, which seemed to constitute all she cared for. In her conversations with my mother she would allude with complacence to Byron's love for her, allowing it to be understood that her husband had married her with no other view than to posses a relic of the great poet. She confessed that she had at all times fostered a species of horror at the idea of having children, from a fear of losing her beauty. In her marriage contract she had made it a condition, so it was said, that her husband's charming daughter—by his first wife—should never be seen near her for fear of comparisons. She rose between 12 and 2; at night she would sit alone for hours in her reception-room, writing her memoirs, she would state with a show of vanity. Her toilet was her sole serious occupation. She washed with starch, often taking baths of olive oil; at night she would wear on her face a linen mask saturated with perfumed grease, as we are told certain effeminate Kings of France used to do. To show herself to any one she always considered in the light of a favor.

My mother had once expressed the desire to be initiated into the mysteries of the toilet of so beautiful a lady; the Marquise one evening invited her to come while her maid was dressing her for a reception at the villa Demidoff; she received my mother in the costume of Eve, so, she explained, that none of the particulars of the great operation might be missed. Capricious to a degree, she caused a number of useful fields to be laid out with sugar-cane and truffles; in addition to this she built on the estate a superb stable in which she kept about seventy milch cows disposed in two long rows, each manger with the name of the occupant attached—Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, etc.—much to the horror of the scandalized local priest. Here in this stable the Marquise would pass long hours, stating that the smell which pervaded the place was most wholesome, and especially kept the skin fresh. During one of her visits to Settimello her little dog died; she determined to bury it herself, and I can still see her, double gloved, muffled with thick veils, and protected by a large umbrella, digging with a spade the little grave in which she placed the body of the pet, inclosed in a rich casket covered with flowers. A few weeks later, when I was ill and my mother expressed her anxiety with regard to me, the Marquise was heard to say in her insinuating tone, always so carefully modulated with regard to its musical effect: "Poor Erminia, if she were to lose her son. Ah! I know how I suffered with my poor Fannie"—the little dog above referred to.

The Banished Bang.

The bang has been long with us, and now that it is gradually vanishing up the forehead of the fair and being lost in the luxuriance of "top-hair," it is acquiring an interest which, in its palmiest days, it never possessed. It is true this interest is mainly of an antiquarian character. Men are perfectly willing to see it depart and, in fact, some excellent persons have been known to express the hope that it would go soon, in order that they might once more see the whole of a woman's face. But now that it is going, public curiosity is beginning to be much aroused in ascertaining a reason why it ever came. So far as can be seen, it was neither useful nor ornamental; it did not keep off the sun, and did conceal a most expressive portion of the countenance. It was troublesome of arrangement, a constant source of anxiety when arranged, injurious to the eyes, trying on the temper, and when of any considerable proportions gave its wearer the half-scared expression of a rabbit peeping out of a brush-heap.

A careful historical chase of the bang through many countries finally locates the frizzly bang as a native of Africa, the ladies of that continent having advantages for producing this style of hirsute ornament which their sisters farther north never possessed. Established as a fashion in Africa, it lost no time in passing over into Asia, the African slaves assisting in its transit. But the capillary attractions of Asiatic ladies were by no means suited to the African style, and all efforts at frizzling their hair proving failures, the curly bang was evolved as the nearest approach to the African style. Thus did the bang traverse thousands of miles and so adapt itself to circumstances that some ethnologists have studiously maintained its Asiatic origin. Exactly when the bang came into Europe is matter of doubt, some placing its advent in the latter days of the Roman Empire, while others insist that it was brought back from the East by the Crusaders; but whenever it came it found that the front hair of European ladies was as intractable as their temper, and so the hair-dressers being unable either to curl or to frizzle, the saucer bang, stiff, straight, soaped and plastered down, as hideous as a nightmare, was finally evolved. This being settled, there remains only the concluding inquiry: Whence came the first bang?

The most formidable of the animal kingdom is the much-dreaded gorilla. This beast, among other attractions, carries a head of short, bristly hair, and one of the animal's preparations for battle is to pass the paw rapidly down the crown of the head to the eyes, thus bringing the front hair straight out and giving an aspect of ferocity that never fails to inspire the utmost terror. So well understood is this gesture that among the gorilla's fellow-countrymen it is the signal for an instantaneous and headlong scamper from the spot, and as the female gorilla in defense of her young is even worse than the male, certain African dialects have an expression, "a female gorilla with her front hair down," to indicate the extremity of ferocious bearing. In time it came to pass that when African ladies were abused by their husbands they adopted the same gesture, and, so far as the hair was concerned, with the same result. Then certain wives, to indicate their readiness for battle at all seasons, took to wearing their hair drawn over their foreheads, and the fashion rapidly spread to young ladies, who wore their hair in this style as insinuating their resolve never to submit to matrimonial tyranny. The idea spread, and the bang flourished alike in African deserts, on the banks of the Ganges, of the Thames, and of the Mississippi. Thus does scientific research shed light on social topics, and even the monstrosities of female costumes are shown to have their origin in intelligent action; for nothing is more reasonable than that, as one animal taught man how to build his house, and another how to catch his dinner, his wife from a third should learn how to dress her hair.

Business and Faith.

"Brother Grannis," writes Celia Logan from New York, is a trim, bright-eyed, pretty little woman, just in that period of life when a woman has forsworn the frivolities of early youth, and yet is rich in the experience and wisdom of the golden mean of years.

"How in the world," I asked her, "came you, a woman so essentially feminine in appearance and thought, to be called 'Brother' Grannis?"

"In this way," she replied. "When I first started my paper, the *Church Union*, I did not dare let it transpire that I was a woman, for fear of offending those prejudices against a woman stepping out of private life even to suppost herself, which I am sorry to say still exist even among church people. I edited my paper, and for years did all the work, even of setting it up, with the assistance of a boy, and on more than one occasion when the frolicsomeness of youth prompted him to 'knock off work' just when I most needed him, I have got my paper out entirely alone, writing every word from the editorials to the advertisements and setting up the type. In the course of my career I have had many hard struggles to get through, for I soon exhausted my little capital in keeping the paper afloat. But the Lord has never failed me. I remember once I had not one cent with which to pay the expenses of the next issue, and it wanted but an hour or two of the time to go to press. I was alone, my office boy as usual clearing out when funds were low. I locked my door, and throwing myself upon my knees prayed earnestly that the Lord would not desert me in this extremity; that He would help me for the sake of the good work that I had undertaken, that of raising some young orphans. Before I had finished my prayer there was a knock at the door. I jumped up, opened it, and a man whom I had never seen before walked in, and, laying $500 upon my desk, said: 'That's for advertising.' My whole course as an editor has been full of 'just such things as that.'"

"But why is it that the editor of the *Church Union* is generally supposed to be a man?"

She answered: "I never gave myself out as 'Brother Grannis,' but clergymen and others have taken it for granted that the editor and proprietor of a religious newspaper was a man. They have replied to my editorials, or written upon church matters and sent in contributions addressed to 'Brother Grannis,' and I have not undeceived them, that's all. It has had its amusing side. One day a pompous, clerical-looking gentlemen came into the office, and addressing me haughtily, as if I were the attendant, said he wished to see 'Brother Grannis.' 'What's your business?' I inquired. 'It's none of your business what my business is,' he replied brusquely. 'I said I wanted to see Brother Grannis.' 'Very well, then,' I replied, 'look at *me*. *I* am Brother Grannis.' 'You! a little woman like you *Brother* Grannis? What does this mean? Why this deception?' 'Deception!' I said, getting a little vexed, 'I never said I was a man, did I?' 'No, but these letters,' he said, drawing a package from his pocket and examining them. They were from me to a clergyman I had never seen who had taken exceptions to some of my editorials. We had had a rather hot war of words with the pen for weapon, and he had spoken pretty plainly, not to say abusively. I knew him now as my clerical opponent. He ran his eye over the letters, saying:

"'They are signed——'

"'E. B. Grannis,' I interrupted.

"'Exactly, and I thought the 'E' stood for Elias, Elijah, Egbert, Eugene, Ephraim, or——'

"'Elizabeth, only Elizabeth.'

"'Well,' he said, turning red and looking sheepish, 'if I had known I was writing to a woman I should not have used quite such forcible language——'

"'I'll forgive you,' I said, 'if you will forgive me for not being a brother.'

"Well, he laughed, and so did I. We had a pleasant chat, and he became one of the strongest supporters my paper has."

"Was your paper a success from the start?"

"O, dear, no. It was terribly hard to keep it going at all at first; but my heart was in the work, and to provide for those dependent upon me while it was creeping along to success—guess what I did?"

"Give it up."

"Ran a laundry in a fashionable neighborhood, and made loads of money."

California Millionaires' Daughters.

It is a fact not generally known perhaps that Miss Sharon's (Lady Hesketh) husband first proposed to a daughter of Charles Crocker, who is as rich as Stanford, and who made his money the same way. He was rejected, mainly because Mr. Crocker, a very plain and blunt gentleman, objected. He told the ambitious young foreigner one bright morning that he thought his daughter could find a man in America entirely good enough for her. Perhaps so; but she went abroad after all. She fell in love with a young, impecunious Englishman who went out to San Francisco, and, Schilling-like, went to serving as conductor on a street-car. He was thus employed when Miss Crocker met and loved him. They were married secretly and lived apart from the enraged millionaire father for two years. At the end of that time the old gentleman gave a great feast at his house, and among the guests that were there was this undutiful daughter and her English husband. There was a reconciliation. The daughter was taken to Europe by her father on a pleasure trip, and the devoted husband was given a lucrative place in the main office of the Central Pacific Railroad.

There was another marital incident in the Crocker family that excited a good deal of comment at the time and that is not yet forgotten. Charles Crocker had a brother, now deceased, who was known as Judge J. B. Crocker. He also made a fortune out of the Central Pacific bonanza, being chief counsel for the company. He left a widow and daughter. The former is known today as one of the most charitable women on the Pacific coast. She has endowed several worthy institutions, among them being the Old Women's Home and the Industrial School of Sacramento. Her art gallery has been said to be the largest and most complete in the United States, and this she throws open to the public twice a week, charging a moderate admission fee, which goes to a charitable fund. The daughter grew up with every wish gratified, and was a true type of the free and independent young woman. She was in the habit of breaking over a good many of the conventional rules of society, but was fair as a lily and was never under the suspicion of wrongdoing. She was fond of driving and other outdoor sports, and could make herself interesting without being a bone of propriety. She was at last, however, unfortunate in one of her acquaintances. He was a young man who had no visible means of support and was exposed by the papers. She took it to heart and went over to England and came back with a trousseau, expecting to marry the man whose acquaintance she had formed over there, but there was a lawyer in San Francisco, Porter Ashe, who had long admired her, and her eye had no sooner fallen upon him than she changed her mind about the Englishman, and without her mother's knowledge she took Mr. Ashe and the trousseau she had brought over from Worth and went to a minister to be married. They started on a Southern Pacific train to go on a wedding tour. It so happened that this was the very train that caught fire on the Tehachipe grade three years ago, and on which so many people met a sudden and terrible death. Young Ashe and his bride were in a drawing-room car and escaped unhurt through a window, and the first intimation that the young woman's mother had of her marriage or her whereabouts, for she had married secretly, was from a list of names in the paper of those who had been saved from the awful calamity. One of the saved was "Mrs. Porter Ashe, née Crocker." Mrs. Crocker immediately telegraphed both bride and bridegroom to come home, which they did, and the family seems to have been happy enough ever since. Ashe, however, gave over the practice of law, and now makes himself quite easy in life. He has one of the best stables in California.

The Story of a Kiss.

A New York Fifth avenue belle went to the theatre. On returning home after the performance she discovered that her breastpin, which was quite valuable, had been stolen. She was very sorry, for the breastpin was a present. A few days afterwards the young lady received the following letter:

"The writer of these lines has the honor to inform you that he knows where your breastpin is, and will return it cheerfully under certain conditions.

"I do not expect to receive a reward in money, since I regard it as exceedingly vulgar to accept money from a lady whom I idolize as much as I do you. On the other hand, it would be very stupid in me to return you your breastpin without getting some equivalent.

"Taking into consideration my consuming love for you, I'll return the missing ornament for a single kiss from your rosy lips.

"Tomorrow morning I will be at the corner of Madison avenue and Fifty-sixth street with the missing jewelry. If you are willing to pay me my price I will, after pressing a kiss on the aforesaid lips, press the breastpin in your hand. No questions asked." (Signed) One of Your Admirers.

The young lady did not know what to do. She wanted to get her breastpin back, but she did not care to pay the price. She hit upon the idea of sending her servant girl in her place.

The servant girl put in an appearance at the appointed hour and place. She was heavily veiled. A well dressed gentleman approached and asked:

"Do you accept the terms?"

"I do."

The stranger familiarly embraced her on the European plan and simultaneously imprinted a large 3x7 kiss on her mouth that caused the policeman on the corner to start. He thought it was a pistol shot.

"Here is what I promised," he remarked after the formality had been complied with; "but," he added, "you will find it, like the kiss, not quite what it was represented to be, as you are only the servant, not the mistress," handing her something wrapped up in paper.

After he had retired, which he did immediately, the servant examined the paper and found that it contained only a small piece of wood.

Couldn't Stand the Test.

"Who is this young fellow who has been sparking you for the last six months?" suddenly inquired the old man Foraker the other evening as he looked up at his daughter.

"Willie Blank," she demurely answered.

"Worth anything?"

"Not much; but he has prospects."

"Humph! I don't like his looks. He has a bad temper."

"Why, papa, he's an angel! Nothing on earth can make him angry."

"Does he wear a plug hat?"

"O yes. He's just bought a new one—a regular daisy."

"I never saw it in the hall."

"But he takes it in the parlor with him."

"I see; you may run along now."

That evening, after Mary and her beau had got comfortably seated, the old man went coughing and stamping into the parlor. The lover's plug hat sat on a chair. Foraker walked over to that chair and sat down with all his might, smashing the hat flat as a 10-cent piece, and observed:

"Fine evening, sir? What do the papers tonight have to say about the Servian-Bulgarian troubles?"

The young man grew red and then white. He attempted to speak, but the words would not come. He finally got up, cast one annihilating look on the old man, ignored the girl entirely, and walked straight out of the room and the house. As he descended the steps the girl ran to the door and called:

"Willah! Willah! Won't you speak to me?"

The old man followed her and called:

"Boy! you'll catch cold in your head without a hat!"

But the young man never halted nor turned his head, and when his hoof beats could no longer be heard on the walk, the father turned to the girl and said:

"I was right, Mary, in regard to his temper. A young man who won't let his intended father-in-law smash his plug hat is no chap for you to marry. Beware of him as you would the deadly boa-constrictor!"

A Woman's Terrible Affliction.

A very natty two-horse brougham stopped with a flourish at the corner of Spruce and Eleventh streets, Philadelphia, the other afternoon. Its varnish was a dark olive and a crest was painted in crimson on each door. The negro coachman on the box shivered under his cape of sable until the cockade on his hat shook. His face was a dirty gray in hue—not unlike dishwater.

A prim English waiter bounced bareheaded down the steps of the house before which the carriage stopped and opened the door for two befurred ladies. The elder of the pair, who was evidently the mistress of the carriage and the mansion, turned and looked anxiously at the coachman as soon as she alighted. He trembled more than ever and cowered beneath his cape.

"James," said the mistress in a grieved tone, "it's happened again."

"Can't help it, missus," answered the coachman, in a voice of resignation.

"Well, don't keep the horses standing," said the lady petulantly.

As the carriage disappeared around the corner she turned to her companion and said despairingly: "I really don't know what I'll do."

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" was the sympathetic response.

"I sent clear to South Carolina," the elder woman replied, "to get a man to match my brougham. He was a real olive-green, and I was delighted all summer. Why, you don't know how many congratulations I received on my taste at the City Troop races. But now the cold weather's come he turns that nasty gray. The wretch, I believe he knew he would, and I paid——"

The door of the house closed on the injured woman, and a man on the sidewalk, who had heard her plaint, said: "Great Scott!"

The Latest from Lewiston.

Not far from Lewiston, Me., is a nice-looking house, new, tastefully ornamented with a broad piazza and neat gables. Calling there the other day, a reporter noticed that the family did not occupy the front rooms, but dwelt in the porch. "I don't suppose we shall ever have the front rooms furnished," voluntarily suggested the lady of the house. "But I said," she continued, "that I would never die in this house until we had a front hall large enough to carry a dead person down the stairway and out of the front door. I know I'm ridiculous about it, but do you know the thought wouldn't let me sleep nights. Before we had the addition built, the stairs were narrow and crooked. I used to think about it, and wonder what if I should die in the chambers. Husband's first wife died in the chamber, and it is said that they had to turn the casket almost bottom side up in order to get it down-stairs. 'Booh!' said I to myself every time I thought of it. We can't afford to furnish the front of the house, but I can sleep nights and eat three hearty meals a day in this L part of the house, and you know how much better is the dinner of herbs where contentment is than roast turkey and cranberry sauce when you have the stomach-ache. You just come in and see what a nice broad stairway and hall we have now." The scribe went in and let his imagination run riot. A queer thought, certainly!

Senoritas of the Far Southwest.

Mexican women try to outrival each other by splendid and expensive dresses, but none of them seem to think of the coiffure. The hair is cut in a dog fashion at the forehead, and taken up on top with a pouf dentelle, put on with more or less taste, but diamonds the size of an egg. To cut the description short, the Mexican ladies do not yet understand that the hair is the principal ornament of a woman and should be attended to accordingly.

The Mexican lady leaves the house in the morning to go to church. She wears a sort of black shawl (*tapa scan*) which she draws over her head, leaving nothing but the nose free. Returning home, she leaves the hair fall down her shoulders. At about 2 o'clock the ladies dress their hair to go out for a drive in a carriage, which is drawn by mules, because horses eat too much. At 6 o'clock the doors of the houses are closed for fear of burglars.

Current Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE SEA WIND.

How it sings, sings, sings,
Blowing sharply from the sea-line,
With an edge of salt that stings;
How it laughs aloud and passes,
As it cuts the close cliff-grasses;
How it sings again and whistles,
How it shakes the stout sea-thistles—
How it sings!

How it shrieks, shrieks, shrieks,
In the crannies of the headland,
In the gashes of the creeks;
How it shrieks once more and catches
Up the yellow foam in patches;
How it whirls it out and over
To the corn-field and the clover—
How it shrieks!

How it roars, roars, roars,
In the iron under-caverns,
In the hollows of the shores;
How it roars anew, and thunders,
As the strong hull splits and sunders;
And the spent ship, tempest driven,
On the reef lies rent and riven—
How it roars!

How it wails, wails, wails,
In the tangle of the wreckage,
In the flapping of the sails;
How it sobs away, subsiding,
Like a tired child after chiding;
And across the ground swell rolling,
You can hear the bell-buoy tolling—
How it wails!

—*Austin Dobson in Independent.*

THE THREE LITTLE BIRDS.

O three little birds on a bramble spray!
Each flew to find him a nest;
There was one went rarely over the sea;
And one flew straight for the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He winged his way for the watery West,
Where one that I love sits sighing.

O, for the withering bramble spray,
And the bird that sleeps in his nest!
There is one in a castle over the sea;
And one in a pine in the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He sings in a lattice far in the West,
Where one that I love lies dying.

Ah me, for the thorny bramble spray
And the weary bird in his nest!
There is one that dreams of the silver sea;
And one looks over the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He sings o'er a grave in the silent West,
Where one that I love is lying.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED CHANGE.

She was a widow's only child,
Bright as a summer's day;
Fresh as the breath of roses wild,
Beautiful, winsome, gay.

He loved the very air she breathed,
Worshiped her tresses brown,
Happy when smiles her red lips wreathed,
Miserable when she frowned.

"Love, I am lonely," he softly said,
"Tired of living alone";
Gently he bent o'er the graceful head,
Love was in every tone.

"Darling, I want for my own dear wife,
One whom I love most dear,
Never a sorrow shall darken her life,
Never a shadow appear.

"Tell me, whom do I mean?" he said;
Shyly she murmurs "Ah!"
"How should I know?" her cheeks grew red,
"Why don't you ask mamma?"

A SERENADE.

Beneath thy lattice, beauteous maid,
Maid of the starry eyes;
Ere he begins his serenade
Thy faithful lover sighs.

Fair Dian shows her silvery light;
Thy casement pray unbar,
And I will touch for thee tonight,
Sweet love, the light guitar.

I'd sing besides, but ask me not,
My own, my guiding star,
This night, at least, for I have got
A touch of light catarrh.

COMPENSATION.

There are smiles in the morning and tears at night,
The wide world over;
There are hopes in the morning and prayers at night,
For many a rover.

There are tears unwept and songs unsung,
And human anguish keen,
And hopes and fears and smiles and tears—
But the blessings fall between!

NO NEED OF IT.

The maid expects
Her beau tonight,
And fills the stove
With anthracite,
Because the air
Is raw and damp,
But quite forgets
To fill the lamp.

Humor of the Day.

"Jenny, do you know what a miracle is?"
"Yes'm. Ma says if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."

Buttons—Missus told me to come down and tell you she was not at home. Huffcut—Go back and tell your mistress I say I haven't called.

A poor young man and his poor young wife get along very well with their economy until the dry-goods stores begin to spread all over the newspapers. Then there's a break.

No matter if a woman hasn't but three lines to write on a page of letter-paper, she can't resist the temptation to write two of them on the side margin and then sign her name upside down over the date.

At a wedding in Walla Walla, W. T., the other day, when the minister asked the prospective husband if he would take that woman to be his wedded wife, the agitated reply was: "Yes, sir-ee, sir—if you please!"

An up-country schoolmaster whose wife was one of his pupils had occasion to punish her one day. The next day the school-house door bore this inscription: "School closed for one week, owing to the illness of the schoolmaster."

"How do you do, May? I've been trying to catch up with you for half an hour. I knew you just as soon as I set eyes on that bonnet. I've known it as long as I can remember." It is such remarks as this that fill the female heart with bitterness.

She—O, George, George, I have not seen you since dinner! Where have you been? He—All ri', wifey—sho shorry—wen' off unexpectedly—hic—like a gun. She—Why didn't you tell me you were going off, dear? He—couldn't—hic—didn't know I was loaded.

A new song is entitled "Press Me Closer." It is no doubt intended to be sung by a young lady the nights her best young man calls; but in a majority of cases—ninety-nine in a hundred, at least—such a reminder is superfluous. To obey the injunction might result in the fracture of a few ribs.

Winnie's mother had been discussing with a caller the pros and cons of marrying widowers who were supplied with a stock of little ones. After the visitor had gone Winnie thoughtfully remarked: "Mamma, I don't know but I should be willing to marry a widower with false children—if they were handsome."

Mrs. Breeze—I am so sorry, Delia, to hear that you have had trouble with your husband.

Mrs. Geeze—You have been misinformed, Amelia; merely a little disagreement. You know married people cannot always agree.

Mrs. Breeze—Can't they? Well, we always agree. In fact, I make it a point to see that we do agree; or rather that John agrees with me, which amounts to the same thing.

"You say you love me!" she whispers.
"To distraction. I would wed you—my own."
"Well."
"But fate has decreed that I cannot afford to marry."
"But suppose——"
"Suppose—suppose—we—you go as far as fate will permit; we will wait. Give me a diamond ring as a pledge of your affection, dearest, and I will wait patiently—so patiently, until another fellow comes with a bigger diamond."

"My child, it is necessary you should decide between them."
"But I can't, mamma."
"You love them both!"
"Dearly."
"Well, which has the largest income?"
"Henry has $75 a week and George has only $70."
"Then do not hesitate; marry Henry."
"Yes; but George has very large perquisits, mamma, and you know——"
"My darling, perquisits don't last, and $5 a week is a large interest on prospective perquisits."